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NEW SERIES

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AND SOCIETY

VOLUME SIX

CONTAINING NOS. 31 TO 36



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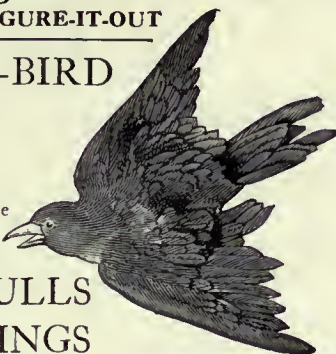
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MISS HAZEL DAWN
IN "THE PINK LADY"

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VOL. VI. (New Series). No. 31

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"THE PINK LADY"

Founded on the French of "Le Satyre" by GEORGES BERR and MARCEL GUILLEMAUD.

Book and Lyrics by C. M. S. McLELLAN. Music by IVAN CARYLL.

Produced at the Globe Theatre, London, on April 11th, 1912.



Miss HAZEL DAWN as Claudine—The Pink Lady

The Story of "The Pink Lady"



Mr. Jack Henderson



Miss Alice Hegeman



Mr. Fred Wright, junior

LUCIEN GARIDEL was betrothed to Angele, but she had grave suspicions in her mind as to Lucien's fidelity. She suspected that his feelings for Claudine, the Pink Lady, were not so cool as they should have been in view of his relations to her, and it was therefore "up to Lucien" to dispel her doubts.

Now, in the Rue St. Honoré lived a quiet, peaceful, little dealer in antiques named Philippe Dondidier, and by promising him a curious old snuff-box, which would complete a collection he had been making for years, as a bribe, Lucien got his consent to posing as another Mr. Dondidier, a Parisian Beau Brummel. Every woman kissed by this gentleman was instantly regarded as a famous beauty.

Angele had heard that the real Dondidier was responsible for Lucien's flirtations with Claudine, and Lucien had refused to introduce her to Dondidier by telling her that he was not a fit person for her to know. He was, in fact, a Satyr.

The meek little collector promised to play the part of his namesake, and Lucien took him in hand, and Dondidier very soon proved himself an apt pupil. He became an accomplished Satyr, and it was in such a rôle that he was introduced to Angele.

To keep up his namesake's reputation of kissing every girl he came across the sham Dondidier screwed up courage to kiss Angele. But he kissed the Comtesse de Montanvert, whose son Madame Dondidier had planned to wed her daughter, and it rested with Claudine to give him a strenuous lesson in kissing. When the real Angele arrived he seized her violently, and treated her just as Claudine had treated him.

To complicate matters Dondidier had a wife of his own. Moreover, a detective had been trying to discover who was impersonating the Satyr.

Everybody reached the antique-shop sooner or later, and Dondidier not only had to pretend that he was the friend of Lucien, but that the Pink Lady was his wife, and Madame Dondidier finding her husband making love plunged him deeper into his entanglements. Then six pretty girls, who had been kissed by the fictitious Satyr in the forest of Compiègne, hailed him as their leader, and before he could free himself he was forced to attend the ball of the Nymphs and Satyrs.

Here the threads were untangled to the satisfaction of all concerned.



Mr. Craufurd Kent



Miss Frances Gordon



Mr. Scott Welsh

H. V. M.

The Opening Scenes



Serpolette (Miss FRANCES GORDON) has been kissed by the Satyr of the Forest of Compiègne, which gives her the reputation of a famous beauty, and is being photographed by the newspaper reporters



Photos]

The Six Victims who have also received the same stamp of beauty are likewise photographed

[W. H. H. A.]

In the Gardens of "Le Joli Coucou"



Photo]

The Six Victims are determined to win Bébé Guingolph (Mr. SCOTT WELSH) away from his Saskatchewan girl

[White

A Charming Singer

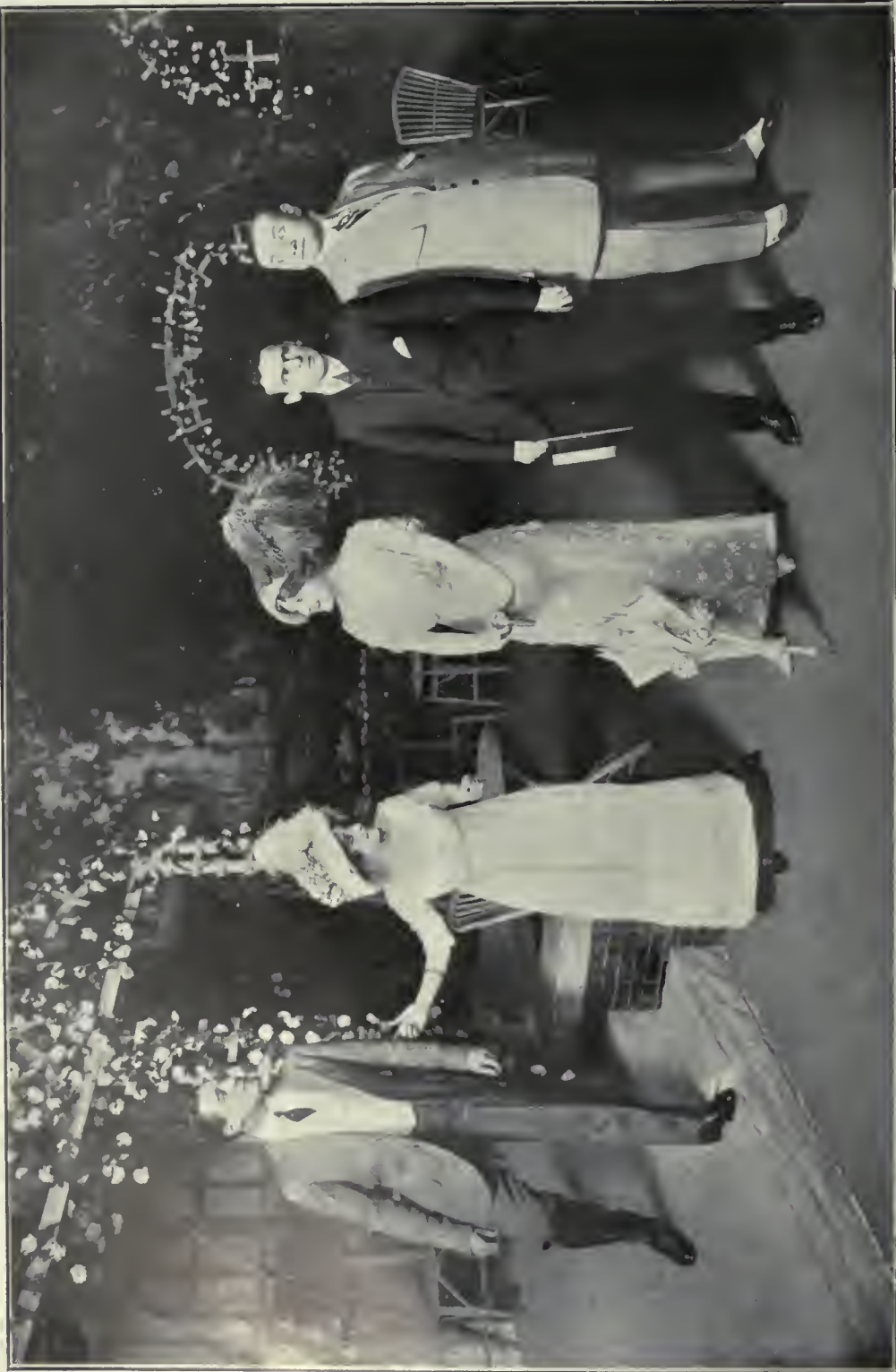


Photo]

[White

Miss ALICE DOVEY as Angele

The "Pink Lady" Arrives on the Scene



Photo

The trouble begins when Claudine arrives

[White

At Dondidier's Antique Shop, Paris



[Photo]

The Countess de Montanvert (Miss LOUISE KELLEY) denounces Dondidier (Mr. FRANK LALOR)

[White]

Dondidier evolves into a Satyr



Photos

Dondidier and Angele in the "Peek-a-boo" duet



[White

Dondidier finds himself in a delicate situation

The Duel Scene



Photo

Lucien (Mr. JACK HENDERSON) fights Maurice D'Uzac (Mr. CRAUFURD KENT) for the love of Angele

[White

Portrait of the "Satyr"



[Photo]

Mr. FRANK LALOR as Philippe Dondidier

[White

The Pink Lady



[Photo]

Miss HAZEL DAWN as Claudine

[White]

The Satyr of All Satyrs



Photo

White

Dondidier is crowned by Serpolette and the Six Victims

At the Café Les Satyres



Photo]

[White

The Nymphs of the Fountain

The Satyr Dance



[photo]

Serpolette and Pan at the Ball of the Nymphs and Satyrs

[White]

Dancing at the Ball



Photo]

[White

The Fascination of Pan (Mr. W. JACKSON SADLER)

Scenes at the Ball



Dondidier, Victims, Nymphs and Satyrs sing, "The Worst of It, He Likes It"



Dondidier repents and reforms

[White

Photos]

The Fascination of the Violin



The Pink Lady awakes Dondidier



Photos

Mme Dondidier (Miss ALICE HEGEMAN) becomes a Satyress

[White

The Closing Scenes



The Happy ending and the departure of the Pink Lady



[Photos]

[White

The Secress and the Satyr of the Violin

About the Players

American Favourites in "The Pink Lady"

MISS HAZEL DAWN

It is a long stretch from Shaftesbury Avenue, in the heart of theatrical London, to Utah in the United States, where Miss Hazel Dawn was born. When but a girl the stage always had a strong attraction for her, but at that time Grand Opera seemed the goal she was desirous of reaching. Still what the operatic stage has lost the musical comedy world has gained, and there is no more handsome or dashing actress than the one who is taking the part of Claudine, the Pink Lady. Although American by birth, this country can claim a certain share in the fine reputation she has gained, because there is no doubt that the excellent training she received when appearing in "Dear Little Denmark" helped to equip her for future work. A striking point in her career which shows how often stage favourites are born, not made, is that she never had to go through the drudgery of chorus work. She got there right away. I feel sure London

audiences will endorse the opinion of not only our cousins across the sea but of such a sound judge as Mr. Ivan Caryll, the popular composer, who chose her specially for this important rôle.



[Photo]

Miss Hazel Dawn

[White

MISS ALICE DOVEY

The daughter of a large landowner in Nebraska, it is hard to say how much Miss Dovey owes to the bracing climate amidst which she was reared. It is a well-known fact that nothing has more influence on the vocal chords than climatic surroundings, and certainly the lovely voice of the leading vocalist in "The Pink Lady" company proves the truth of this statement. London was surprised at a prima donna so petite as Miss Felice

Lyne, but Miss Dovey is tinier still.

MISS
ALICE
HEGEMAN

Madame Dondidier is a part which requires not only a natural gift for comedy but a power of impersonation. It is all the more surprising to find that

Miss Alice Hegeman, who acts it so cleverly, is still in the early twenties. Possessing great qualities of observation, her portrayal of similar characters has made her famous all over America. So popular is she that the undeniable charm and



Miss Alice Dovey

prettiness of this young actress seem fated to be hidden from the public eye for many years to come.

MR. FRED WRIGHT, A member of the great acting family, Mr. Fred Wright made his first appearance on the stage as a baby in arms. All his early training was in light comic opera, touring in such successes as "Falka," "The Old Guard," etc. A four months' season in France followed, and shortly after he was engaged to play at Daly's Theatre in "An Artist's Model." During the next four or five years he was associated with most of George Edwardes's Gaiety productions, when he established himself a prime favourite. He is equally popular in America, and although Benevol is not a big speaking part, still Mr. Fred Wright carries everything before him by his irresistible humour.

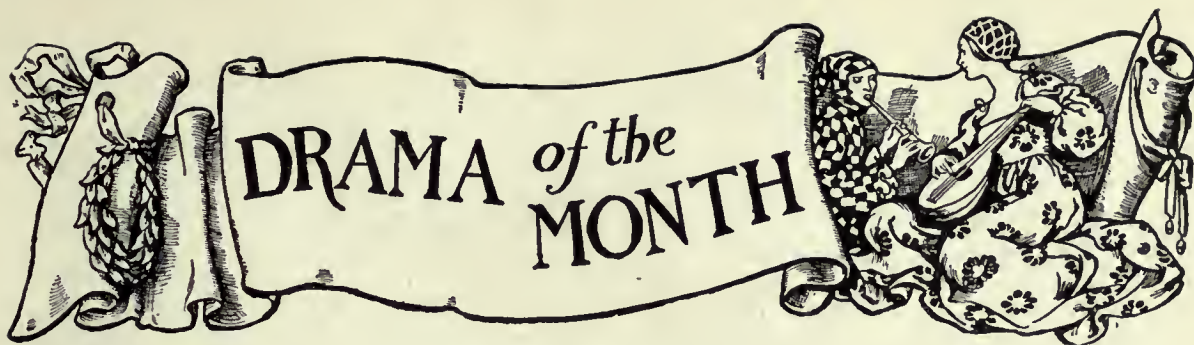
MR. CRAUFURD KENT Mr. Craufurd Kent, who plays Mauricc D'Uzac, may be described as an Anglo-American actor. ~ He was born in England, and America claimed him. He has appeared in many successes on the other side, and is a popular member of "The Pink Lady" company.

MR. FRANK LALOR A considerable amount of the fun in "The Pink Lady" is supplied by Mr. Frank Lalor. He is the principal comedian of the company, and his humour is rich. Mr. Lalor is at his best in the part of the antique dealer who becomes a Satyr. His work is never strained, and he is as funny off the stage as on it. He is one of the cleverest comedians in the U.S.A.



Miss Louise Kelley

MR. JACK HENDERSON Lucien Garidel, the leading juvenile part, is played by Mr. Jack Henderson. Light-hearted and with a personality, he makes an ideal lover in a musical play.



By *Ded Ned*

"Kipps"

By H. G. Wells and Rudolf Besier
Vaudeville Theatre—March 6th, 1912

KIPPS in the play is the Kipps in the novel, but there is not quite so much of him in the former. It was easy to distinguish between the modelling of Besier and the clay of Wells.

The story of the play opened just before the simple Kipps was discharged from Shalford's drapery emporium. He heard from Mr. Chester Coote that he had come into a fortune of £53,000, and the poor little fellow's miseries started from that moment. On Coote's advice, he ignored his sweetheart, Ann Pornick, who was a servant, and became engaged to Helen Walsingham. At a garden-party given by one of his new friends he discovered that his old sweetheart, Ann, was in service at the house, and she was heartbroken when she learned that his good luck meant that she would lose him. Never at home in his new surroundings, however, he resolved not to desert his former sweetheart. Overhearing an interview between Coote and Ann in the kitchen, Kipps burst from the cupboard in which he was hiding and declared that he had done with his new set for ever. Putting his arm round the half-frightened Ann, he took her away with him that same evening, and as the curtain fell we knew that she was to be Mrs. Kipps very shortly.

It is many years since playgoers have had an opportunity of seeing such a clever performance as that of Mr. O. B. Clarence as Kipps. It isn't a hard part by any means, but there are few actors who would not have over-acted it. Miss Christine Silver, as Ann Pornick, was extremely good, while Mr. Rudge Harding played Chester Coote in that particularly striking manner for which he is renowned. "Kipps" is a good little play, magnificently acted, and I hope it will prove the first of a long series of successes for Mr. Carl F. Leyel.

"Proud Maisie"

By Edward G. Hemmerde, K.C.
Aldwych Theatre—March 12th, 1912

PROUD Maisie lived and died in those unsettled years of Scotland's history around 1745. Prince Charlie was known to have returned to Scotland, and to have accepted the hospitality of the Earl of Pitcour at Pitcour Castle. The Earl was a waverer in his allegiance to his banished King, but his son, Lord Monteith, and Lady Maisie, his daughter, were wholeheartedly loyal. It was only when young Lochvar, under the name of Neil MacAlpine, came over from Hanover to spy on Prince Charlie that Maisie found herself divided between love and duty. She loved MacAlpine, but could not bring herself to marry a traitor to her King. Her brother put the matter to her very concisely, and publicly denounced MacAlpine as a spy. The Earl's guests would have killed him had not Lady Maisie fought for him. The insults which passed between MacAlpine and Lord Monteith could only be wiped out by the sword, and the two arranged to meet near the Witch's Well to fight their duel to the death. Hearing of this, the Earl forbade his son to fight, and had the doors of the castle locked so that he could not leave to meet his adversary. Proud Maisie then imitated the action of her ancestor, disguised herself as her brother, scaled the castle walls, and went down to meet her brother's enemy and her lover. At the point of his sword she received her death-wound, and he, discovering the mistake too late, thrust his dagger into his own heart, and fell beside her.

By her performance of the title rôle Miss Alexandra Carlisle added much to her reputation. Hers was surely a Maisie as proud as that conceived by Sir Walter Scott. One of the few faults of the production—which, however, we were only too glad to overlook—was the remarkable difference in the statures of Lady Maisie and

her brother, and any lover would have noticed this difference before he stabbed his sweetheart, even if she had fought him in the blackness of a London fog. Mr. Henry Ainley played Neil MacAlpine with an earnestness that commanded respect, while Mr. Leon Quartermaine's Lord Monteith was a thing of blood and fire, just as it should be.

The play was excellently mounted, some of the scenes forming delightful pictures. No detail was omitted in the tartans of the chieftains or the costumes of the ladies. Even the wigs, which showed the master hand of Gustave, were things of life and beauty.

"A Member of Tattersall's"

By Captain H. S. Browning

Whitney Theatre—February 28th, 1912

PETER PERKS was a bookmaker, but he was as honest as the day, and his great warm heart was as big as the ample proportions of his body would allow. He was a "common" man in the sense in which the word is generally accepted, and the one ambition of his life was to see his daughter married and taking a position in society, for which she was admirably fitted.

Peter Perks had spared no expense in shaping the daughter for a similar social position to that occupied by her late mother, a woman of culture. Now Captain Brookcs-Greville was a clean, high-bred young officer in the 30th Lancers, but having come a cropper over certain betting and share transactions, Peter Perks offered to pay off his debts if he would marry his daughter. The Captain refused the offer, although he was already in love with the daughter, not knowing that her father was Peter Perks.

Everything came out all right in the end, despite the efforts of Lord Winthrop to ruin him and to marry the girl himself. She had accepted Lord Winthrop, thinking it would please her father, but when it became known that he was a scoundrel the engagement was broken off, and he took the opportunity afforded him by Peter Perks to leave the country.

Mr. Rutland Barrington played Peter Perks with a charm that endeared him to every member of the audience. What comic opera has suffered in losing him, comedy has gained. Miss Iris Hoey played Mary Wilmot, under which name she mixed in society, the name of Perks being distasteful to her father. The hero and the villain were played respectively by Mr. C. W. Blackall and Mr. Eustace Burnaby, while other prominent parts were in the hands of Mr. Frank Hatherley and Miss Marguerite Leslie.

"98'9"

By C. B. Fernald

Criterion Theatre—February 27th, 1912

STANLEY MILES had come across Grace Challismore at Bordighera. Stanley was a man of energy, and was unaccustomed to letting the grass grow under his feet. He followed her home and found out all he could about her. When she left for her aunt's house in London he called there with a number of documents, which gave particulars as to his birth, his financial standing, his father's death, and his own accomplishments. He spread these before the astonished aunt and Grace, and could not understand why they did not appreciate his noisy and original methods of securing a wife.

Grace secretly loved him, but she would not admit it, definitely stating that she never intended to get married, but to live the life of an artist. Stanley put every obstacle in her way. She had arranged to purchase a house at Chiddingfold, but he bought it before she had definitely made up her mind. She then went with her aunt and cousin to Bordighera, where Stanley followed her in an aeroplane. Once more he asked her to marry him, but she refused. She told him to go away to the Equator and stop there, and he promised to do so if they would all pay him one final visit to the little studio in the house at Chiddingfold.

When they arrived they discovered that the studio had been filled with toys and was an ideal nursery. When Grace entered she seemed to like the nursery very well, and Stanley told the company she had been there before. She denied this, but when he showed her, on a screen, a cinematographic series of portraits of herself entering the room there was nothing left for her to do but to confess her love and promise to marry him.

It was all very Shavian, but the play had not the true Shaw touch, so much being only meaningless talk. Mr. Robert Loraine played his part with a rapidity and vehemence which comprised in themselves a feat of physical endurance. Miss Mabel Love was good to look upon, but the theatrical tone she adopted in the first act might have been omitted to advantage. Miss Marie Illington, Mr. A. Vane Tempest and Mr. Gerald Amcs were all good.

"The Blindness of Virtue"

By Cosmo Hamilton

Little Theatre—January 29th, 1912

THE Hon. Archibald Graham was a young man who had been sent down from Oxford and put into the hands of the Rev. Harry Pember-

ton to be straightened out. The clergyman's daughter, Effie, and Archibald formed an attachment for each other. Effie was a perfectly innocent girl, having been strictly brought up, and when her father discovered her in Archibald's room early one morning he put the worst construction possible on the matter.

Archibald assured Mr. Pemberton that Effie had come into his room uninvited, and that he had behaved as a gentleman of honour should. It was only when her father learned that Effie was without the knowledge of the fundamental principles of life and listened to her innocent explanations that he realised that he had made a mistake. He made the discovery only just in time, for Archibald, greatly distressed at the course events had taken, had determined to end his life with a revolver.

The author felt that he had a mission to fulfil when he wrote "The Blindness of Virtue," and he tackled his delicate subject in such a way as to leave no doubt as to his convictions. It formed an interesting play, and I hope the modern mothers who witnessed the performance took to heart the lesson it conveyed.

The play was admirably acted by Mr. Charles Kenyon as the Reverend Harry Pemberton, Miss Margery Maude as Effie Pemberton, Mr. Basil Hallam as Archibald Graham, and by Miss Beryl Faber, Miss Pollie Emery, Miss Marie Ault, Mr. Reginald Walter, and Miss Nora Lancaster.

"The Monk and the Woman"

By Frederick Melville

Lyceum Theatre—January 28th, 1912

PAUL was the Monk, and Liane was the Woman. Liane was the first woman Paul had ever set eyes on, and when she flew for refuge to the monastery he believed that the devil was tempting him. Anyway, he threw in his lot with the devil, for he fell head over ears in love with her. The King loved Liane also, and sent Henri De Montrale to fetch her. Needless to say, the lady was saved by the Monk and all ended happily.

It was very stirring, very romantic, very heroic, and very dramatic. It was full of love and slaughter, with something in it to please the taste of everyone. There were virtue and villainy, simplicity and intrigue, truthfulness and untruthfulness, comedy and tragedy, and all the other ingredients which go to the making of a first-class Lyceum show.

Mr. Basil Gill played the part of the Monk, and Miss Marie Polini that of the Woman, while the cast included other well-known names, such as Mr. Austin Milroy, Mr. Basset Roe, Miss

Frances Dillon, Miss Violet Farebrother, and Mr. Lauderdale Maitland. Nine scenes were divided into four acts and the play was excellently mounted.

"The Chalk Line"

By Fabian Ware and Norman MacOwen

Queen's Theatre—March 2nd, 1912

I BELIEVE that if the authors had given their play another name it would have been a big success. There is a great deal in a name where a play is concerned. It doesn't smell as sweet by any other name if the one it has is a bad one. The idea of the thing pleased me immensely—the struggle to gain possession of a wonderful secret that would mean the supremacy of the nation which had it, and consequently the peace of the world. It was cleverly worked out too. But the weak love interest, if any at all, did not attract the ladies, and it is the ladies who support the theatres, bless 'em!

"The Chalk Line" was a man's play. The average woman cares little for the peace of the world or otherwise when she goes to the theatre. The frocks of the actresses are far more important.

Some capital acting was given by Mr. C. V. France, Lady Tree, Miss Lydia Bilbrooke, and especially Mr. Alfred Brydone and Mr. Kenneth Douglas.

"Woman and Wine"

By Ben Landeck and Arthur Shirley

New Princes Theatre—February 7th, 1912

I THANK the posters for compelling me to see "Woman and Wine" at the New Princes Theatre! It was good sport. I will not attempt to tell the story, but if you do not see the fight between the two jealous women you will miss something to talk about.

There is an infinite variety in the play, three of the acts having three scenes each and one four. The principal parts were in the hands of Miss Ethel Warwick, Mr. Henry Lonsdale, Miss Janet Alexander, Miss Eva Dare and Mr. Fred Morgan.

The Variety Theatres

The Alhambra

THE coal strike seemed to have very little effect on the size of the audiences at the Alhambra. The programme provided by the management is absolutely strikeproof.

"Carmen" has now settled down to its stride,

and goes with a swing from start to finish. Robledo was still doing wonderful things on the wire. He is certainly a king in his own particular line. One of the most interesting turns seen recently at the Alhambra was Miss Orford and her performing elephants. She seems to treat her huge pets like little children, and it is hard to believe that the beasts have not the human faculty of reason. It is only when one sees the huge, curling trunk handling a match or telephone receiver with the delicacy and refinement of a lady that one can realise how marvellously sensitive the fifth limb of an elephant must be.

Among other clever performances must be mentioned that of Miss Alice Rejane, who presented a series of ancient and modern dances, Miss Daphne Gray, the brilliant violinist, and Miss Alice O'Brien, from Daly's Theatre, who made her first performance in vaudeville at the Alhambra.

The Palace

I AM glad to see that Mr. Cyril Maude has changed his play at the Palace. His performance as Saircy Gamp was all very well in its way, but we look for something better than that from Mr. Cyril Maude. In "French as He is Spoke" he is much more at home with the Palace audiences.

The revival of "The Geisha" recalled many happy moments of the days gone by, but it cannot be disputed that the old songs are hoary with age, and despite the magnificent setting and the artistic performances of Mr. Robert Evett, Miss Blanche Tomlin, Miss Daisy Elliston, and a crowd of other clever artistes an atmosphere of staleness surrounded the production.

Pélissier's Punchinellos fell short of the standard set up for this class of entertainment by the great Pélissier himself in The Follies' performances, but even then they were quite good. Laurence Crane, an Irish wizard, gave a show that will be remembered, while the eccentricities of "General" Edward La Vine—the man who has soldiered all his life—and the finished and polished entertainment of Albert Whelan were quite up to the quality demanded by Palace patrons.

The Empire

ONE of the most notable performances seen at the Empire for a long time was that of Lydia Kyasht in "The Water Nymph." The home of the water nymph lends itself happily to

a scene of revelry and joy. The sprightly Lydia conceived, arranged, and produced the little show, which received at once the approval of a very big audience. We were taken into the land of enchantment, the fall of the curtain having the effect of bringing us back to earth with a bump. Edward J. Kurylo as the Magician proved himself an able supporter, his style giving the impression of strength combined with grace of movement, and the *corps de ballet*, which in turn supported the two principals, added greatly to the success of one of the most delightful dance idylls ever seen in London.

"Everybody's Doing It" is going strong at the Empire. The revue is more than usually rich in satire, and it does not bore one like so many revues by being too subtle, or in hitting off events which are not common topics. The ballet "New York," which now occupies the front part of the programme, still claimed the admiration of the public during the month, and turns such as Morris Cronin and his Merry Men, Scott Russell, and Olga Tcharna were well worth seeing and listening to.

The Palladium

THE already strong bill at the Palladium during the month was further strengthened by the inclusion of Goodfellow and Gregson, Billy Williams, and T. E. Dunville. "The Duchess of Dantzic," with Miss Evie Greene and Mr. Courtice Pounds, was going stronger than ever, while Mr. Horace Goldin's great show, with the thrilling finale of "The Tiger God," is all anyone could wish for in the way of mystification.

Horace Goldin has done many wonderful things in the way of illusions, but the tiger he used in his production is not an illusion; it is a real actor.

As the curtain rose on the second act the animal paced up and down her cage, taking as much interest in the show as any member of the audience. As Mr. Goldin changed places with one of the sentries guarding the cage she immediately became wary and watchful in the anticipation of the exciting incidents to follow. She watched for her cues, and took them as well as any actress on the stage. Again, when the sentry feigned sleep, she, with remarkable cunning, watched his every movement, never losing sight of him. When Mr. Goldin attacked the sentry and the men come to grips, she jumped in fury at the bars of the cage.

The Drama in Paris

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"Les Derniers Masques"

Comedy-Drama in one Act, by Messrs. Rémon and Valentin, from the German of Arthur Schnitzler
Produced at the Théâtre de l'Oeuvre (Théâtre Antoine)

HERR SCHNITZLER is considered the chief playwright of the realistic school in Austria. I don't know whether English playgoers are acquainted with his works, but this is the first time he has been presented to a Parisian audience, and the result has been an honest success. Whether the subject would "go down" with an English audience is disputable.

The scene is a hospital ward where Rademacher, a journalist who has talent but who has not been "lucky," knows he has but a few days to live. Next his bed is Florian, a young actor, who is being treated for consumption. The journalist is gloomy and full of hate of the world; the actor is gay and exuberant, and hopes to leave soon the hospital healed and fit to take up his part of the young lover. Rademacher has an intense hatred for Weighardt, a young successful novel writer. He contrasts the injustice and ill luck with the success and resourcefulness of Weighardt, and the more he broods over his wrongs the more he hates the successful novelist. He wants to see Weighardt before he dies, and is now waiting his visit. He becomes impatient and opens his heart to Florian. He tells the actor that he will have his revenge on his successful *confrère* and embitter his life in spite of his success by telling him that he has been his wife's lover. He rehearses the scene with the actor, and in tones of fierce energy he pours forth all his hatred and gloats in proving the treason of the unfaithful wife. Weighardt arrives to visit his old friend, and comes up to him in a kind, affectionate manner, and shows how much he pities him. He tells Rademacher that though his books sell well and he is fêted in society, yet all is not gold that glitters: he, too, has his hours of sadness and worries, but he struggles against them and will triumph in the end. This frank avowal of the successful novelist disarms Rademacher, and he lets his detested rival go away without telling him about his wife's infidelity. After all, why should he torment him? he has but a few days to live and the other has a long career before him, and a strong determination to triumph over everything, even a wife's infidelity.

"Agnès, Dame Galante"

Comedy in four acts in verse by Messrs. Henri Cain and Louis Payen. Music by M. Henry Février. Produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens.

I HARDLY know whether it ought to be described as farce or a comic opera with little music. The music was excellent, and the pity is there was not more of it. The play is in verse and the subject is a "naughty" one. Such a "naughty" one that there were rumours that the police were going to stop it. Playgoers who know something of Paris plays will readily imagine that it is the "hottest of hot stuff" that would make Paris police interference possible.

The authors have taken the play from one of Balzac's *Contes drôlatiques*, "*La Mye du Roy*." Agnès is a young girl who loves pleasure and who loves to be loved. Her guardian, Cornille, marries her to Feron, a ridiculous looking judge, so she makes her new married husband keep away when the wedding festivities are over by pricking him with a dagger every time he tries to embrace her. She reserves her favours for the King and two or three others. One night she is expecting the King, and we see her undress and go to the large bed and draw the curtains. The lights are turned down, and all is in darkness. Several other couples get mixed up in going to their various bedrooms. The husband sneaks in and goes to the bed. This is the end of the third act. Instead of lowering the drop-curtain the stage is darkened, soft music plays, and after a five-minutes *entr'acte*, the lights are gradually turned up to represent early morning. The King, who has been delayed, arrives; the other couples come out and find out their mistaken partners; the curtain is drawn aside and we see the large bed. Agnès states she does not intend to have any more lovers. This is putting it mildly.

Cora Laparcerie, the great comédienne, plays Agnès with consummate art. Her elocution is faultless, and it can be safely said no other artiste in Paris could have equalled her. Gaston Silvestre, who is well known in London and New York for his dancing and acting, excelled the anticipations of the admirers of his talent.

Charles Hart de Beaumont



By *Phelistine*

Sydenham A.D.C. in "Smith." A very even and capital show. Given the right exponents the play makes a most interesting evening's entertainment, and in the present instance there were no square pegs. Each performer was admirably fitted, the result being altogether worthy of the occasion, which was a charity performance in aid of the local Industrial Home and the opening of the very cosy little Dartmouth Hall, which should supply a want long felt in the district. If Mr. David Davies at first blush hardly realised one's conception of Tom Freeman as a big, breezy blunderer, he played the part amazingly well. Alike in the comedy scenes and in the stronger passages he carried conviction, and to him must be ascribed much of the success of the performance, his only fault being a tendency to drag at moments when the movement of the story was hardly robust enough for delay. Mr. Stanley R. Thornbery was an admirable Algy, managing to make the contemptible creature more than tolerable, and Mr. A. W. T. Berkeley was a staid, quiet old stick of a Dallas Baker, who proved an admirable foil to his wife. This character was played by Mrs. Major Faulks most skilfully, her presentment of the pretty, selfish society woman being absolutely right. As "Smith," Miss Gertrude Dennis was charming and scored heavily. There was every excuse for Tom falling in love with her and she was cleverly demure, sedate, coquettish and pathetic as the moment demanded. Mrs. P. Winterbon Killby was excellent as Emily Chapman, bringing out the two facets of the character distinctly and showing herself the possessor of a good deal of dramatic force, and Mrs. Stanley Thornbery, in the fourth act particularly, played Mrs. Otto Rosenberg with sincerity and genuine pathos. The low comedy part of Fletcher was in the safe hands of Mr. Herbert Pickett.

Martin Harvey D.C. in "The Great Beyond." Oh, my poor head! If noise be the measure of

dramatic effect, or restlessness the test of theatrical verisimilitude, the club triumphed in the new adaptation of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities" presented at the Court Theatre on March 28th last. However, the fact remains that the moment the adaptation got away from the main lines of "The Only Way" there was little that was dramatic, nothing that was effective. Its sole excuse is that it gave Mr. Frank Rolison another opportunity of showing how amazingly alike to Mr. Martin Harvey he can make himself when his mind is set thereon. To be perfectly frank, Mr. Rolison is much too good an actor to bind himself down to the romantic, semi-pathetic, maudlin type of character, and the club committee would be doing amateur dramatic art a service if they resolutely sat on any further proposals to keep alive its president's repertory. The cast was almost as tremendous as the noise, but with the exception of Mr. Rolison, of Mr. Herman Erskine, who doubled very skilfully the parts of the Marquis de St. Evremonde and the Public Prosecutor, and of Miss Alice Skuse, woefully wasted on Lucy Manette, no one stood out in any degree worth mentioning. Even Mrs. Bruce Smith could hardly make Therese Defarge live, while Mr. Vernon Sharp, as Charles Darnay, ought to have died on the spot for his extravagant contortions in the trial scene. The production was under the direction of Mr. Colley Salter, who may be congratulated, or consoled with, on the vigour of his supers, and the incidental music for the occasion was specially composed by Mr. Walter Herbage.

City Temple Literary Society in "The Tyranny of Tears." I heard an observation to the effect that the performers had tremendously improved, so that one gathered that this was not the first essay of this society in this direction, but it was more or less evident that most of the artistes were somewhat raw. Obviously they want a good producer. Most of the ragged edges could easily

have been smoothed away under capable direction, and they would be well advised to try something with more action than the play in question, which can easily become very boring. Miss Elsie Davidson was, on the whole, very satisfactory as Mrs. Parbury, but she was playing a character for which she is not really suited. Miss Davidson is so clever and so strong that I don't like to see her thrown away on a part requiring little more than comedy finesse. Mr. G. W. Bishop, a little stiff, made quite a good Parbury, but he had learned his long speeches as recitations and they were not very convincing, while Mr. C. E. Langton Hooper showed perhaps the most promise of the men in the part of George Gunning. He was quite easy and appreciates the art of making his points without over emphasis. Mr. Vincent Dawe was an old head on young shoulders as Colonel Armitage, and was, in addition, much too slow. Miss Bertha Sedgwick was capital in Miss Woodward's aggressive moods, although, curiously enough, she just missed it on that excellent third act curtain, "I descended to your level—I cried," but she was something lacking in charm. The stage appointments were good enough for a writer in Grub Street, but not tasteful enough for an author in Hampstead.

Nondescript Players in "The Little Michus." It is a long time since I have seen this society to so much advantage as in the present show. It had obviously been most carefully rehearsed, and Mr. Rupert Heath, who produced, had got the artistes right up to concert pitch. Mr. Edward Phillips, the musical conductor, kept his orchestra within reasonable bounds and made the most of his chorus. As Blanche-Marie and Marie-Blanche Miss Mimi Lauber and Miss Millie Hall proved a most fascinating pair. They sang most charmingly and played into each other's hands most unselfishly, and the only criticism I have is that Marie-Blanche might have been just a little more pert, as becomes the part of the provision merchant's daughter—I refer only to musical comedy provision merchant's daughters, of course. Mr. Vivian Bond and Miss Aida Collingwood as Papa and Mamma Michus were exceedingly droll, and Mr. Wilfrid Brooks extravagantly amusing as Aristide. Mr. Alec Aris, if a trifle undistinguished, played Gaston Rigaud soundly and sang very tunefully and tastefully. But, apart from the young ladies, the success of the play depends mostly on General des Ifs and Bagnolet, and as these humorous gentlemen Mr. Herbert Strudwick and Mr. Jack Lewis surpassed all expectations. I shan't offend Mr. Herbert Strudwick by saying he was very like George Graves. He knows he was, or, at any rate, had

tried to be, and as I leave all critical faculty behind when witnessing a musical comedy I was delighted that he gave such a successfully amusing imitation. Whiskered though some of the jests are by now, they are still mirth-provoking, and Mr. Strudwick handsomely earned the tremendous applause which his efforts received on each of his exits. In a different way Mr. Jack Lewis was equally successful, and once again showed what a genuine comedian he is.

Crystal Palace Athenæum in "David Garrick." As a reminder of late Victorian dramatic taste and as a vehicle for Sir Charles Wyndham's incomparable art "David Garrick" is still interesting, but it really should be "taboo" for amateurs. It makes too great a demand on one's sense of make-believe, and its exponents need be very skilful to dodge the pitfalls. The present per-



(Photo)

(Collins)

Miss Mimi Lauber and Mr. Herbert Strudwick in
"The Little Michus"

formance was adequate only, with a suggestion here and there that it might have been much better. Mr. Horace Whitaker, for instance, as Davey, was excellent in the drunk scene, and throughout looked and bore himself manfully. But in his desire to use his really beautiful voice to the full he forgot to be sincere, and his love

scenes were accordingly not at all convincing. And his blank verse! Oh, my hat! Mr. A. E. Griffith as Tom Tallyhant—the version used appeared to be a mixture of Robertson and Muskerly-Tilson—was perhaps the most successful of the players—but then, I have never seen this actor do anything but good work, and Mr. John K. Boddy was tolerably convincing as Alderman Gresham. To Mrs. Norman Eastwood fell the thankless part of Violet Gresham, and she worked very hard to give a semblance of reality to the character; and, without altogether achieving the impossible, she proved quite charming and looked very sweet. Mrs. C. H. Dorman was, I think, the best of the nondescript crowd who formed the worthy East India merchant's circle of friends. The performance has since been repeated at the Court Theatre at Mr. Anning's benefit, but it should not be taken as a fair measure of the shows which such South London clubs as the Athenæum and the Anomalies usually provide for their members.

Bancroft A.D.C. in "Priscilla Runs Away."—The sad lack of good leading juveniles (feminine) was illustrated at this performance. Miss Marjorie Chamberlin was altogether overweighted in the all-important part of Priscilla, and Mr. W. T. Blackmore was equally ineffective as Herr Fritzling. Perhaps it will be easier to praise the deserving. Mr. H. James Bowlen was excellent as the vicar's son, Robin Morrison. Mrs. Chamberlin was, on the whole, quite effective as Mrs. Jones; while Mrs. Hancock Nunn as Mrs. Morrison was quite top-notch. Of course, one does not forget that these strongly-marked character parts are much easier to play than the ordinary straight rôles; none the less Mr. Alec Shorey as the plumber, and Mr. Ernest Peall as the carpenter, merit special encomiums for two arduous studies. Nor must one overlook Miss Florence Angle's charmingly dignified Lady Shuttleworth, and the easy methods of Mr. Ronald Colman as Prince Henry. The production was excellent, under the direction of Mr. Sydney Wallace, and it is only to be regretted that the material with which he had to work was not sufficiently good to give a show worthy of the club's best traditions.

Wyndham D.C. in "At Bay" and "Lady Frederick." Obviously, as part author of the first piece, I am unable to do more than record one's satisfaction at the more than capable rendering it received. Mr. W. Harold Squire, as the absconding financier, "Corfield," was in tremendous form, and I know no London amateur who could have got such force into his work. Mr. Robert Baines was excellent in the small part of the detective, and Mr. R. W. Winders, if

a little slow, gave a good character sketch of the waiter. As Nina Corfield Miss Kate Harris played with surprising force. Her capabilities as a comedienne are well known, but she rose—or should it be descended—to the melodramatic moments of the sketch in a most satisfying manner. "Lady Frederick" proved a very even show. Mr. J. E. McCulloch was very easy, and fired off Paradeni Fould's epigrams with the necessary point. Mrs. E. McCulloch, if a little uneven in the first two acts, more than made up lost ground in the third, and she dressed the part superbly; and Mrs. McKeand was excellent as Lady Mereston. As Captain Montgomerie, Mr. Malcolm Child departed somewhat from his usual line, and was exceedingly good; while Mr. C. Lawford Davidson reminded us again as Lord Mereston that in him the amateur stage possesses one of its best juveniles. Needless to say Mr. Ellis Reynolds was redolent of the sea as Admiral Carlisle. Both plays were well produced by Mr. Reginald Rivington.

Stock Exchange D.C. in "The Admirable Crichton." Quite the amateur play of the year! Everybody's doing it, and it is a tribute alike to the excellence of the parts and the great advance in methods of production that nearly every club gives a good representation. One special feature about this particular show was the return to the stage of Miss Pattie Bell, the original Tweeny. Her performance is still the thing of joy it ever was, and others who showed up well in a very even rendering were Mr. Laurence J. Clarence as Crichton, a thoroughly sound piece of work; Miss Claire Harris, delightful as Lady Mary; Mr. Felix Seel, most amusing as Ernest Woolley; and Mr. J. G. Meade, appropriately ponderous as the Earl of Loam.

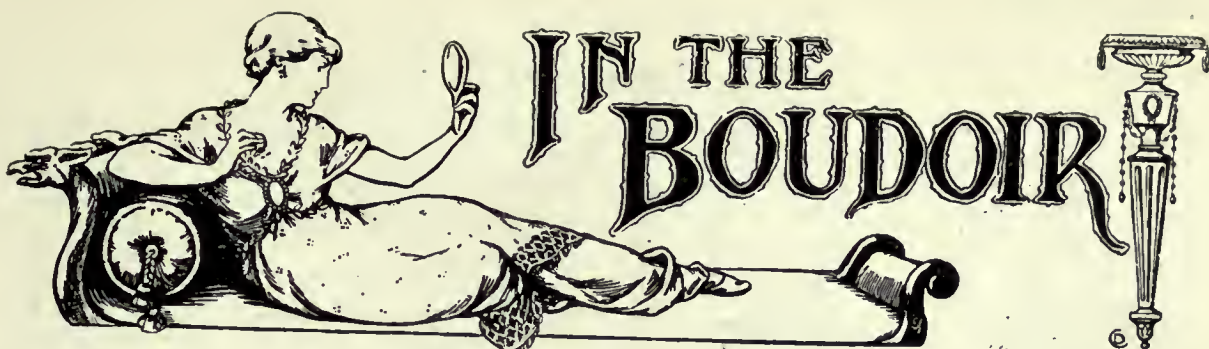
The Academy of Dramatic Art

The special performance by the students of the A.D.A., given at the Duke of York's Theatre on March 29th, reflects great credit upon the pupils and the instructors.

The first part of "The Virgin Goddess," Rudolph Besier's rather long-winded drama, was given, in which Miss F. Boon as the Queen, Mr. T. A. Stevenson as Hephæstion, and Mr. E. Hamelin as Cresphontes, acquitted themselves well. An excellent fencing display by Misses Gibbs and Williams secured much applause.

In "Trelawny of the Wells" Miss J. G. Hentschel played Rose Trelawny. She appeared to have been well rehearsed. The other parts were in good hands.

Many other interesting items were included in the programme.



By Mrs. HUMPHRY ("Madge")

THE principal feature of the present season is the absolute rage for silk. Not only taffetas, but all other makes of silk, especially the soft, are in enormous demand for tailor-mades and for house-dresses. The skirts are much more trimmed than they have been of late, and a decided tendency towards more ample fulness round the ankles is to be observed. Many of the coats are turned back with colour, blue or cerise chiefly. Oriental embroideries are much liked for this purpose, and pure white in satin is also in favour. Most of the silk gowns are in three pieces, coat, bodice and skirt, but when the bodice is made separately it is so arranged as to look like a princess dress, not at all a difficult task in the hands of a skilled and clever *modiste*, but a terrible snare to the "little dressmaker" patronised by the ladies of Suburbia.

PARIS VERSUS LONDON.

Rumours are conflicting as to the fashion of dress for this present, or rather imminent, season. As usual, one law holds good for Paris, another for London. In the former city short waists and short skirts hold their own, but, on the other hand, there is none of the almost indecent tightness that characterises

the majority of the gowns seen in the London streets and parks. These latter are worn with equanimity by young women who fancy themselves in the very van of the mode. Did they possess more opportunities of seeing how the great ladies dress they would discover that, so far as real fashion is concerned, their own drawn-in skirts would be found completely out of the running. The truth is that a very skilful dressmaker is needed in order to give to the tight skirt any semblance of grace.

The introduction of the *panier*, as it is called, is entirely in this direction. It is very different from the *panier* in its previous form. Instead of a drapery gracefully bunched on the hips, lightly caught up at the back, and falling in folds to the hem of the skirt, we have a long drapery reaching to below the knees and caught under the whole way round in a uniform line over a clinging under-skirt. The straight line thus formed has no beauty to recommend it, though on a very graceful and well-made wearer it may more than pass muster. Again, the Paris tailor has found the very tight ideal that he has been obliged to add a little train even for walking costume. Though he knows this is objectionable



Hat in White Tegal, with large black flat velvet bow and white ospreys



Hat of Pleated Shot Taffetas, bunch of flowers at side

In the Boudoir (continued)

from the point of view of cleanliness, it has been his only resource in the circumstances. One of these gowns is in golden-brown silk cloth, the short square train lying some five inches on the

ground. Over it falls a tunic made in front with two pieces, each cut in a deep point and at the back a still deeper point falling over the train. A long row of buttons trims the front, and on the bodice a short panel bordered with buttons on either side is also cut out in a point. There is a dark brown silk sash, tied, as sashes invariably are this season, at the right side. In this instance each end is bordered with cream-coloured lace matching epaulettes of similar lace falling over the arms, and finishing under the buttons of the small panel already described. The difficulty with a train like this is that it is impossible to raise it without drawing up the narrow skirt to which it is attached. The only way would be to pick it up at the end, and this might have rather a ridiculous appearance.

Dress at the London and Paris theatres always reflects the top of the mode, and the graceful figures and careful physical training of the actresses show the gowns off to their full perfection. In that curious and ingenious play "98.9" Miss Mabel Love wears some lovely frocks. She comes on in a motor suit of grey-blue cloth, the short jacket fitting so tightly to the figure that at first sight it, with the skirt, appears to be merely a long coat. When she removes the little jacket we see that her pretty figure is in a corselet skirt with lace bodice following the normal lines of the shape, and fitted with sleeves made tight to the wrist. Her evening gown in the second act is a lovely mingling of embroidered net and pale blue soft silk. Her lover has to say to her during this act, "What pretty shoulders you have!"—and certainly the beautifully fitting dress shows the excellent line of neck and arm to great advantage. Miss Marie Illington as Mrs. Delphy wears a very beautiful evening gown in turquoise blue and gold brocade, turquoises, together with diamonds, embroidering the Mechlin lace with which the bodice is trimmed. This lace fills in the V-shaped front, is carried over the shoulders, and thence falls in a cascade almost to the edge of the pointed train, gold ornaments with tasselled ends holding the folds in position. The brocade opens on the right over a petticoat of the same embroidered Mechlin lace. Another charming dress worn by Miss Illington is in old-gold charmeuse veiled with a tunic of ninon in the same shade, the bodice being composed of lace and ninon. Bands of wide gold insertion are arranged on the front and on the bodice, which is kimono in shape, and finished with



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In the Boudoir (continued)

gold galon similar to that edging the square train. The belt is of gold-coloured velvet with a long, wide loop falling at the back.

THE LACE FROCK.

As foreshadowed at the Exhibition and Sale of the Royal Irish Industries, the white lace frock is again to be a fashionable feature. Some of these are made up-to-date with short skirt and almost Empire waist, in Irish crochet, mingled fine and heavy. One of these gowns has been made for the popular singer, Miss Margaret Cooper, to wear among other millinery marvels during her great Colonial tour. Another of her gowns is for wearing at evening concerts, and is made of very pale blue chiffon trimmed abundantly with white jet, passing in lines across the bodice up to the shoulders and edging the particularly ornamental sleeve, the deepest portion of which falls inside the arm. This bodice forms part and parcel of a tunic trimmed in the same way, and opening up the left side in a picturesque fashion. A fringe of white jet finishes the skirt, which is short. The top of the bodice is cut away an inch or so below the base of the throat, and is finished with a narrow line of crystal trimming. Colonial ladies will, on seeing these frocks, immediately make up their minds to have at least one of them as soon as possible for their own wear.



Dinner Gown of White Lace, tunic of black
nixon finished with black velvet bows

when a convalescent is so liable to droop and lounge. As there is nothing more graceful nor telling than an erect carriage so few things are more injurious to the appearance than stooping shoulders. Its effect on the figure after having been worn for a couple of weeks is quite re-

markable, for not only does it draw back the shoulders and support the figure, but in doing so it helps the organs of the body in their natural functions. It is slipped on or off in two seconds, and is made adjustable to any figure. The weight is 2½ ounces. The buckles can be gradually tightened as improvement takes place. The address of the Invys Brace Company is 36, Alfred Place, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

GUIMPE OR YOKE?

The *guimpe* or, as it is better known among us, the yoke of dresses is not nearly so deep as it has been in previous seasons, and there is a feeling against the very coarse lace that is sometimes used for this purpose. Two inches are regarded as sufficient depth by many of the best dressmakers. Compare this with the very deep yokes of three seasons since. I think we may congratulate ourselves on the change. Mechlin is the lace in greatest favour, but imitation Irish and Venetian point are extensively used. Very fine net is liked for the purpose, and usually has a little admixture of good imitation lace. With a cross-over bodice the *guimpe* must needs have some depth in front, and the cross-over bodice is in great favour at the present moment, whether for day or evening wear.

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At last the perfect shoulder brace for women's wear has been produced and put upon the market. The "Invys" is light and hygienic, and without being in the smallest degree uncomfortable it corrects roundness of the shoulders, and is particularly useful during weak periods after illness,

Society Notes

LORD GLENCONNER is the Lord High Commissioner of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, a post that Lord Stair undertook the year before last in the absence of a Liberal peer willing to reside at Holyrood Palace in regal state for a few days, at the cost of several thousand pounds out of his own pocket, for the official allowance is only £2,000. The Lord High Commissioner is the representative of the Sovereign in the Scottish Church, and whilst at Holyrood the etiquette is much the same as for real royalty. Lord Glenconner will be addressed as "Your Grace," and everybody will rise as he enters the room. The clerics of the Church of Scotland and their good ladies are entertained, and they regard the Assembly as their carnival, looking forward to it throughout the whole year. Lord Glenconner will be better remembered as Sir Edward Tennant, son of the millionaire Sir Charles Tennant.

Lord Gage was early in the month receiving double congratulations on his fifty-eighth birthday and on a much improved state of health, for he lately has been far from well. A kind little peer, Lord Gage lives mostly at Fircle Place, a large house, like a French chateau, near Lewes, under the shadow of the Downs, where his wife, a pretty, graceful woman, noted for her musical gifts, makes a charming chatelaine. The Gages have a most interesting and romantic history, and in past days were much wealthier than now. Penshurst once belonged to them, so did Shirburn Castle, Lord Macclesfield's moated stronghold in Oxfordshire; but perhaps the best-known fact in connection with the family is that one of them introduced into England that luscious fruit the greengage.

Mount Felix, Walton-on-Thames, one of the landmarks on the river between Hampton Court and Weybridge, is again in the market, the owner, Mr. W. J. Compton, having decided to sell the place and live in London. The mansion is a huge Italian villa, built by a former Lord Tankerville at great cost. In one of the rooms there was a bed for which £500 was paid (this sounds like something in Stuart times), and the apartment was hung with tapestries that are now at Chillingham, in Northumberland, the old Border castle famed for its wild white cattle. Years ago a noble owner of Mount Felix used to be very much astonished on going into his stables in the morning to see one of his horses very tired, as if worn out with hard riding. He

made inquiries, but the matter remained unexplained.

The explanation came one night with startling suddenness. Lord Tankerville with the then Lord Derby was driving home, and when crossing Putney Heath a highwayman rode up and demanded money or their lives. As the man spoke he recognised Lord Tankerville, and the latter recognised one of his servants. Shots were exchanged, but eventually the travellers handed over their money and valuables to the man, who was never seen again by his master, nor was the best animal in Lord Tankerville's stables.

An Irish heiress of note is Miss Olive Pakenham-Mahon, only child of Captain Henry and Mrs. Pakenham-Mahon, for whom the latter is giving a dance at the end of this month at the Ritz. Her father, a much-liked retired officer of the Scots Guards, represents the extinct Lords Hartland through his mother, only daughter of Major Denis Mahon, of Strokestown, in Roscommon, a nice property to which Miss Olive Pakenham-Mahon is heiress. Major Mahon was barbarously murdered in 1847 in Ireland, and it is singular that his brother-in-law was that young secretary of legation, Benjamin Bathurst, whose disappearance a century ago set Europe ringing. He had been sent on a diplomatic mission to Vienna, but never arrived. He was traced to a posting house between Berlin and Hamburg, but in spite of every effort made nothing was heard about him again.

The story is a long one. Napoleon is credited with having been the cause of his death in order to obtain his papers; but though the conqueror of Europe would not have let such a trifle as a single murder stand in his way, he was probably guiltless in this matter. The case was no doubt one of common robbery. A year ago a skeleton was unearthed in a wood not far from the posting house, and certain indications pointed to the remains being those of the missing diplomatist. Tragic, too, was the death of Bathurst's daughter. She and her fiancé were riding by the side of the Tiber when her horse, a present from her future husband, backed into the river. She was swept away and drowned, and not for months was her body recovered. It was found in the mud, which had embalmed her, so to speak, and she looked at first as lovely as in life, but for a moment only!



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Extracts from the Magazines and New Books

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's Methods.

IN the April number of the *Munsey* Mr. Matthew White, jun., gives extracts of a very interesting correspondence that took place between Miss Anglin and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in America, referring to the sudden withdrawal of the dramatist's play, "Lydia Gilmore."

The writer of the article states that, under the date of January 6th, the actress wrote to Mr. Jones:—

"I hear so many opinions that the third act does not sustain the interest of the first two acts, would it be possible for you to alter it to its original form as you outlined it to me in London?"

The first two paragraphs of Mr. Jones's reply, which prefaced his suggestion that the piece should be withdrawn, and that he should have the summer to make the changes required, are also quoted as below:—

"I watched the play carefully last night, and quite agree with you that the third act does not hold the interest of the audience. And I think this is due to the fact that I departed from my original scheme. I would like it to be known that after having promised you the play for December, I found I had not given myself time to put my best work and thought into the later acts. But as the theatre was taken and engagements made I had either to postpone the production, break the contract, and dislocate your plans, or to do the best I could in the time at my disposal."

The writer points out that the conversation referred to must have taken place last September, and he considers it a "terrible injustice to Miss Anglin" that the play should not have been put into shape by December.

Oscar Wilde's "Jezabel."

A story by Oscar Wilde, entitled "Jezabel," hitherto unpublished, appears in the current number of *The Mask*.

The opening paragraph, quoted below, is a characteristic piece of writing by this world-renowned author:—

"The Queen stood on her marble terrace gazing on the fair lands which lay far and wide around her palace. Her blood-red hair hung in

thick braids on each side of her white face. She was wrapped from head to foot in a robe of woven gold, and long strands of emeralds coiled about her, flashing and glinting in the twilight like green snakes at play. Her long pale hands were circled with gems, and she looked like some marvellous idol in her gorgeous and deadly beauty."

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At present Americans are "cutely silent" while they rattle dollars in their pockets, for they are ever hopeful that a certain house in which a famous man was born may some glad day be transported *en bloc* to U.S.A., and like good business men, they see no reason to prevent this happy event by informing the other parties in the deal that they are idiots.

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The Shadow of Neeme. By LADY BANCROFT.

"Well," continued Mrs. Meadows, "'e clicked so with them teeth all through the sarmon, that at last Parson stopped and said, 'If any one is a'ammerin' tacks into anything in this church, I 'ope they'll wait till I've finished. This is the Sabbath, and no work can be done.'"

They all laughed.

"And then do you see 'ow he grins to show 'em off? 'E's so vain! 'E looked awful that Sunday. 'E's seventy-three years, ye know, and 'is poor 'ead looks like a skull with them teeth. When 'e came into church with 'is bright, green tie, a big marigold in his smock, and 'is row o' white teeth, a-grinnin' from ear to ear, 'e gave us all quite a turn. 'E looked like something from one o' the graves come out for a 'oliday, and made us think o' things we oughn't to inside a church. 'E's growin' 'orrid, and I don't think it right of Miss Chloe to put sich vanities into 'is 'ead at 'is time of life. Why, even the dogs snarl at 'im, and the cats swell their tails when they see 'im comin' along."

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Photo

[Ellis & Walery

MISS MARIE TEMPEST
IN "AT THE BARN"

PRESENTED WITH No. 32 OF
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THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY *ILLUSTRATED*

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"AT THE BARN"

By ANTHONY P. WHARTON

Produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London, on April 11th, 1912



Photo]

Mr. NORMAN TREVOR
as Kenneth Maxwell

[Ellis & Walery

Miss MARIE TEMPEST
as Mollie Blair

The Story of "At the Barn"

LORD CLONBARRY made Mollie Blair an offer. She was playing small parts and his Lordship's proposal was that if he should secure for her a principal part at the Frivolity Theatre she should live with him. To this Mollie agreed.

Clonbarry performed his part of the agreement and now looked to Mollie to perform hers.

A few days before she did so she was motoring with Lord Clonbarry and a friend, when the car broke down. She slipped away and entered a cottage across a few fields. This was empty, so she went up into the best bedroom and tidied her hair. Meanwhile the occupants of the cottage, Kenneth Maxwell, an author, Austin Crane, an artist, and William Lewis, a journalist, returned and found her parasol in the room below.

Maxwell was shocked at the idea of a lady being in this strictly bachelor house, and resented the intrusion when Mollie herself appeared. The other two relished the suggestion that she should stay there for a fortnight.

Lord Clonbarry followed her, and when she refused to return with him she found that she was supported by the three bachelor friends, and Lord Clonbarry, very disconsolate, left for town, promising to return for her after her "holiday."

During the time of her stay at "The Barn" Mollie turned the heads of the three friends. Maxwell was in love with her, but he wouldn't admit it; Crane and Lewis were in love with her, and they did admit it. She had the cottage cleaned, mended their socks, and made them feel that her presence was necessary.

Then Clonbarry came back. Matters were complicated by his offer to marry her, but Mollie declined the honour. The thought of Mollie leaving quite upset the three bachelors. Maxwell, obviously much in love, said he was glad.

At last his jealousy aroused him. He contrived to look Lord Clonbarry up in the coachhouse, and put his real thoughts to Mollie. Was she doing the right thing? What would her future be if she made herself a party to such a preposterous agreement?

Mollie was really in love with Maxwell. She repulsed him at first, but finally she told him that all she wanted in this world was "one very stupid man." Then he looked in her eyes, and clasped her to him.

When Lord Clonbarry was let out of the coachhouse he was told that the contract was set aside. She released him and he must release her. He took it like a man. Realising that she loved Maxwell and not him, he gracefully withdrew and was sporting enough to drink the health of the happy couple and wish them luck.

H. V. M.



Mr. Norman Trevor



Miss Marguerite Leslie



Miss Kate Sergeantson



Mr. Ernest Mainwaring



Mr. C. V. France



Miss Dorothy Bell

The Discovery of the Sunshade



Maxwell (Mr. NORMAN TREVOR): "What the devil is that?"
Crane (Mr. C. V. FRANCE) and
Lewis (Mr. ERNEST MAINWARING) } "A lady's sunshade!"



Photos]

Mollie Blair: "Gracious! You all do look cross! Don't you like me?"

[Ellis & Walery

Mollie criticises Crane's Sketch



Photo]

[Ellis & Walery

Mollie: "Am I quite as—as-hardy—as that?"

Mollie's Identity is Discovered



Crane (reading): " 'Miss Mollie Blair, who will play poor Miss Plantagenet at the Frivolity.' "



Photos]

Mollie: " 'I'm not going to the theatre to-night. I'm not going back in your car either.' "

[Ellis & Walery

Mollie resolves to stay on at "The Barn"



Clonbarry (Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE): "You are going back on your promise . . . Does it mean that?"
Mollie: "I'll tell you in a fortnight."



[Photos]



[Ellis & Walery

Maxwell: "I am going to wire to your parents and ask them to fetch you home and give you a good smacking."

Mollie tells Maxwell the Story of her Life



Photo]

[Ellis & Walery

Mollie: "I wanted a chance! He told me he believed he could give it to me, so I made a bargain with him"

The Second Act



Knowles, the man servant
(Mr. CHARLES WEIR)

Photo]

Lewis: "I do *not* sleep with my mouth open. I always shut it
carefully the very last thing "

[Ellis & Walery

Visitors at "The Barn"



Miss Hawes (Miss KATE SERGEANTSON) calls on Maxwell to protest against Mollie's presence at "The Barn"

Photos]



[Ellis & Watery
Linda Moore (Miss MARGUERITE LESLIE), one of Mollie's friends, calls on her at "The Barn"

Maxwell distinguishes Linda from Grace



Photo

Maxwell: "Oh, Linda's the pincher, and Grace is the squeezer."

[*Ellis & Walery*]

Lord Clonbarry returns to take Mollie back



Photo]

Lord Clonbarry meets Mollie's friends in the garden at "The Barn "

[Ellis & Walery

Studies in the Garden



Photos]

Duncan Stewart (Mr. BEN FIELD) talks to
Crane and Lewis



[Ellis & Watery

The Trio at "The Barn"
"My Children"

Linda and Grace make themselves at home



[photo]

Linda: "Is my dress really open at the back?"
Maxwell: "Let me see"

[Ellis & Walery]

Maxwell and Linda in the Garden



Photo]

[Ellis & Walery

Maxwell fastens Linda's frock

Mollie is the topic of conversation



Photos

Stewart, Crane and Lewis in the garden



Maxwell: "We all bore her. Everything here bores her. Anybody can see that "
(Ellis & Walery

Maxwell is Jealous but will not admit it



[Photo]

Maxwell: "Go to the devil, both of you!"

'Elms & Walery

The Third Act



Mollie: "After one other man you are the two people
in the world I love best"



Maxwell: "I take it you are engaged to Miss Blair.
You are, are you not?"



Photos]

[Ellis & Walery

Clonharry: "You have played me a dirty trick, Mr. Maxwell. I hope that you are satisfied with its success"

Clonbarry is not a bad sort after all



Photos]

Clonbarry: " Well, I suppose I must wish you both good luck "

Understanding comes
to
Mollie and Maxwell



[Ellis & Walery]

Mollie: " I want a stupid man "

Maxwell explains that he couldn't help loving Mollie



Photo

Maxwell: "Now I ask you, is it my fault?"

The End of the Play

Ellis & Watery

About the Players

By John Wightman

MISS MARIE TEMPEST

Born in London and educated at the Convent des Ursulines, Thildouck, Belgium, Miss Marie Tempest first studied music—the piano at Trinity College and singing at the Royal Academy. Possessing a glorious voice, it was on the advice of the famous Garcia she devoted herself entirely to this branch, with the result that she gained the bronze medal for light, silver for Italian, and gold for declamatory English singing. No mean achievement for a girl not long from school. She had her first stage experience at one of the students' operatic performances, and this really led to her forsaking the concert platform for the theatre. When "Boccaccio" was revived at the Comedy in 1884 Miss Tempest played Fiammetta, and both Press and public were not slow in recognising the newcomer's ability. Engagements quickly followed, and when she appeared in "Dorothy" London was conquered. She became famous. It had a run of over three years, after which Miss Tempest went to America, where she remained four years, establishing herself a warm favourite with our cousins across the sea. Some pleasant years under the banner of Mr. George Edwardes were spent on her return, "The Artist's Model" and "The Geisha" being amongst the musical comedies she enriched. As years passed Miss Tempest longed for a wider scope as an actress, so in 1900 she made her bow to the public as Nell Gwyn in "English Nell." Her success was instantaneous, and proved her to be one of the greatest light comedienues the British stage has had. Under Mr. Charles Frohman's management she appeared in "The Marriage of Kitty" and other pieces.

MR. NORMAN TREVOR

This popular actor upsets all the old stage traditions. He entered the theatrical profession late in life, and has attained his present position without undergoing the customary knocks and rebuffs of cruel fortune. Then again, he is a champion athlete, with far more of the Army written over him than the stage. Born at Calcutta in 1877, Mr. Norman Trevor after leaving school entered the jute trade. The humdrum of commerce did not appeal to him, so after following it till 1905 he came over and settled in England. This, however, was not his first European visit, for in 1900 he was picked to represent England as a member of the Olympian team which took part in the great sports at Paris. There he was awarded a medal and a bronze statue of himself as having the best physique among the athletes of all nations. It was

not until Mr. Trevor was thirty years of age that he decided to follow his inclination and become an actor. At the Apollo Theatre on January 22nd, 1907, I saw him walk on in "The Stronger Sex." But it was with the Play Actors—a most enterprising body—that he first attracted attention. The piece was called "The Man who Won." This was in May, 1908, at the Scala. Then a tour with Miss Evelyn Millard followed. With her he played Hugh Coleman in "Idols." At St. James's in October, 1911, he appeared in "Lady Windermere's Fan" as Lord Durlington. One of his later successes was as Allan Hyde when Charles McEvoy's play, "All that Matters," was produced last year at the Haymarket.

MR. GRAHAM BROWNE

How much this clever artist owes to his nationality and how much to his indomitable ability I must leave my readers to determine, but the fact remains he was born and educated in Ireland. Trained for business by his people, he showed little aptitude and no liking for its deadly routine. Throwing it up for the stage, he passed through many struggles and sundry disappointments before he reached the position he now occupies—viz., one of our leading *jeunes premiers*. An actor of much earnestness and great versatility, his talent found full scope with Vedrenne and Barker during their memorable season at the Court. It was Mr. Graham Browne who produced Mr. Granville Barker's much-debated play, "The Weather Hen," at the Comedy in 1899. Among his most notable achievements is the Duke in "The Duke of Killiecrankie" at the Criterion in 1904, appearing the same year at the New in "Mr. Hopkinson." He was the original Bunny in "Raffles" at the Comedy, while at the same theatre he did fine work in "Lady Barbarity" and "Mrs. Dot." His present part, Lord Clonbarry, is a splendid piece of character acting, pitched in just the right key.

MR. C. V. FRANCE

Born in Bradford, where his father was a well-known architect, Mr. C. V. France gained his first experience of the stage as an amateur. His first engagement professionally was at the Theatre Royal, Rochdale, in 1892. In quick succession came tours with "Bootle's Baby," Martin Harvey, and William Haviland. A few years after found him playing lead in "The Prodigal Daughter," and in the autumn of 1898 he received a tempting offer from Charles Frohman, so America claimed him.



By *Ded Hed*

"Othello"

His Majesty's Theatre—April 9th, 1912

EVERY production at His Majesty's Theatre seems to be on a more sumptuous and artistic scale than its predecessor! "Othello" is no exception to the rule, and Sir Herbert Tree has given it a setting well worthy of the best traditions of his theatre. The play is rendered in four acts, with three scenes in all but the third, and each one is a triumph of the scenic painter's art.

"Othello was ever a greater favourite with the actor than with the public, the reason for this probably lying in the scope it offers for the former and the almost brutal tragedy it presents to the latter.

In Sir Herbert Tree's rendering of the dusky Moor there is no attempt to soften the primitive passions of the man. His Othello was essentially an animal, though I doubt whether Shakespeare had such a being in his mind when he penned the play.

To judge the character from reading the play, one can trace certain strains of sympathy, compassion, and a faint suspicion of a desire to relent, but in the Othello at His Majesty's none of these are noticeable. He lived only for war and revenge. Even his love for Desdemona was cruel, and gave one the impression that it existed for an ulterior motive.

Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry's portrayal of Desdemona was interesting. It is, by a long way, the best thing she has done. The confidence Desdemona put in Othello seemed to be part of the actress herself. Miss Neilson-Terry enlisted the whole-hearted sympathy of her audience for the unhappy woman she was portraying, especially in the bedroom scene.

Iago was played by Mr. Laurence Irving, as only such a consummate actor could play it. In spite of his villainy he was human, and we could find some small excuse for his behaviour. Mr.

Irving's little mannerisms and subtle pieces of business sustained the interest in the part to the end.

Other notable performances were those of Mr. Ernest Thesiger as Roderigo, Mr. A. E. George as Brabantio, Mr. Philip Merivale as Cassio, and Miss Alice Crawford as Emilia.

"Ben Hur"

Dramatised by William Young, from the book of
Lew Wallace

Drury Lane Theatre—April 18th, 1912

THE much-talked-of drama has made its bow in London, and has reached just the amount of success it deserved. As a spectacle there has been seen little in London for many years to approach it. In fact, such attention was bestowed to the mounting as to seriously detract from the original story. The plot is simple enough, but instead of following its thread we found ourselves admiring the rich trappings of the real camel, or the undulations of the moon-beams on the misty waters. We were so engrossed with the grandeur of the heaving sea at night and the tossing galleys in the distance, that we could only remember afterwards that Ben Hur was in the open boat, and that the fact of his being there had a distinct bearing on the play.

The story of the play follows the book. Ben Hur was wrongfully accused of murder, and sent to the Roman galleys as an oarsman. The Tribune on the ship took a fancy to him, and Ben Hur was successful in saving his life when the galley was crushed by the enemy. For this he received his freedom, and on the death of the Tribune he went back to Antioch, to the house of Simonides, to search for his people. Here he learned that he was the sole survivor, and the heir to a large fortune.

While seeing the sights of Antioch Ben Hur heard that a great chariot race was to take place in the arena, and that Messala was the favourite

for the race. Having fallen a victim to the charms of Iras, who was also loved by Messala, he offered to drive a chariot that would defeat him. This he was successful in doing, but eventually he discarded his infatuation for Iras and placed himself and his riches at the feet of Esther, the daughter of Simonides.

The finding of his mother and sister, who had been cured of their leprosy by Christ, completed his happiness, and the story closed with the singing of the people on the Mount of Olivet "Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the Highest!"

Mr. Arthur Wontner played Ben Hur with a fine grasp of the character. He was the soul of honour and valour. Mr. Charles Roek gave an admirable rendering of the part of Simonides. Mr. Frederick Ross played the part of Ilderim, Mr. Reginald Owen, Messala, and Mr. Clifton Alderson, Balthazar. Miss Ethel Warwick played the evil, scheming, sinuous Iras with rather too deep a note of the modern, melodramatic adventuress, but the Esther of Miss Jessie Winter was delightful in its sweetness and innocence. Other well-known names on the programme were those of Miss Kate Rorke, Mr. Frank Tennant, and Mr. Alfred Bucklaw.

"Jelf's"

By Horace Annesley Vachell

Wyndham's Theatre—April 15th, 1912

NOT being an expert on banking I will not presume to say that Jelf's Bank would not have gone to the rescue of Palliser's Bank under similar circumstances, but I certainly think that the action of the former was most unbusinesslike, and such a deal would never happen in the commercial world of to-day.

Here was young Richard Jelf pitchforked into the position of proprietor of Jelf's Bank. His relations had occupied similar positions for many years, and he had come from a ranch in America to follow in their footsteps. He was engaged to be married to the Lady Fenella Mull, and he was gradually refining himself to do her credit as her husband in the set in which he now mixed.

His old friend, James Palliser, had, by neglecting his business for horseracing, got his own bank into difficulties, and Richard Jelf promised to help him. Palliser succeeded in stopping the run on his own bank by announcing that Jelf's had come to his assistance, and this news appearing in the papers had the effect of causing a run on Jelf's. Richard Jelf resolved to face it, however, and to stand by the consequences, although he heard subsequently that the Lady Fenella Mull had thrown Palliser over because of his strained circumstances, and had only engaged herself to him by reason of his position.

Not wishing to marry any woman who did not really love him he put the matter frankly to her. She acknowledged at first that she liked the "things" that James Palliser could give her, but her admiration for Richard, and his action in sticking to his old friend in spite of the rivalry between them, decided her in his favour, and she married him after all.

Fortunately for Richard the Bank of England came to the assistance of Jelf's, which had the effect of restoring public confidence and stopping the run on the bank.

Needless to say the part of Richard Jelf was played by Mr. Gerald du Maurier. It was good to see Mr. du Maurier up to his old form once again, and reclaiming the position he occupied prior to his performance as Geoffrey Lascelles in "The Dust of Egypt." James Palliser was played by Mr. Cyril Keightley, and a hearty welcome was given to Mr. Alfred Bishop on his return to the stage as Sir Jonathan Dunne. The Lady Fenella Mull was daintily played by Miss Rosalie Toller. When Miss Toller has had a little more experience she will make an excellent actress.

The play was given a very generous mounting, the scenes in the Bank being particularly interesting. Quite apart from any technical inaccuracies, I thoroughly enjoyed the show, and hope this clean little comedy is in for a good run.

"Rutherford and Son"

By K. G. Sowerby

Little Theatre—March 18th, 1912

Transferred to the Vaudeville Theatre, April 22nd, 1912

IF strength is all that is necessary for the success of a play, "Rutherford and Son" is certainly a winner. It is all hard facts and plain home truths, written without any lace trimming or any straining after style. It is a heart-to-heart talk.

John Rutherford, the iron-willed, hard-hearted man of business, was disappointed in his sons. He had brought them up with a rod of iron, and with a lack of any sympathetic feeling. Consequently, they both disappointed him. One, Richard, went into the Church, and the other, John, was reduced to living with his wife and child on the charity of his father. It was his father's wish that John should follow after him when he had gone, and continue to build up the business of "Rutherford and Son." But John had other views. He hated the work, the drudgery, and the monotony of the business. He was an inventor, and had discovered a new process that should be worth many thousands of pounds to his father or anyone else who took up the patents. He endeavoured to do a business

deal with his father, but the latter schemed to get the secret for nothing. Young John's *confidante* in the matter was his father's foreman, Martin, and when John Rutherford senior heard that his own daughter, Janet, was secretly meeting this foreman, he resolved to use that information in securing the secret from Martin. He accused Janet of wicked relations with Martin, and cast her out of his house. He then accused Martin, and took advantage of Martin's position to get the secret from him. He then discharged him. His son Richard had left him, and on hearing that Martin had divulged his great secret, young John robbed his father's cash box, and he, too, left the house.

All that remained for John Rutherford was young John's wife, Mary, and her little child. At this juncture, the true, strong spirit of Mary came out of the meek shell to which he had been accustomed. She made a bargain with him. He wanted her son to succeed him in carrying on the business of Rutherford and Son. Very well! On condition that she was allowed to remain in his house, and to have absolute control and custody of her child for ten years, she agreed that after that period the boy should belong to his grandfather, to train in whatever way he willed. To this John Rutherford agreed, and the curtain fell with the one expression of human feeling that had ever come from the lips of this man of steel—a word of true regard for the happiness of the "little lad upstairs" in his cot.

In John Rutherford, Mr. Norman McKinnel had a part that suited him, and in which he was thoroughly at home in manner and appearance. He looked the epitome of power, will and strength. The sons, John and Richard, were played by Mr. Edmund Breon and Mr. Frank Randall respectively, while Miss Thyrza Norman gave a capital rendering of the part of Mary, young John's wife. Miss Edyth Olive. Miss Agnes Thomas, Mr. Harvey Braban', and Miss Mary Ault completed the cast of one of the most compelling plays in London.

"Improper Peter"

By Monckton Hoffe

Garrick Theatre—April 19th, 1912

PETER EVEREST was unhappily married. That was why he was spending a holiday on his steam-yacht without his wife. The Right Honourable Sir Walter Stancombe, M.P., had nominated him as a candidate, and Peter, in a speech to his friends on the yacht, confessed that a Parliamentary career was one of the things he most desired.

Among his friends was his nominator's son,

Charles, a flowery-tongued youth, who had persuaded a girl of nineteen, known as Periwinkle, to go away with him on his own yacht, and to be his wife "in the sight of heaven." He asked Peter to help him, and Peter good-naturedly did so. Things were rather complicated, however, by the unexpected arrival of Sir Walter on his son's yacht. Charles rowed his sweetheart over to Peter's boat, and asked him to give her shelter for the night. After some demur, Peter, having taken a liking to the innocent young thing, consented to do this, and Charles returned. Next morning Peter's wife arrived, and she naturally jumped to the worst conclusions. Matters were further complicated by the arrival of Sir Walter and numbers of others of Peter's friends, who all made lying excuses to Peter's wife, in the mistaken idea of shielding him, but which only seemed to confirm Mrs. Everest's suspicions. She was very anxious to divorce her husband, and would not let a chance like this go by.

Then came an inquiry by Sir Walter Stancombe. He could not support any candidate under these circumstances, and he naturally suspected Peter. In spite of all his friends could say in his favour, Peter was advised to resign his candidature. Reluctantly he did so, and informed his wife that, although she had no grounds whatever for divorce, he would not defend it.

Poor little Periwinkle was very much upset at being the cause of wrecking Peter's career, and, tiring of the verbosity of Charles, she consented to marry Peter after the divorce proceedings had taken place.

Of course, such things may have happened, and if one wants to enjoy a few merry hours it is well to believe that they did happen in this case. Mr. Arthur Bouchier put a halo round the head of Peter Everest. He was certainly a good fellow, and we can only hope that he reaped his reward in Periwinkle. Miss Julia James played this young lady's part. She was sweetly simple and simply sweet. Unfortunately, we do not meet such innocence, even at nineteen, in the world of to-day, but many unexpected things happen in Cowes roads during Regatta week. Good characteristic performances were given by Mr. Herbert Sleath as Charles, Mr. Frederick Kerr as Sir Walter, and Miss Lydia Bilbrooke as Helen Mitchener. Mrs. Saba Raleigh, as Flora Everest, was magnificently dressed, and her acting was quite in keeping with her frocks.

The mounting was original. The first and second acts were set on the steam yacht *The Nut*, and the motion of the vessel on the sea was cleverly represented. In the second act, however, an expert might have pointed out one or two glaring errors; but this were to be hypercritical.

The Variety Theatres

The Alhambra

WHAT moments of sheer delight can be spent in listening to that wonderful voice of Maggie Teyte's at the Alhambra! Naturally endowed with a voice of exquisite quality, this artiste uses all the lessons of her training to add to the effect. To miss hearing Maggie Teyte is to miss a really fine thing. Her reception on the occasion of this, her first appearance in vaudeville, must indeed be pleasing to even so great an artiste as Maggie Teyte.

Eric Stone is an artist who adopts a different method to the usual entertainer in his line. He draws his pictures on blackened glass, and his work, as it proceeds, is reflected on to a large screen on the stage. Kauffmann's Twelve Cycling Beauties have satisfactorily risked their lives at every performance for some weeks past, and these merry ladies give their audiences thrills other than by their beauty alone.

The ballet, "Carmen," with M. Volbert, Emile Agoust, Maria La Bella, and La Malaguenita in the principal parts, occupies the second part of the programme, and is likely to do so for some time to come. It is a most artistic spectacle.

The Palladium

CONGRATULATIONS to the management on the success of their enterprise. Many productions of Covent Garden are not listened to with the attention the Palladium audiences gave to the performances of the Beecham Opera Company. Frequent changes of programme ensured sustained interest. Among other numbers during the month, extracts have been given from "Tannhauser," "Tales of Hoffman," "Lohengrin," and "Il Trovatore," the principal parts being in the hands of Mr. John Bardsley, Mr. Harry Reynolds, Miss Margaret Dempsey, Miss May Storia, Miss Mabel Corran, Mr. Derek Hudson, Mr. Albert Chapman, and Miss Lucile Hill. A fortune must have been spent on the costumes and scenery, for nothing tawdry or cheap can ever hope for a place in a Beecham production.

And yet the Beecham Opera Company only forms one item on the bill. We had several stars, such as George Robey, Alfred Lester, Joe Elvin, Will Evans, George Graves, Irene Vanbrugh and Arthur Playfair, Fred Emney, Daisy Dormer, Sydney Fairbrother, Eugene Stratton, and a whole army of "house-fillers." It is interesting to note that the Palladium holds a record for attendance at any theatre in one day, with its figures for Easter Monday, when 12,434 people witnessed the shows.

The Hippodrome

THE great popularity of "The Eternal Waltz" prompted the Hippodrome management to produce another comic operetta. The public has pronounced this as something more than a success. "Arms and the Girl" is a pretty little story with bright, catchy music. Austen Hurgon is responsible for the book and the production, while the music is by Richard Fall (the brother of the great Leo). The story surrounds the fortunes of the wild young son of an Army Officer, who is cut off by his father. He enlists as a private and makes a name for himself in his regiment. His father, who has been raised to the peerage, pays a surprise visit to the barracks, there to discover his reformed son, extend his forgiveness, and give his consent to the young man's marriage to his adopted daughter. It is only necessary to mention that the part of the son is entrusted to G. P. Huntley to recognise how full of rich humour it is. Then there is that jolly and clever little artist, May de Sousa, as the adopted daughter, with Jean Aylwin as a sweet, fascinating Scotch lassie. Bright, amusing, and "right-down" hearty fun from beginning to end! The musical-comedy producers will have to look to their laurels if this sort of thing goes on.

The Coliseum

IT is difficult to keep pace with the run of stars at the Coliseum. The constant change in the programme would necessitate a volume to do justice to each individual turn. Some were better than others, but there is not such a thing as a bad turn at the Coliseum. Seymour Hicks appears again in that wonderful character sketch, "Scrooge," with J. C. Buckstone as Bob Cratchit and J. J. Hooker as the ghost.

One of the funniest turns was that given by the three Alvanettas, comedy acrobats, and one of the daintiest and most artistic that of Olga, Elgar, and Eli Hudson. The entire absence of theatrical effect and the quiet, unassuming atmosphere that surrounds this performance were quite charming. It is the right sort of fare.

I was disappointed in Queenie Leighton. She must get a few more songs with more in them. Flag-wagging is nearly dead in these times of empire-splitting. Constance Drever, too, will not add much to her reputation by such stuff as "A Heart Case." The show really consisted of one or two pretty songs, capably rendered, by Miss Drever, but I would have thought that the idea of worming them into a playlet, with a number of other characters and some dialogue, was hardly worth the trouble and expense. Constance Drever singing alone would draw quite as well.

Playgoer in Paris

"Playgoer" Offices: 56 Rue de l'Université, Paris

"L'autre Mari"

Comedy in one act.

"Ce qu'on peut dire"

Revue in two acts.

Produced at the Théâtre des Capucines.

ANTOINETTE has been divorced from Paul Tréguier, and marries a second time Félix Lignières, a man old enough to be her father, who is besides somewhat of a crank. She is staying with husband No. 2 at an hotel on the top of the Righi, when husband No. 1 arrives. Félix, when he knows that Paul has arrived, is angry and leaves the hotel to go on a little excursion, and requests Antoinette to send away husband No. 1 as soon as possible. He also asks a young *gigolo* to look after his wife and prevent any love-making between Paul and her. The young *gigolo*, like most of his class, courts Antoinette and becomes so pressing that Paul protects her and sends the nasty little man away by a good sound thrashing. It is all very "Frenchy," and Félix, husband No. 2, leaves her to husband No. 1.

"Ce qu'on peut dire," the *revue*, is a witty, bright play, in which the principal item is a musical dialogue between a little *midinette*, or dressmaker's apprentice, and an *inconnu*, who is supposed to be the "Comte de Chester." The young Prince is represented in an Eton suit, large turn-down collar and college cap. He is shy and amiable, and tells the little Parisian work-girl how much he likes Paris, and that he has been sent to Paris to learn how to become a man. She cannot quite understand "his book French," and tries to find out who he is by asking him questions in Paris *argot*. When at last she knows he is the "Prince" she is delighted, because she can tell the other girls and anticipate how vexed they will be at her luck.

This part of the *revue*, though written with a certain delicacy and received with rapturous applause by the audience, has caused some critics to protest against its *morale*. The director of *Comedia*, one of the widest-circulated theatrical daily papers, writes in a long article:

"That our Governors should consent sometimes in the immediate interests of a low policy to make the strange trade of facilitating the first love adventure of young foreign Sovereigns is repugnant, and, I avow frankly, more repugnant than anything else in low politics. But to bring that up in a theatre is a sort of acquiescence of people of good taste which, to my mind, is intolerable. To make Paris a *mauvais*

lieu for Sovereigns, to make France the country where one can 'go on the spree,' and where the Government has some *petites femmes* at the disposal of crowned babies, in my opinion, is the vilest thing possible."

"La Crise"

Comedy in three acts, by MM. Paul Bourget and Beaunier.

Produced at the Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin.

Gisèle Prieur is a charming woman of forty, rich, and the favourite hostess of politicians. Her position in society is not very high, owing to a slightly shady past. She had been married to a man not very intelligent but very jealous, who had killed in a duel a young man in his teens who had made love to her. The husband's jealousy was without real cause, as she had been faithful to her marriage vows. When the play opens we see Gisèle in early middle age. For more than four years she has been the secret mistress of Michael Ravardin, a self-made man of fifty, who has become a professional politician. He is without conscience, or scruples, and ready to sacrifice everything to his ambition. He has overthrown the Government and is made Prime Minister. Laurent Bernard is also a M.P., young and straightforward, who is in love with Gisèle. She loves Laurent, and when he proposes marriage refuses him, believing that Ravardin has the prior claim. She tells the latter that she is now forty, and that the illicit connection must cease by marriage. He refuses to marry her, as it would fetter his career as the future President of France. He discovers that Gisèle and Laurent love each other, and acts in a dog-in-the-manger manner. Laurent and he have a quarrel, and they fight a duel. Ravardin now wishes to marry Gisèle, but she refuses, and to prevent her marrying Laurent he tells him that Gisèle has been his mistress. Laurent, however, is only drawn closer to Gisèle, and, telling her the past is dead, they will marry and begin a new life.

This is the barest outline of the play, which has some interesting characters of modern political life. Mme. Jane Hading once more proved herself a consummate artiste. M. Huguenet, as Ravardin, showed what talent and experience can do in such a difficult rôle. M. Gauthier appealed to our sympathy as Laurent, and the rest of the *troupe* played well.

Charles Hart de Beaumont



Reading and Caversham D.C., in "School."—At the invitation of the executive I made a special journey to Reading to witness this club's debut. If I am not mistaken, there are already two amateur dramatic societies already in being in the town, that one wonders whether there is really room for a third. However, allowing for all the disadvantages of the temporary stage in the small Town Hall, the performance of Robertson's comedy was very creditable. Curiously enough, I have never seen "School" played; and, though it is more than a little unsophisticated, it brought home to me, even more so than does either "Caste" or "Ours," the tremendous revolution that the advent of these teacup-and-saucer comedies, so brimful of sweetness and sentiment, brought about in the Victorian theatre, whose staple menu was rotten French farce. However, to the play. First I would place the Percy Farintosh of Mr. Rupert Hodges. It was a clever conception cleverly carried out. Then Mr. Jack Masters as Jack Poyntz was very successful. He was easy, distinct in utterance, and quite amusing. Mr. Charles Seymour was somewhat stiff and a trifle raw, but he acted Lord Beaufooy sincerely, and his ingenuousness helped to create a pleasing impression. Mr. Ernest Browne, who produced, got quite into the character as Dr. Sutcliffe; while Mr. Reginald Browne was scarcely villainous enough for Krux. It is ungallant, but one has to confess that the ladies were disappointing. Miss Stella Rose was lacking in authority as Mrs. Sutcliffe, and Miss Dora Rose was hardly natural enough as Naomi Tighe. Her high spirits seemed a trifle forced, and, though she looked very charming, she has not yet sufficient control over her voice. Miss Elsie Moss made a pathetic figure of Bella, and her display of grief at the end of the third act was capital; but she is prone to recite, and her gestures are too studied and lack spontaneity. Most of the other schoolgirls were excellent, and I must single

out Milly—or was it Tilly, or Clara, or Kitty, or Hetty? Anyway, Mesdames Beatrice Humphreys, Gladys Mitchell, Harry Terry, Brenda Mitchell, Bee Comber, and Dorothy Baker made me wish I was a humble usher at the Sutcliffe's Academy.

Crystal Palace Athenæum, in "Beauty and the Barge." It was really more than a little gratifying to see this Society bob up again in something like its old style and to be able to record an unqualified success. The scene at the "Old Ship" was particularly well played, for which all credit should be given to Mr. Walter Herbage, the producer. The sailormen were properly boisterous—possibly the delight of some of the old hands at finding themselves on the amateur stage again accounted for some of this—and such studies as Mr. Stanley Clarke's Tom Codd and Mr. Harry Gebbett's George Porter were, in their way, absolute gems. Captain Barley had a splendid representative in Mr. A. E. Griffith. His affability was innate in the man and not assumed for the occasion, the only fault being a slight tendency to drag his scenes. Mr. David Davies was excellent as the choleric Major Smedley, and Mr. J. Seaton Reid played Seton Boyne very intelligently, though with too heavy a touch for this breezy lover. Mrs. Major Faulks looked delightful as Ethel, but her performance was too negative—colourless is, perhaps, a better expression—and she lacked vivacity. Mr. A. B. Pridie was easily the best Herbert Manners I have seen. He was very delightful, and invested a secondary part with all the importance of a leading character; and Mrs. Scott Turner made a bright Lucy Dallas. Words fail me over Mrs. Ernest Renton's "Mrs. Baldwin." She was simply immense, and as perfect a conception of the captain's "Lily of the Valley" as could be imagined.

Balham Strollers O.S., in "The Gondoliers." First and foremost let praise be given to the

orchestra and the chorus. It is so unusual at amateur operatic performances to find an orchestra that is really helpful to the artistes and with enough artistic perception to avoid the attempt to turn the opera into an orchestral selection with moving, wordless tableaux, that the Meister Orchestra, under the capable direction of Mr. Sidney Physick, deserve honourable mention; and the work of the chorus, both as regards volume of sound and vivacity of execution, was almost equally praiseworthy. Of the principals, Mr. Joe Menah as the Grand Inquisitor takes, perhaps, pride of place. He had a good conception of the character, and got it across the footlights with a nice fruity humour. Mr. W. Wallis as the Duke of Plaza-Toro, though very fair, would have been much more effective if he had been a little more distinct; and Mr. J. G. Seex sang excellently and played quite capably the part of Marco. Guiseppe, in the person of Mr. R. J. Sargeant, was a little dull and lacking in animation, and Mr. F. H. Powell was stiff as Luiz, though he sang very tastefully. Miss Margaret Drysdale is evidently a favourite with the society's followers, and she really sang very delightfully and played charmingly, and Miss Muriel Stanton, if a little deficient vocally, made amends with a piquant and pert presentment of the part of Tessa. Miss Muriel Wood as Casilda was satisfactory, and the remaining parts were more or less capably filled. The opera was produced under the stage direction of Mr. Harry F. Corben.

Finchley A.D.S. in "Peter's Mother." Possibly because the play is not worth enthusing over, partly also because some of the chief characters were not altogether successful, the present performance was hardly up to the high standard of this Society. Mr. W. Gordon Cope made Peter something more of a cub than he really is, but he played consistently and intelligently. Mrs. John Dore as Lady Mary was a trifle overweighted, and temperamentally she seemed hardly suited. After all, Lady Mary requires not so much acting as personality, and one missed rather the innate pathos of the character. It would be unfair to Mrs. Dore to omit to say that she was

exceedingly sweet and quite realised what was wanted, but it is more than a little hard to get outside one's limitations. As John Crewys, Mr. Ralph Jenkin was fairly satisfactory, but he was lacking in grip and seemed afraid to let himself go; while Mr. Harold Sutton, who also produced, was hardly dominant enough for Sir Timothy. The two old ladies were capitally and energetically played by Mrs. Coomber (Georgiana) and Miss Audrey Mayhew (Lady Belston), and Mrs. Dick Lowcock was vivacious and natural as the red-headed terror Sarah.



Photo by]

[W. E. Sherlock

Master Valentine Chapman in
"The Gondoliers" at Grimsby

Westcliff-on-Sea O.S., in "Merrie England." This Society continues to improve, and its first experiment away from Gilbert and Sullivan fare was a great success. The chorus are still inclined to look after the

singing only and let the acting go hang, but this will disappear with more experience, and with the importation of some extra principals to strengthen existing weak spots; the Society should, like the British Army, be able to tackle anything; and it ought not to be in too much hurry to return to Mikados and Pirates and all the rest of the well-worn Savoy repertory. Coming to the performance in question, it was noteworthy for three delightful impersonations. Mr. John Dixon (Sir Walter Raleigh) is that *rara avis* a tenor who can act, and, despite a slight hoarseness, he sang delightfully. His duet with Jill-all-alone (Miss Jean Taylor), "It is the merry month of May," proving one of the gems of the evening as it is of the opera. Miss Taylor scored very heavily as Jill. Her enunciation is perfect, and, possessing as she does a delightful singing and speaking voice, she gave to the

character that touch of pathos it should suggest. Miss Elsie Badcock was a charming Bessie. She played most gracefully and sang brilliantly. Mr. Clarendon Bell (Earl of Essex) has a splendid voice, and his rendering of "The Yeomen of England" was, naturally enough, one of the hits of the evening; but he really should get rid of that "Let's all go round the bandstand" method of acting. Mr. Harry McLean deserved success as Walter Wilkins, for he worked very hard; but, to be candid, he is not a comedian, and, although he got home with the obvious humours, his performance was quite lacking in subtlety or

distinction. Mr. George H. Bush was fairly satisfactory as Silas Simkins, but scarcely fruity enough; and of the Four Men of Windsor, Mr. Donald Fife as the Butcher was the only one to catch the eye. Long Tom, Big Ben, and the Queen's Fool were very well played indeed by Messrs. Herbert Frith, J. E. Platt, and Fred Martin respectively. Miss Edith Double was good as the May Queen; and Miss Edith Bromley-Smith, who played the part at short notice, made a dignified and picturesque Elizabeth, singing, in addition, with a good deal of dramatic force. The dancing was capital, and Mr. Arthur Chapman (producer) and Mr. W. J. Barton (musical director) may be heartily congratulated on the show. Just one word. The giving of bouquets to the principals at the termination of the show is a time-honoured custom, but it may be reduced to absurdity. One lady, for whose identity I scanned my programme in vain, received half a dozen bouquets and a confectioner's shop. I suggest that the committee should adopt a reasonable limit—let us say, not more than one bouquet per speaking line in the part. To me it seems adequate.

Old Strandians D.C., in "Beauty and the Barge." This club's performances are always enjoyable, if only because the executive is wise enough to give its members a turn all round, and the leads of one show become the supers in the next, which is as it should be in an old-boys' club. Though the play in question is becoming a trifle wearisome—even affability palls with much repetition—the Strandians gave it a most diverting and excellent representation, and for this much credit may be taken by Mr. Harold Dwyer, who proved to be one of the best amateur exponents of Cap'n Barley we have seen. He was truly excellent, and—heaven be praised—did not unduly dwell over his very capital lines. Mr. Victor Bryce played Seton Boyne very capably, although a little more brecziness would have helped him; and Miss Kathleen Fernhead, for a lady who shines primarily as a character actress, was surprisingly good and bright as Ethel Smedley. Mr. Phil Dhonau was properly explosive as the Colonel, and Miss Marie Goldie as Lucy and Mr. A. B. Shanley as Herbert Manners were thoroughly satisfactory as the two subsidiary lovers. Most of the character parts were well played, and mention should be made of Mr. Charles Averill (John Dibbs), Mr. Silcock (Mr. Porter), Mr. Fred Davis (Mate), and Miss Winifred Allport (Mrs. Porter). Mr. Besley Willmott, who produced, is to be heartily congratulated on the result.

Protean D.C., in "The Duke." One always goes to the performance of a new play by amateurs with the desire to speak well of it and of them. Generally, however, it may be taken as an axiom that the play is not much good, though one goes on hoping; and, sad to relate, it usually turns out that the interpretation it receives in no way helps its chance to secure a favourable hearing. The play in question is no exception. It is an adaptation by Mr. David Kimball of J. Storer Clouston's novel, and, with a good deal of cutting and brightening up, might achieve some success in a tour round "The Smalls," but beyond that it is of little value. Credibility is thrown overboard, and the smell of grease-paint overpowering. Of the players, Miss Ethel Leicester as an American heiress was quite charming without really suggesting an American heiress. Mr. Cyril Lawrence was amusing as Jack Kavanagh, and Mr. Gerald Lindsay played the Duke with some authority and skill. Miss Dorothy Manning was attractive as Marjorie Gay, and Mrs. C. J. Berridge had a distinct sense of character as Lady Roulet. The play was produced under the direction of Mr. Edgar S. Rouse.

Edward Terry D.C., in "Don." If the place of representation (Clavier Hall) hardly gave the play a chance, one wonders whether "Don" is really suitable for amateurs. One shudders to think what would happen unless the name part were adequately filled. Fortunately, Mr. C. Lawford Davidson had it in hand, and he gave one of his characteristic displays and improved his position as the soundest juvenile on the London amateur stage. It was a most excellent study, and the only pity is that he was so ill supported. Mrs. J. Campkin was, perhaps, the best of the bunch as Mrs. Bonington, and played very amusingly; but what on earth possessed Miss Worth Daffern to play Ann Sinclair. She was hopelessly miscast. Mr. Edmund Daly, lacking in strength, played Albert Thompsett intelligently. The play was preceded by "Between the Soup and the Savoury," which generally was well acted, Miss Claire Hare making an excellent Kitchenmaid.

Notices of the following performances are unavoidably held over to next month's issue:—*Georgians* ("Priscilla Runs Away"), *Lewisham D.C.* ("Are you a Mason?"), *Ingoldsby* ("The Man from Blankleys"), *Blackheath D.C.* ("The Admirable Crichton"), *Arts D.C.* ("Triple Bill"), *The Mascots* ("Miss Hook of Holland"), *St. Nicholas O.S.* ("Merrie England"), *Southend O.S.* ("The Duchess of Dantzig"), *Wyndham D.C.* ("The Little Damsel"), *Bancroft D.C.* ("Captain Drew on Leave").



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By Mrs. HUMPHRY ("Madge")

THE LENGTH OF SKIRTS.

THE short skirt has its own way for outdoor wear, but the precise length depends on the taste of the individual wearer. Some ladies like their skirt to reach the instep; others prefer that it should entirely clear the feet, giving them absolute freedom in movement; others prefer them still shorter, and really it is a fact that when this is the case the spectator sees the feet before he sees the face, so aggressive are some of the immense buckles and so extraordinary the contrast in colour occasionally seen in stocking and *décolleté* shoe, as the French term it. For instance, a young girl in a frog-green costume wore pale yellow stockings and green suède shoes—this in the street, not at an At Home as one might imagine. For evening dress many of the skirts are short, but wearers past their first youth, together with some others still quite young, adopt a short square or pointed train, which is a terrible snare to men at the Opera. Below the hem of the long coat appears this snake-like little train, often of a different colour, and one has to be very wary not to tread upon it. It lies on the ground

some six inches, and as no other portion of the skirt appears beneath the coat, it is a veritable little trap.



- 1 Purple Tagal Straw
- 2 Blue Crinoline Straw

SOME TAILORED SUITS.

Whipcord continues to be the favourite smart material for tailored suits. One of these is in a medium tone of blue made with revers of the whipcord itself and a basque added on in the reverse sense to the lines of the gown. This basque is fastened straight down the front with a row of buttons above which start the revers. These are in a pointed shape and are wide enough to cover the whole of the front; they in their turn partly covering a deep lace fichu collar. The sleeves reach to below the elbows and are finished with frilled net-matching a little one-sided frill that shows between the revers below the neck. There is a high neckband of frilled net, the whole very neat and becoming. Wide and deep revers will be a characteristic of the gowns of the season. A charming black and white whipcord is trimmed with printed blue, red and green Shantung, sparingly used and therefore the more effective. Here again the one-sided frill occurs, and no doubt its

In the Boudoir (continued)

popularity will be at least equal to that which it enjoyed last year.

AT THE OPERA.

This year one notices more than ever the



Cream satin, with draped tunic of gold and jewelled net. Deep gold satin bow in front

Pale blue chiffon over shot blue taffetas, edges of taffetas ruchings and bow of taffetas to catch up drapery

tendency to partially drape the shoulders in evening dress, and again, seized with admiration, the exquisitely filmy materials chosen by great ladies for evening dress. White is again the favourite colour, having partially ousted pale grey from the pre-eminence that it achieved a couple of seasons since. Short waists and princess frocks are chosen by the younger, trained gowns with waists by the elder ladies. The favourite form of bodice seems to be that which, slightly hollowed out at the back of the neck, comes down into lines which meet at the waist, a small bib, usually of embroidery or beads, filling in the space between half-way down from the neck. The most popular coats appear to be those of Chinese or Persian embroidery. They are all, without exception, loosely fitting and have long, loose sleeves. The elaboration of these garments is, and has been for some years, beyond adjectives. The coiffures are very much smaller than they were last year, and it is only in the stalls, and not always there, that one sees the puffed-out hair and coiffures that are eloquent of the hair-dresser's skilled hand—that is, far too elaborate; and it is in the stalls, too, that these artificially-widened and heightened heads get so terribly in the way of those persons who sit behind them. Many caps are seen at the Opera. One of these was composed entirely of sequins, and hid about two-thirds of the hair, leaving the locks free over the forehead and ears. A singular cap was in striped gauze, vermillion and gold. It hid the hair almost completely and was tied in a knot behind the left ear, the long loops and ends floating over the left shoulder. This was an extreme instance. Unfortunately the brush is again in favour and is larger than ever. A very pretty woman, in pale green, wore one of these brushes in darker green in her fair hair. It suited her admirably, but those whose faces were swept by it did not appear to think this a sufficient expiation.

DRESS ON THE STAGE.

Miss Margery Maude, in "Love—and What Then?" wears some charming Paquin gowns. One is a gracefully-draped dress of salmon-pink crêpe-de-Chine, fastened at the back with pearl buttons of the same shade as the material of the gown. A square collar of white batiste, with embroidery of black silk, finishes the dress. Miss Maude's Picrette frock is made of tulle of varying shades, from soft pink to deep cardinal, very skilfully arranged. The deep points of the cardinal satin tunic, falling over the skirt of pleated tulle, are finished with cardinal silk pompons.

MUTABILITY

"I FEEL no pain, dear mater, now," said the little boy when his mother descended upon him with the Castor Oil. Like the Insurance Bill, which is all for our good (we are told), medicines are not as a rule to our liking. Perhaps one ought to say "were not"; for a change is coming over them as over everything else—and the greatest of all changes is that in Iron Tonics. The old-fashioned Steel Drops were just horrid and full of free acid which destroyed the enamel of the teeth—the alternative "iron pills" were very often quite insoluble and useless, so that a leading medical authority wrote of them in a valuable medical work "A System of Medicine," edited by Sir Clifford Allbutt: "Pills made up, for instance, with Gum Tragacanth and the like, become as hard as pebbles, and about as useful to the patient."

All this has been changed now by the introduction of a preparation known as Iron 'Jelloids,' which are so delicately flavoured and so bland that children eat them with pleasure—a doctor wrote "My children took possession of the 'Jelloids' and quarrelled over the spoil, so they must be palatable." In the quotation mentioned above from "A System of Medicine" it is added: "Recently I came across some little tablets containing Iron, called Iron 'Jelloids.' These I have found very successful, partly no doubt because, being convenient and palatable and arousing no fears of injury to teeth, they are taken regularly, partly because they retain their free solubility."

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IN THE SPRING

all nature is 'bourgeoning'—stretching itself from its long sleep—and we all should feel strong and full of vigour. The strain of modern life, however, overtakes many and they feel the need of a reliable "pick-me-up" or tonic. In such cases of simple-weariness and indisposition they cannot do better than take a course of Iron 'Jelloids.' Dr. Andrew Wilson, a well-known authority, writes:—"Iron 'Jelloids' are an excellent tonic, and may be taken with advantage whenever a tonic is required. It is a pleasure at all time to recognise the value of a new principle, to endorse the merit of a scientific discovery, the basis of which is sound, and the results of which are successful. On the ground of public policy it can be definitely stated that Iron 'Jelloids' constitute the most effective and desirable treatment for the cure of that common complaint, that insidious and weakening condition, no matter from what cause arising, known as **Anæmia** or 'poorness of blood.'"



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In the Boudoir (continued)

The bodice of the tunic is cut in points to correspond. It is an effective and piquant costume.

AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

The gowns worn by Miss Marie Tempest in "At the Barn" illustrate the present fashions and those of to-morrow, so extremely up-to-date are they. Mme Hayward, of 67, New Bond Street, is the artist who has created them. In Act I. Miss Tempest has striped taffetas in a tone of blue which exactly matches the wearer's eyes. It is a panier gown, and unique in this way: that though the paniers are much bunched on the hips, and can indeed be drawn out to even greater fulness, at the back and in front they are perfectly flat. The bodice has a sideways frill of white tulle, with a large flat bow of the taffetas across the chest. A sunshade matching the gown and a white straw hat turned up with blue silk with pink flowers at the back complete a very dainty and coquettish costume. In the second act Miss Tempest's dress is an afternoon costume in white real lace over daffodil-coloured chiffon, the lace arranged in a most original fashion in three different grades. The upper part and a considerable portion of the skirt is in the fine lace, and below it a heavier lace is artistically arranged, being attached to the yellow chiffon which appears down the centre of the skirt. Motifs of thick lace are *appliqué* upon the fine where it opens in front to show the chiffon. The buttons on the gown are diamond, and white satin forms a kind of underskirt. This would make a most admirable Ascot dress, as no doubt many of the ladies in the audience have already decided. Costume number three is again an outdoor dress, composed of very dark cerise taffetas shot with yellow, made in panier style, the drapery being

caught up in front and finished with two tassels. On the bodice is a sideways frill of white net, and a dainty touch is a *bouquet de corsage* of many-coloured flowers. The hat is in complete unison with this simple and yet extremely smart costume. Over it during a portion of the act Miss Tempest

wears a coat made of white ratines, very originally lined with black.



Soft blue taffetas and coarse ecru lace.
The paniers caught up with silk
roses

AT SWAN & EDGAR'S.

The crowds surrounding Swan & Edgar's long expanse of windows testify once more this year to the attractive character of the gowns, coats, blouses, evening dresses, hats, and stoles displayed. This firm is now well known to Londoners as the most up-to-date as well as one of the most reliable in the West-end, to say nothing of the moderate prices which are so attractive to the rich as well as to those less favoured of the financial gods. As we all know, London shop windows are the best dressed in the world, and it is really difficult for even the busiest of women to tear themselves past Swan & Edgar's tempting windows.

THE NEW SHOTS.

It seems a pity that many of the new shots should be very obtrusively loud of tint. One wonders why such excessively startling tints should be chosen, for they certainly "put out" the complexions of the wearers. Among them is a lilac and yellow, either of which colours in itself would be extremely trying, while the two combined are at least doubly so. The quieter shots are usually chosen for long dust-cloaks. They are trimmed with flat folds of their own material, and sometimes with a little passementerie in one of the colours.

C. S. Humphrey

Society Notes

THE intention of the King and Queen to pay a visit during the summer term to Harrow has given great satisfaction to the school and particularly to Old Harrovians. Harrow has not the traditions of Eton, but it turns out equally as good products as the school close to Royal Windsor, and many youths who were afterwards to become famous were educated there. Byron was at Harrow, and many old boys will remember Baron Heath, the poet's fag, who regularly used to turn up on Speech Day, a funny old gentleman in a brown wig. The great Lord Shaftesbury was a Harrow boy, and when fourteen years old the incident occurred at Harrow which determined him to give his life to the service of his fellow men, as a tablet on the wall of the Old School says. The young Lord Ashley chanced to see a pauper's funeral—a scene of drunken indecency and neglect because the man was poor and friendless—and this awakened his lifelong devotion to the poor and oppressed.

The purchase by Sir Charles Swinfen Eady of the Wood Norton Estate, near Evesham, will be cordially welcomed, for, not to put too fine a point on the matter, the Duc d'Orleans has not been a nice neighbour. And the attitude he took up has been the more keenly felt owing to the friendliness to all ranks of his predecessor there, his great-uncle, the Duc d'Aumale. The latter lived the life of a typical English squire at Wood Norton, and was beloved by everybody. His parties were as informal and enjoyable as the Duc d'Orleans's régime has been formal—and doubtless uncomfortable to the favoured few who have been invited there. His Royal Highness has shut out hunting, and he also refused to grant land for small holdings.

Briefly, the Duc d'Orleans ill requited the hospitality these shores afforded him. He went out of his way to write to the French caricaturist, Willette, congratulating him on some gross insults to Queen Victoria, whereby he placed himself once and for all without the pale. Afterwards King Edward good naturedly forgave him, and informed him that the doors of England were reopened to him; nevertheless, the Duc's indiscreet letter has never been forgotten in this country, where it is considered a part of elementary manners, to say nothing of chivalry, to refrain from insulting ladies.

Prince and Princess Doria-Pamphilj and their daughter, Countess Borromeo, are on a visit to

England. The Princess is English and the Duke of Newcastle's second sister. Just thirty years ago next month she was married to Prince Alfonso Doria-Pamphilj, a member of one of the greatest of the patrician families of Rome, and, though she has naturally made her home in Italy, her son and daughter have been brought up under English tutors and governesses, and they speak English perfectly. Their daughter became the wife of Prince Borromeo a few years ago, the wedding being one of the most picturesque functions that had been witnessed in Rome for a long time.

Not only has Prince Doria-Pamphilj an English wife, but he is half English, for his mother was Lady Mary Talbot, elder daughter of the sixteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, "the good Earl John," whose other daughter married Prince Borghese. The unbounded charity of these Ladies Talbot made them universally beloved in Rome, and, though long dead, their memory is yet cherished in the Eternal City, where they are spoken of as "the good English women." The Roman nobility can also claim an Earl and Countess of the British peerage—namely, Lord and Lady Newburgh, who are Prince and Princess Guistiniani-Bandini in Italy. The Earls of Newburgh had immense estates in Scotland, but the present Lord Newburgh does not own an acre of land in the United Kingdom, and lives entirely in Rome. He and the Countess came over for the Coronation and made a tour in Scotland, visiting parts where the Lords Newburgh were once all-powerful.

Lady Esther Smith is, according to rumour, among the dance hostesses of the season, though she has not yet decided upon a date. She has, of course, only very young children herself, but she entertains for her nieces, Lady Beatrice Cecil and Lady Mabell Ogilvy, and her half-sister, Lady Winifred Gore, and Mr. Smith's niece, Lady Frances Ryder—indeed, she has a host of pretty young relatives and friends, for whom she likes to give dances. Last November Lady Esther had a ball at Greenlands, Henley-on-Thames, in honour of her young relatives. She is a perfect hostess, which is, perhaps, only natural, being a great-granddaughter of Lady Palmerston, whose parties at Cambridge House, Piccadilly, now the "In and Out," the club-house of the Naval and Military, were famous in early Victorian days.



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For the information of those who are anxious to obtain photographs of the late Miss Beryl Faber we would remind them that several excellent photos of that famous actress appear in our issue No. 14, "Mrs. Skeffington," and in issue No. 21, "A Butterfly on the Wheel."

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IN "PRINCESS CAPRICE"

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VOL. VI. (New Series). No. 33

Published on 15th of each month

"PRINCESS CAPRICE"

Adapted by RUDOLPH BERNAUER and ERNEST WELISCH

English Version by ALEX. M. THOMPSON. Music by LEO FALL

Produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, on May 11th, 1912



Photo

[Foulsham & Banfield]

MR. GEORGE GRAVES as Bogumil

The Story of "Princess Caprice"



Miss Clara Evelyn



Mr. George Hestor



Mr. Courtice Pounds

[Photos]

THESSALIA was in a very bad way. Bogumil, the Regent, had run through all the available funds, and the Treasury was dry. Gjuro, the Prime Minister, proposed that the Princess Helen, the Regent's niece, should be given in marriage to Nicola, the wealthy Prince of Micholies, who would replenish the Treasury and grant a substantial pension to the Regent.

This suggestion was particularly welcome to Bogumil. The servants of the palace were clamouring for their wages, and a certain individual, who had been mistaken for a wealthy banker, turned out to be nothing more than a bailiff, whom certain creditors had put in possession.

As the banker, the man was fêted by the eccentric Regent. He was given a special cigar to smoke, and the choicest wine from the palace cellars to drink. As the bailiff, however, he found the Regent's attitude towards him very much changed. The cigar and the wine were taken from him, and he was turned out of the august presence.

Under these conditions Gjuro's scheme would have gone through, but it so happened that the Princess Helen was in love with Augustin Hofer, her music-master. Besides, she detested Nicola. Further aggravated by the Prince's flirtation with her own attendant, whom he promoted to the position of maid-of-honour, Princess Helen refused to marry Nicola.

Matters were at a deadlock. Then the little cherub who sits up aloft, watching over the fortunes of all young lovers, stepped in. It was discovered from an old book in the archives of a monastery, formerly the home of the Princes of Thessalia, that the Princess Helen was not a Princess at all. The real Princess was her attendant, Anna, the daughter of Jasomir, the Princess Helen's steward. Certain identification marks, the chief of which was a mole under the arm, proclaimed the truth of these records, and Helen was delighted to find that she was not a Princess, and that her alliance with the hated Nicola would not take place. On the other hand, Anna's ambitions were realised. She had always been envious of Helen's position, and was quite as capable of filling the rôle of Princess as Helen.

Jasomir was at first rather upset to hear that his loved little Anna was not his daughter, but he consoled himself with the knowledge that she would always be a daughter to him, and that instead of one he would in future have two.

Thus the road of love was open for Helen and her music-master, while Nicola was free to marry Anna, the real Princess of Thessalia.

H. V. M.



Miss Cicely Courtneidge



Mr. George Graves



Mr. Fred Leslie

[Foulsham & Banfield]

The Regent is in Difficulties



Princess Helen (Miss CLARA EVELYN): "And both their hearts went pit-a-pat."

Augustin (Mr. HARRY WELCHMAN): "A⁷demi-semi-quaver."



Sigilloff (Mr. GEORGE ELTON): "I'll keep this cigar for Sunday."

Bogumil: "Yes, do, smoke it after your bath."



[Photos]

[Foulsham & Banfield]

Bogumil: "Oh! I say—that tobacco—has that been passed by the sanitary inspector?"

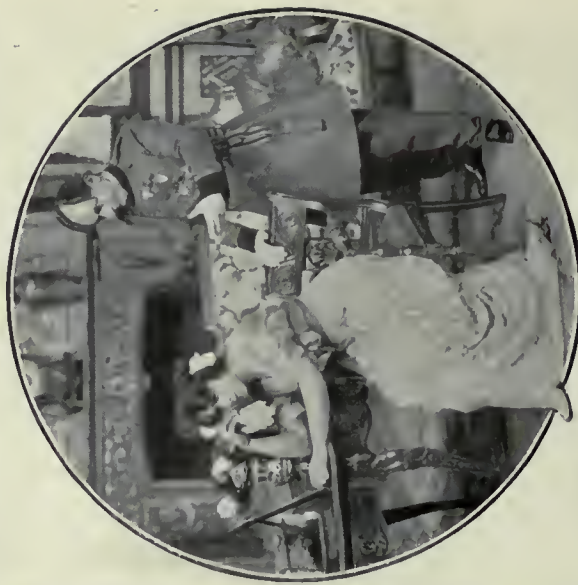
The Strike of the Palace Servants



Palace Servants: "We want—we want our wages,"



Bogumil: "Gjuro, can't you give the Princess a few postage stamps or some coppers to go shopping with?"



Bogumil: "Do you know any old woman who wants to get off?"
[Foulsham & Ranfield]

Princess Helen and her Music-Master



Photo.

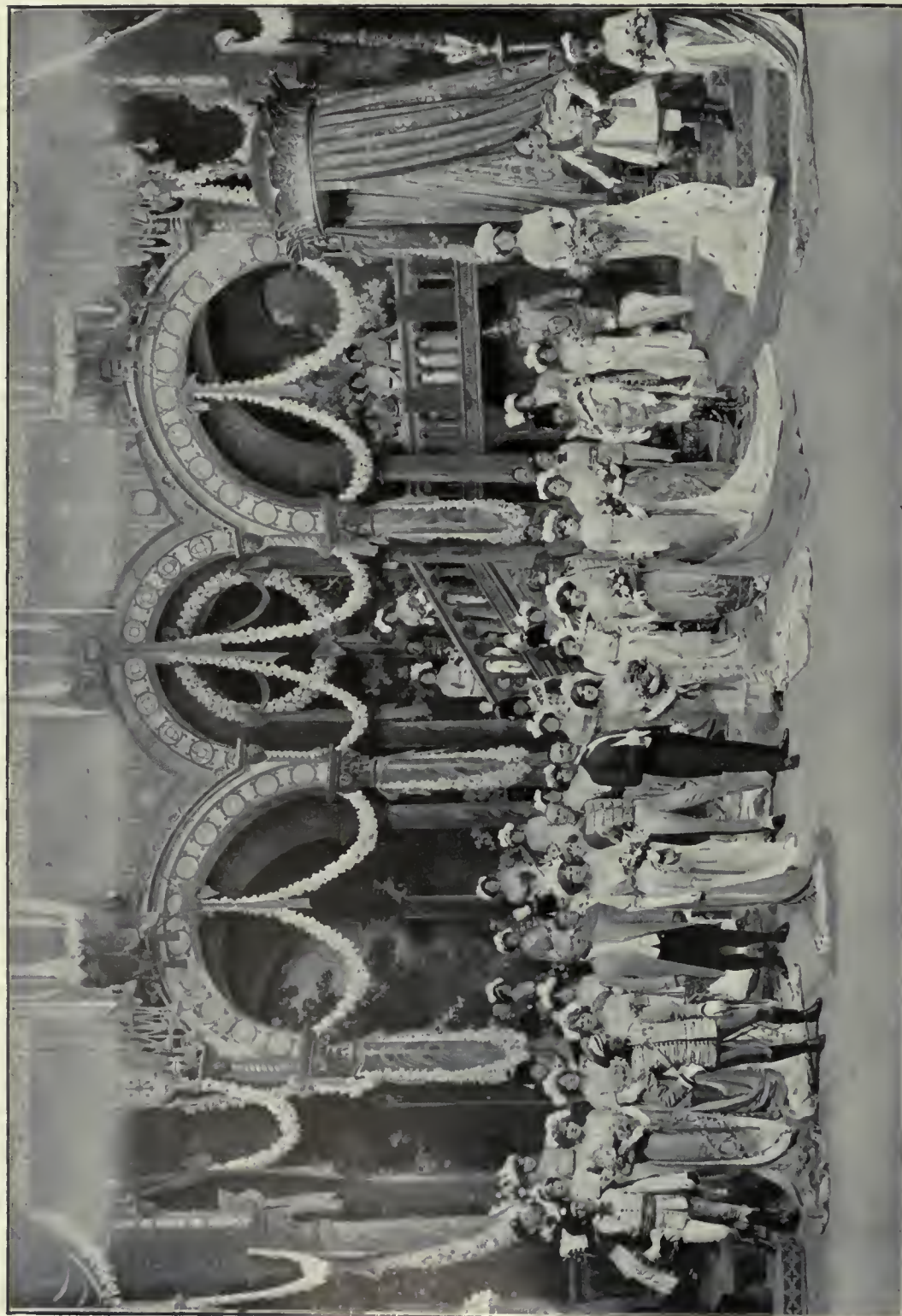
Augustin: "But, ere all is over, say one sweet word before I go."



[Fousham & Banfield]

Jasomir (Mr. COURTICE POUNDS): "Princess, pray pardon me, but it is time."

The Reception at the Palace



Photo]

Prince Nicola is presented to the Court

Woulsham & Banfield

The Princess objects to Nicola



Bogumil : " I don't believe you are a Prince at all."



Photos]

Princess Clementine (Miss CICELY COURTNEIDGE) :
" Where is my Pekin terrier ? "



[Foulsham & Banfield

Prince Nicola (Mr. FRED LESLIE) : " I've just discovered the
daintiest little kitten in the Palace."

The Palace Steward is Questioned



Photo]

[Foulsham & Banfield

Clementine : "Where is your little white kitten?"

Jasomir : "What little white kitten?"

Clementine : "The one Prince Nicola found here in the Palace."

The Regent is Merry

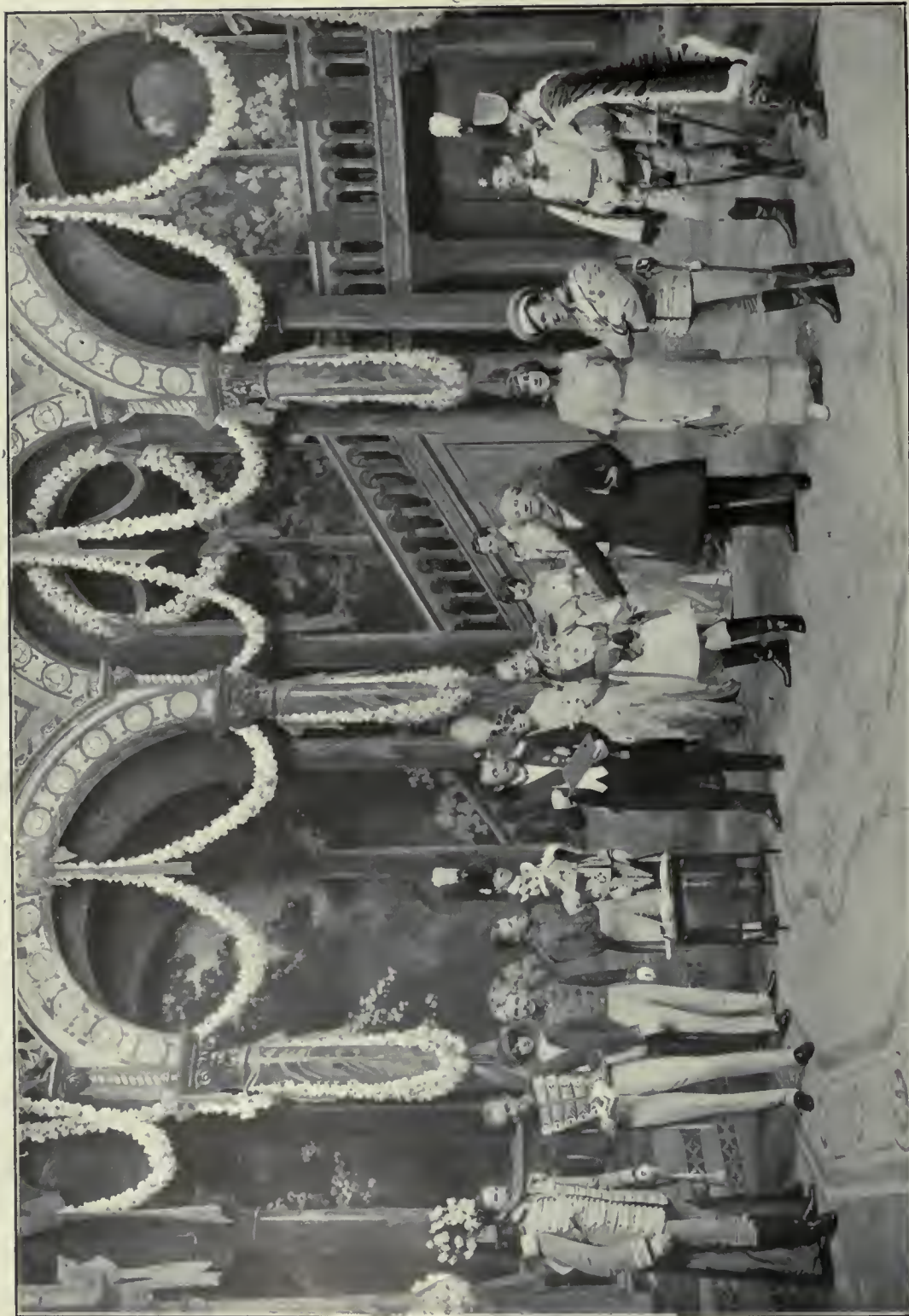


Photo]

[Foulsham & Banfield

Bogumil: "Have you ever floated a rubber company or found tin in the Brompton Road?"

The Agreement is Produced



Photo

Bogumil: "This gentleman is a banker. I know he is a banker; he's got gold in his teeth."

Loulsiam & Banfield

Prince Nicola Flirts with Anna



Anna (Miss MARIE BLANCHE): "In society, you know."
Nicola: "All such things are *comme il faut*."



Bogumil: "In fact, they've strangled the turtles."

Photos]



Jasomir: "If you are really my daughter, you are much nearer the sparrows than the eagles!"

[Foulsham & Banfield

Two of the Principals



Photos]

Miss CICELY COURTNEIDGE as Clementine



[Foulsham & Banfield

Miss CLARA EVELYN as Helen, 'Princess Caprice'

Anna objects to Nicola's reference to la Valliere



[Photo]

Anna "Not 'la Valliere,' if you please. I have been making enquiries and I am afraid that la Valliere was not strictly proper."

[Foulsham & Banfield]

Clementine interrupts



Photo]

[Foulsham & Banfield

Clementine: "Ah! the maid and page of honour. Don't let me disturb the pretty picture!"

The Monastery Records



Bogumil : "It looks like a
ruined punter's diary."



*Bogumil, Jasomir, and
Matthæus* :

"Mum's the word !
Mum's the word !
Has she overheard ?"

Scenes in the Monastery Garden



Photos]

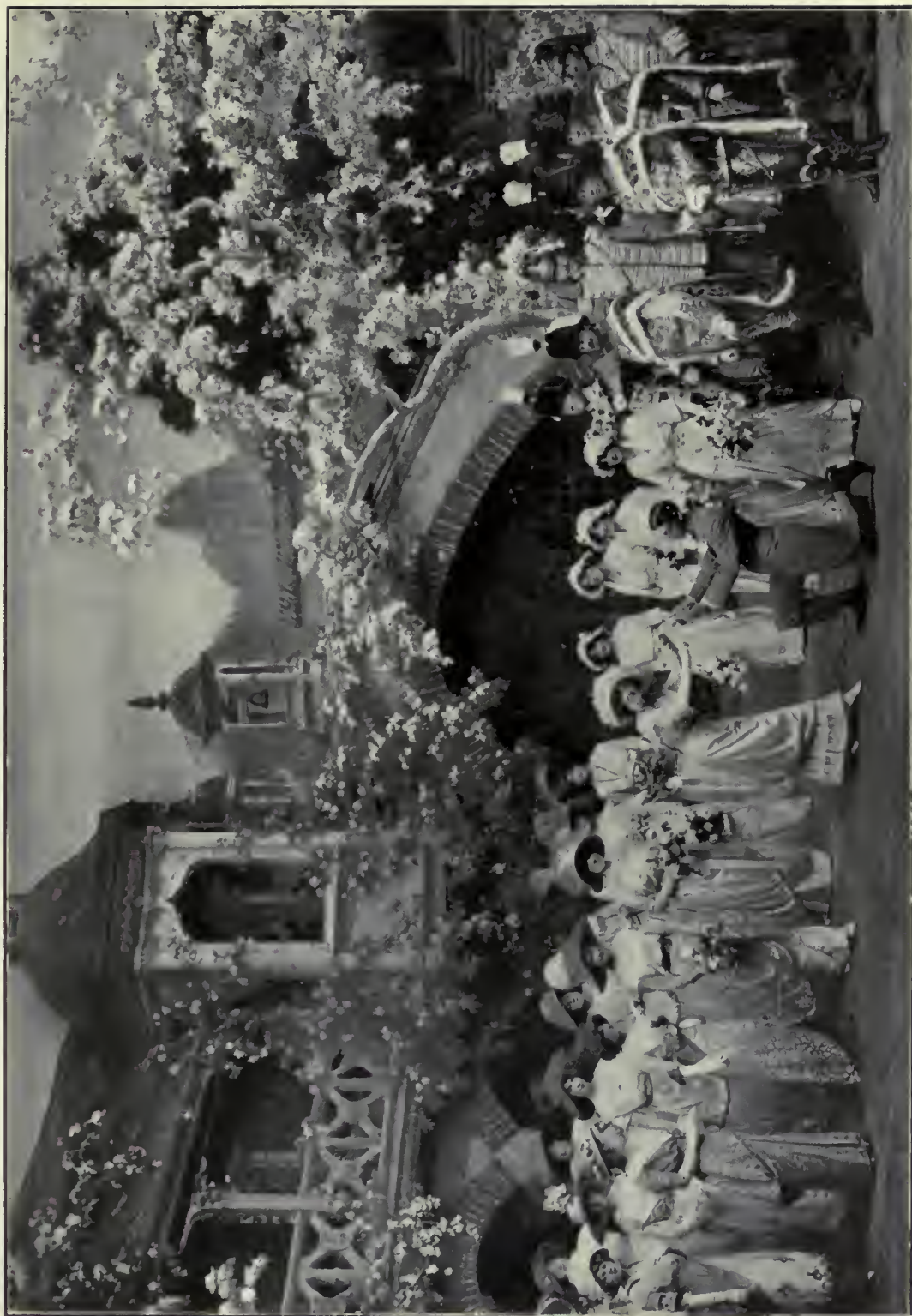
Augustin : " In selling the Princess to a man she loathes you are doing a mean and contemptible thing ! "



[Foulsham & Banfield

The Wedding Bells Dance.

Ready for the Wedding



Photo]

Song: "Ding, dong, dell, the merry marriage bell."

[Foulsham & Banfield

A Group in the Garden



Photo]

Princess Clenentine and Bridesmaids

Leonsham & Bunfield

Jasomir with his Daughter and the real Princess



Photo]

[Foulsham & Banfield

Anna and Helen: "He calls us rogues beguiling, with mischief archbly smiling."

About the Players

**MR.
GEORGE
GRAVES**

After spending some years in the provinces as a comedian Mr. George Graves came to London, where he was successful in obtaining a part in "The School Girl," which was produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in 1903. He then played Coquenard, the never-to-be-forgotten florist, in "Veronique," when that opera was produced at the Apollo Theatre in 1903. It was in 1905 that Mr. George Graves can be said to have first captured London. He was offered the part of General Des Iles in "The Little Michus" at Daly's Theatre, a part that had been created by Willie Edouin. His rendering of that character was so entirely different from anything that had preceded it and proved so popular that people went to Daly's chiefly with the intention of "seeing Graves." He was the inventor of the Gazeka, a peculiar animal that lived in the fertile brain of its creator. Since those days he has had many successes, and his Baron Popoff in "The Merry Widow" may be mentioned as one of the best known. Mr. George Graves is a past master in the art of gagging, and the present success of "Princess Caprice" is undoubtedly very largely due to the work of this clever and original comedian.

**MISS
CLARA
EVELYN**

Miss Clara Evelyn is a young actress with many charms and many friends. Nature endowed her with the former, and the latter are a natural result. She is just as open and frank off the stage as she is on it, and, unlike so many musical comedy actresses, her success has not changed her in any way.

Miss Clara Evelyn began her professional career on the concert platform, where her beautiful voice and sound training at once secured her a prominent position. For about four years she was under contract with Mr. George Edwardes, and she found a ready welcome from patrons of Daly's when she played Miss Lily

Elsie's part during that artiste's absence. In "The Girl In the Train" she also had a leading part at the Vaudeville, and later on we found her as the bright, particular star in "Bonita" at the Queen's. As Princess Caprice she has excellent opportunities for displaying the flexibility and the richness of her voice, opportunities which she does not fail to grasp.

**MR.
COURTICE
POUNDS**

One of the most popular actors in the cast is Mr. Courtice Pounds. As Jasomir he has not a great deal

to do, but one or two songs are sufficient to remind us that he still knows how to reach the hearts of his audience with his rich mellow voice, which he uses with so much sympathetic feeling. Ever since the D'Oyly Carte days, when he played in the old Savoy successes, he has been a favourite with playgoers.



Photo

[Foulsham & Banfield]

**The Producer
Mr. Robert Courtneidge**

**MR. HARRY
WELCHMAN** **M r .
H a r r y
W e l c h m a n**

man is not a new-comer to the Shaftesbury. His work in "The Arcadians" and "Mousmé" are still fresh in the memory, and as Augustin

Hofer in "Princess Caprice" he is delightful—an ideal lover. Mr. Welchman acts, sings, and plays the violin with an entire absence of affectation, while his artistic appearance and clean-cut features make him at once the darling of the ladies.

**MISS
MARIE
BLANCHE**

Miss Marie Blanche, who so daintily plays Anna, is a talented actress who should do well. She is pretty and lively, appearing to enjoy the performance wholeheartedly.

In our "Mousmé" number will be found a few notes concerning Miss Cicely Courtneidge. This sprightly, light-footed and clever little actress is more charming than ever as Princess Clementine.



DRAMA of the MONTH

By *Ded Ned*

"Love—And What Then?"

By B. Macdonald Hastings

The Playhouse—May 2nd, 1912

THE REV. JOHN BURDEN and his pretty wife, Beryl, were living together at the Vicarage, Bellden, Kent. They were unhappily matched, and the young wife was yearning for a more exciting existence than was her lot as the wife of a narrow-minded, dismal, and hopelessly dull vicar.

Young Lieutenant Frank Ettridge fell madly in love with Beryl, and she, in a moment of exquisite devilment, asked him to kiss her, as she wished to see what it felt like. He did so, more than once, as could only be expected, and she, thoroughly enjoying the experiment, promised to steal down that night to the gate of the Vicarage grounds to see him off in his car.

There was merrymaking in the village; and Beryl Burden was the moving spirit in a pierrot troupe performing at the entertainment. The Bishop of Munbridge, a hearty, gay old bachelor, had come down to lend the dignity of his presence to the revelry, and the ridiculous anxiety that the Reverend John Burden felt when he thought that his wife's daring costume would shock his Lordship was suddenly dispelled by his coming across the great man of the Church enjoying the fun like a little child.

On the evening of the same day Mrs. Burden stole across the lawn in her nightdress to say good-bye to Lieutenant Ettridge at the gate, and on her return she was discovered by the Bishop, who gave her a serious talking to, and extracted from her a promise that she would try, in future, to take her husband as she found him, and would indulge in no more wild escapades. The crying of her baby clinched the matter, and it is to be assumed that the Reverend John Burden and his wife lived happily ever afterwards.

That was practically all there was in the story. The author treated it in a very original manner, and although the piece is full of conflicting lights

and shades, dullness and brilliance, pathos and bathos, I consider that the playgoing public owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Hastings for daring to set aside the conventions, and to build up a play of his own design and with bricks of his own making.

One can easily understand what a delightful gentleman the Bishop of Munbridge was, when it is remembered that the part was played by Mr. Cyril Maude, and when it is also remembered that the part of Beryl Burden was taken by Miss Margery Maude, the fact that Lieutenant Frank Ettridge fell deeply in love with her becomes merely a matter of course. She was as pretty and dainty as anyone could wish for, and she certainly deserved a saner husband than the Reverend John Burden. Mr. Eric Maturin played the Lieutenant, and Mr. Gayer Mackay his reverence. It does not tell us on the programme who played the baby, but whoever it was did it remarkably well.

"The Five Frankforters"

Adapted from the German by Basil Hood

Lyric Theatre—May 7th, 1912

THE five Frankforters were Michael, Joseph, Samuel, and Ernest, sons of Frau Naomi, and David, her grandson. Frau Naomi lived in the old house in Frankfort, where her late husband and she had lived and prospered for so many years. The sons were carrying on the great hanking business in various capitals of Europe, and they had all gathered together under their mother's roof to discuss a great scheme that Samuel had to put forward.

The scheme was this: Prince Gustavus, the reigning Duke of Taunus, had squandered his country's money in the usual extravagances of youth. He had asked the great firm for a loan. Now, Samuel proposed that the loan should be made on condition that the Prince should reform and apply himself to the proper government of his country. They were to be assured of this, by his making a sensible marriage, and the lady selected by Samuel for the honour of becoming the

Duke's wife was none other than his own daughter Rachael. Samuel had smoothed the way for the consent of his brothers by announcing that they had been made Barons of the Austrian Empire, but the glamour of this title did not appeal to Frau Naomi or to young David. David had arrived at the house and seen Rachael for the first time. Of course, he fell in love with her, and he naturally objected to the proposed alliance with the Duke of Taunus. Samuel's overbearing attitude won the day, however, and it was decided to propose the terms upon which the loan would be made to the Duke.

At first he laughed them to scorn, but finding himself in a corner, the Duke reconsidered his refusal, and consented to the terms. The agreement was drawn up, and the matter was disclosed to Rachael. She refused to marry the Duke, although the agreement had been signed, and in her refusal she had the sympathy of Frau Naomi and young David.

Then the dear old lady took the Duke aside and put the matter to him. She explained that the position had become unbearable for her granddaughter, and he, although he had become attached to Rachael, consented to set aside the terms of the agreement. Naturally Samuel stormed and raved when he heard that the Duke was unwilling to carry out his obligations, but, on learning that young David and his daughter were lovers, he relented, and as the firm made it a point of honour never to go back on their signatures, the loan was made to the Duke of Taunus, and the clause which provided for his marriage with Rachael eliminated.

"The Five Frankforters" is an excellent piece of work. There was a clean, healthy ring about the comedy that was quite refreshing in these days of sordid intrigues. The work of that master-producer, Mr. Norman McKinnell, was noticeable on every hand, especially in the exquisite mounting.

The cast included many of our foremost actors and actresses, and in "The Five Frankforters" playgoers had an opportunity of seeing some of the cleverest acting ever seen on the London stage. These are a few of the names that made the play so interesting: Messrs. C. M. Lowne, Louis Calvert, C. W. Somersct, Henry Ainley, Clarence Blakiston, Leon Quartermaine, Dawson Milward, Rudge Harding, W. Abingdon, Misses Henrietta Watson, Gladys Guy, Carlotta Addison, Christine Ferris and Gwladys Gaynor.

I have often wondered why some enterprising manager doesn't take Miss Henrietta Watson in hand and give her a *real* chance. As Frau Naomi she is very fine, but she would be brilliant in a part requiring less restraint.

"Looking for Trouble"

By Hélène Gingold and Laurence Cowen

Aldwych Theatre—May 13th, 1912

THERE were so many intricacies in the plot that it becomes almost an impossibility to give the whole thing in detail. The broad idea was that a certain Captain Frank Porches was very much in love with his cousin, Helen Porches. Frank's father had settled in his own mind, however, that his niece should marry his friend, Charles Bracebridge, and he went off to Paris to bring the bridegroom-to-be home with him for the wedding. Helen had never seen Bracebridge, and she had no intention of marrying an unknown man, quite apart from the fact that she was in love with her cousin Frank.

A method of solving the difficulty was suggested by the Captain's orderly, Angus Macpherson. Angus pointed out that if Captain Frank Porches impersonated his father in his father's absence, and gave consent to the marriage, all would be well. Frank did this, and complications immediately ensued. Mrs. Porches mistook her son for her husband, being very short-sighted, but the sudden return of the real Mr. Porches, with his friend Bracebridge, threw the whole house into disorder. The real Mr. Porches went back on everything that the sham Mr. Porches had said, and in order to get Charles Bracebridge to refuse to marry Helen, Angus Macpherson dressed himself in woman's clothes, and posed as the Helen it was intended Bracebridge should marry. Bracebridge flew from the room, and Angus came face to face with the real Mr. Porches.

To explain his presence in the house, Angus said he was his own wife, Mrs. Macpherson, a lady with whom Mr. Porches had flirted a few years previously.

Matters were brought to a head by Angus, who had been drinking, mistaking the real Mr. Porches for the sham one, and giving the whole story away. To get out of further difficulties, Angus had the real Mr. Porches arrested for a crime supposed to have been committed by his son, but, on his release, matters straightened themselves out. Charles Bracebridge fell in love with Kate Bellingham, Mr. Porches' daughter, a charming widow, and Captain Frank Porches was left free to marry his cousin Helen.

Authors of farces expect playgoers to swallow a good deal, but to give them such stuff as this is to place their intelligence upon a very low level. "Looking for Trouble" is not farce at all, it is sheer, pointless foolery. There is not a grain of probability in any of the situations. The audience laughed, but goodness knows what at!

Mr. Neil Kenyon as Angus Macpherson was the

only funny man in the piece, and it was Neil Kenyon, and not the play, that got the laughs. It was sad to see Miss Eva Moore spoiling her reputation as Kate Bellingham, although it is not difficult to imagine what any other actress would have made of the part. Captain Frank Porches was played by Mr. Vincent Clive, and Pierpont Porches by Mr. Sam Walsh, Mr. Thomas Holding being entrusted with the part of Charles Bracebridge. If this company were given good material to work on they would create one of the biggest successes of the day.

"The Jew of Prague"

By A. Wilson-Barrett

Whitney Theatre—May 8th, 1912

THE JEW OF PRAGUE" did not last long, but that it ran at all is surprising!

The story of Count Max Von Riesler was sufficiently dull and uninteresting to kill the play from the first night.

Mr. Ben Webster, who played Count Max, seemed very ill at ease, and, fine actor that he is, he could do nothing with the part. Miss Viva Birkett played the Countess Sophie Vyneck, and the cast also included Mr. Edward O'Neil, Mr. Oscar Adye and Mr. Arthur Phillips.

A London theatre is not the place to put on a drama like "The Jew of Prague." It should go very well in the provinces, where its crude construction and hollow heroics might pass muster.

"The Double Game"

By Maurice Baring

Kingsway Theatre—May 7th, 1912

I WILL not confuse you by referring to the characters of the play by their names. It was not until the middle of the last act that the audience grew accustomed to the strange sounds under which the various characters were known.

The story is written round a young girl, who joined the revolutionary party in Russia, and fell in love with the chief of the band. A certain high dignitary was chosen for assassination, and the girl was overjoyed to hear that she had been selected to throw the bomb.

Now, the head man of the party was actually in the pay of the police, and as he had formed a real attachment for the girl, he did his utmost to persuade her to throw up the Cause. She refused. He resolved to save her from the consequences of her own act. When it came to the girl's knowledge that her lover was a traitor to the Cause she ended her life with a revolver.

It was a tragic little play, but hardly the sort

of thing one would care to see on a hot afternoon. It was remarkably well acted, some good work being put in by Miss Ernita Lascelles, Mr. Claude King, Mr. Harcourt Williams, Mr. Arnold Lucy, Mrs. A. B. Tapping, and others.

"The Spanish Lovers"

Adapted by Edward Garnett

Little Theatre—May 22nd, 1912

FERNANDO DE ROJAS' "La Celistina" may have been a stirring drama of love and passion, but the performance of the adaptation entitled "The Spanish Lovers" was sadly lacking in both. Melibea must have been a weird sort of a creature indeed if Miss Mona Limerick portrayed her correctly.

They feel things strongly in Southern climes, but Melibea's love-sickness appeared to be a dominating, all-powerful disease, far beyond the reach of a Harley Street specialist, or the best advertised patent medicine in the world!

Frankly there was so little in the play, and the acting was so unconvincing, that it was difficult to take it seriously.

The London Opera House

MR. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN has been making noble efforts with his present season with more or less success. If this enterprising manager had not built such a large house, he would have achieved more.

An audience that would completely fill an ordinary theatre becomes practically lost when seen in the London Opera House. People go away saying that the place was only half or three-quarters full. This may have been true, but the London Opera House three-quarters full is equivalent to a packed theatre of ordinary dimensions.

Several performances during the month have filled the house, and many others have not. Among the operas produced, "Don Quichotte," "Rigoletto," and "Faust" have been great favourites. Orville Harrold and Felice Lyne have repeated their successes and secured much applause from their audiences. Other artistes whose names have now become familiar in London are Vilmos Beck, Lina Cavalieri, Georges Regis, Fernand Lcroux, Henry Weldon, and Lanzillotti.

Mr. Hammerstein gives every opera a sumptuous mounting, and the only thing he has to fight against is the deplorable fact that London never has enthusiastically supported grand opera for the love of it! What Mr. Hammerstein's plans are for the future I know not, but there ought to be an opening in London for such enterprise as he has displayed.

The Variety Theatres

The Alhambra

TWO very noteworthy performances during the month have been "The Pool"—a wordless, mediæval idyll—and the exquisite dancing of Odys.

"The Pool" was a beautiful production. Muriel Ridley took the part of the Nymph, and Mr. Eric Mayne that of the King. The argument shows how Melisande was discovered by the magic Pool by a rough peasant, who set her to spin. The King's brother, who was a young Novice, fell a victim to her charms, and the King also became inflamed with her beauty. He carried her off to the castle, but the young Novice came to implore her to escape. She did so, but having tired of the love of men, she plunged into the Pool and was seen no more.

"The Guide to Paris" now occupies a prominent position on the Alhambra programme. To be frank, I do not consider it is worthy of the mounting given it. The dialogue is very poor, and with the exception of one or two songs it is not at all funny. Kenneth Douglas, who is like a fish out of water, is very vivacious, almost too much so; James Blakeley keeps the ball rolling; without him things would go very flat. Then there are Dorothy Craske, Alice O'Brien, Henry Frankiss, Tom Shelford, and others—clever artistes all, but with nothing to work upon.

Some excellent photos of the Derby are shown on the Bioscope.

The Palladium

THAT delightful little dancer, Cora Goffin, with a charming *corps de ballet*, took the huge audience at the Palladium by storm on her return. She was the Sprite of the Well in a dance scena of that name. Pretty, and with a childish and bewitching smile, this little girlee flitted about the stage as though she were treading on air. A descriptive prologue was spoken by Cora before the curtain went up, and she proved herself not only a perfect dancer, but a born elocutionist. George Mozart has returned with a lot of new character studies. They eat him at the Palladium. Ruth Vincent, accompanied by Victor Marmont, was recalled again and again and gracefully responded with several of those dear old ballads.

Other interesting turns at the Palladium during the month were those of Josephine Davis, George Carvey, and Dorothy Ward.

The Pavilion

LITTLE TICH, Cinquevalli, Wilkie Bard, Mary Law, and Harry Claff are only a few of the turns seen lately at the London Pavilion. The management have been making sure of big houses by putting on bills that will attract, and this policy is after all the only reliable one to follow.

You can get, at the Pavilion, full value for your money, and if you are fond of the old favourites, you can always find one or two of them at this comfortable little house in Piccadilly Circus.

One of the most amusing turns recently was that given by Wilkie Bard. Dressed as a female (I was going to write "lady"), he carried on a long discussion with a Yankee in the circle as to the correct way of singing a rag-time ditty. It was a very original "stunt," even for that genius of humour, Wilkie Bard, and aroused roars of laughter.

The Rehearsal Theatre

ON the 6th instant a new play, described as a drama in three acts, entitled "The Motive," was produced at the Rehearsal Theatre.

The play was from the pen of Phœbe Ansle, a young writer who should go far. The story is dramatic enough, if not altogether new, and its treatment was certainly highly creditable. Miss Ansle has learned, either consciously or otherwise, that a play without action must necessarily be dull, and she has managed to sustain the interest throughout.

We followed the fortunes of a young girl whose mother had been ordered abroad by her doctor. Comfort and luxury in Switzerland were to her essential; without them she would die. To provide the money was the "motive" which led the young girl to accept the "protection" of a man whose wife was in the asylum. The mother, believing that her daughter had sold her pictures, was sent away to Switzerland. The mother died and the "motive" was removed. The girl was to return to her old life. But the man's wife committed suicide and he, being free, declared his lasting love for the girl and asked her to marry him. Of course, she consented.

Rather a delicate subject for a young author, but cleverly handled.

One cannot fairly criticise acting on a stage as big as a fair-sized egg-box, and the performers did well, cramped as they were. To Mr. Clarence Derwent and Miss Beryl Jackson fell the plums, but mention should also be made of the others, Messrs. Arnold Pilbeam, H. R. Barton, Robertson Hare; Misses Alice Howe, Mignon O'Doherty, Amy Lilian, and Florence Wright.

The Drama in Paris

"Playgoer" Offices: 56 Rue de l'Université, Paris

The Offices of THE PLAYGOER are situated in the centre of Paris, a few minutes from the Tuileries Gardens, Place de la Concorde, Champs Elysées, and Shopping Quarter. Visitors are at all times welcome. Information of all kinds is given by the staff without any fee.

"Ce que je peux rire"

Revue in two acts and twenty-nine tableaux, by P. L. Flers
Produced at the Alcazar d'Été

IT has every prospect of beating all records at this favourite open-air theatre. The topics of the day are dealt with with much wit and skill. The troupe of artistes are clever, especially Dranem, the well-known comedian, and Albert Brouett, who is regarded as a good French imitator of Huntley Wright. But the life and soul of the show is Miss Campton, with her delicious Brighton-French accent. For more than twelve years she has performed in Paris, and is still as popular, sprightly, gay and full of *gaminerie* as ever. The sisters Philips, Miss Howe, Miss Williams, and the "Sidney Girls" help much towards the success of the *revue*. The costumes and mounting are beautiful.

"Le Feu de la Rampe"

Comedy in three acts, by F. Fonson and F. Wicheler
Produced at the Théâtre de la Renaissance

MADELEINE GERMANT is a celebrated actress, young, beautiful and talented, and is under the "protection" of a rich old man, Comte de Marvejois. She has fallen in love with a young Belgian, Lucien van Dael, who is a dramatic author with the high-sounding name of Lucien de Solange. This Lucien is, in plain English, a "Bounder," or even a "Rotter," but he is young, dolly-looking, and knows how to make love. The Comte, who is a sensible man and has experience, warns Madeleine not to throw away her affection and devotion on Lucien, for even her beauty and cleverness will not keep such a character constant and sincere. Lucien plays the ardent lover, and has just left Madeleine when Jeanne Denis is announced. This Jeanne is an orphan girl brought up by Lucien's father, an honest, hard-working sausage manufacturer. The father, having heard of Lucien's connection with the naughty actress and that he is really being "kept" by her, is sorely troubled. Jeanne comes to Paris to try and break off the guilty connection, but Madeleine is so sweet and charming, and says she is only an interested friend of Lucien, that poor innocent Jeanne is won over. She even arranges that Madeleine should see the father, who is sure to lose his prejudice when he knows her. Madeleine has managed to get a play by Lucien accepted at a Brussels theatre by playing the principal part. In the second act we see the prosperous middle-class Belgian home, so

different to the Parisian, where Madeleine is a guest. She has made old Van Dael, the old maid-servant, the grand-children, and everybody in the house love her, and she convinces the honest folk that she is only a friend of Lucien anxious to push him on as a dramatic author.

Lucien after a time gets tired of Madeleine's love, and flirts and makes love with several other silly women, who are attracted by his youth and pretty looks, and, just as the old Comte predicted, after two years he throws over Madeleine and falls in love—if it is possible for such a nature to love—with Jeanne, the companion of his childhood. Madeleine, who still loves the "Bounder," whom she has "kept" for nearly three years, becomes reconciled to being thrown over and marries the old Comte.

The rôle of Madeleine is played by Mme Andrée Mégard (who is the wife of M. Gémier, the well-known actor and Director of the Théâtre Antoine) with great art, and M. Jacque, a popular Brussels actor, as old Van Dael, is excellent. His by-play and elocution—except, of course, the Belgian accent—are faultless, and his acting is very much like the lamented Mr. Toole in "Uncle Dick's Darling" of long ago.

"Jeannine"

Comedy in three acts, by M. Pierre Grasset
Produced at the Théâtre des Arts

ROBERT and Jacques are two brothers devoted to each other and partners in authorship. Robert is tender and loving and Jacques is hasty-tempered and sensual. Robert loves a young actress with all his heart, and she has a great esteem and affection for him, but is madly in love with Jacques, who returns her love. Robert discovers their love for each other, and in a fit of jealousy accuses Jacques of being false, and they use very strong language to each other. They cool down, however, and are ashamed of themselves. Jacques asks Robert's pardon, and Robert says he will sacrifice his love for Jeannine to his brother's happiness. But Jacques will not accept Robert's sacrifice and decides to go to Africa and leave Jeannine to him. She too has caught the contagion of self-sacrifice and in order not to separate the two brothers will go away for ever and ever.

The play is well worked out, and is in the style of the late H. J. Montague's plays; it is not difficult to play and yet produces a good effect.

Charles Hart de Beaumont



The Georgians, in "Priseilla Runs Away." This society finished up a somewhat ambitious season with quite a successful representation of this somewhat wooden play. It is one which must tax the resources of the strongest club, for there are not many Priscillas in the amateur world, and while Miss Sissie Kingwill was quite charming and always reasonably adequate her impersonation lacked that irresponsible spontaneity which is eminently necessary unless one is to see the "jines in the flats" of the play. However, she knew her lines, she moved and spoke easily, and though lacking vivacity and giving in addition the impression that every gesture, movement, and intonation had been carefully studied, it was on the whole a characterisation which reflected great credit upon the actress. Mr. Alec Adams was a very charming and manly Prince of Lucerne, and as Robin Morrison and Sir Augustine Shuttleworth Messrs. Percy Line and Samuel Bishop were respectively good. Mr. Archibald Hoyles was a trifle too lurid, both in make-up and manner, as the Grand Duke, and a little more reserve would have considerably enhanced the merits of a promising performance; while Mr. Leonard Forbes, badly made up, was too juvenile in his methods to be really convincing as Herr Fritzling. Miss Alice Forbes gave an exceedingly clever sketch of Mrs. Jones, losing none of her somewhat ample opportunities; and Miss Winnie Oughton, putting a trifle too much in Mrs. Morrison, gave the impression of over-playing, which she might easily have avoided. The play was produced as usual by Mr. Colley Salter, and he manœuvred the crowds excellently.

Lewisham D.C., in "Are You a Mason?" One of the unforgivable sins in farce acting is an insufficient knowledge of the text, and in this respect the club, while giving on the whole a very fair and bright representation, erred very deplorably on more than one occasion. Mr. F. Harris Wootton as the much-lying, and conse-

quently much-worried, husband was very funny, and he was well backed up by Mr. Bonner Leslie as Amos Bloodgood, although one could have wished for less of that inessential chuckle which marked his characterisation of the part. As George Fisher Mr. Frank Wadham was effectively breezy, and was particularly successful as a lady in disguise; while Mr. Alex G. Utton, in spite of a wrong make-up, was responsible for a very neat piece of work as the actor Hamilton Travers. Miss Gwladys Burkett made a very charming Eva and Mrs. Frank Wadham was good as Mrs. Bloodgood. Other parts were more or less capably filled as follows: Mr. Percy Taylor (Ernest Morrison), Mr. Sidney Chilton (John Halton), Miss Kitty Burkett (Annie), Miss Margery Collins (Lulu), Miss Norah Richards (Lulu), Miss Lily Grant (Mrs. Halton), Mrs. Sydney Chidley (Fanehon Armitage).

The Mascots, in "Miss Hook of Holland." A very capital representation of a not too interesting musical comedy, marking a distinct advance on the society's previous performance of "The King of Cadonia." Chief credit for this may perhaps be given to the comedians, for both Mr. Gerald Grace and Mr. Cecil Friedlander extracted all the humour possible out of their respective parts. The former as Mr. Hook was delightfully quiet, and made his points without any apparent effort. In particular he showed his sense of artistry in his second act scene, when he emerges from the cellar, which he played as Mr. Hook fuddled, and not, as so often happens, Mr. Hook drunk. As Slinks Mr. Friedlander had, of course, more obvious opportunities, and he proved exceedingly diverting. In Miss Everell Spain the company had, of course, an artiste of proved experience, and she sang very charmingly and coquetted most brightly. Miss Nannie Kelham gave evidence of her undoubted cleverness and versatility by playing Mina in the broadest and funniest of methods, and was as usual a tremendous favourite, and

Miss Mimi Lauber was as pleasing as ever in the small part of Freda. Of the men Mr. Rex Joseph showed that he can be quite as breezy and thorough as a villain as a romantic hero, and he played and sang the part of Captain Adrian Paap with his usual vigour and customary success; while Mr. Alec Avis, without showing much character, was quite satisfactory as Ludwig Schnapps. Mr. Lionel Walter as Bandmaster Van Vuylt was not very happy. His vocalisation was not quite up to the mark—it seemed to me he had a cold—and his acting was stilted and at times involuntarily humorous. It only remains to congratulate Mr. Robert S. Ker on his chorus and the chorus on Mr. Robert S. Ker—not forgetting the producer, Mr. Harry A. Turner.

Ingoldsby D.C., in "The Man From Blankleys." At any production of this farce by amateurs one turns instinctively to the programme to see who is the unhappy person responsible for the stage management, and then wishes that the best of luck may attend his efforts to produce one of the most difficult of stage plays that we can call to mind. In the present instance, no doubt, Messrs. W. W. Holdaway and J. A. C. Harrison may well feel that the welcome given by the audience to the show amply repays them for their efforts, and criticism is dulled under the vociferous reception of the players. Truth to tell, however, while there were many excellent features in the performance, many of the inherent difficulties were not too successfully overcome. The dinner-table scene proved a trifle dull and slow and the use of a square table instead of the customary round one did not improve matters, and the *perruquier's* efforts to maintain distinction between the characters often resulted in something perilously near caricature. However, many of the guests were excellent and one must single out Mr. H. Mervyn Jones's Ditchwater as an exceptional piece of work. Mr. Harry Gebbett was good as Montague Tidmarsh, although he suffered from a sort of Fred Kitchen make-up; and Mr. Jack Harrison, obviously labouring under the responsibility of joint producer, was somewhat abstracted as Gabriel Filwattle. None the less, it was quite an excellent study. Of the other sad folk who formed the *corps de ballet* Mr. J. H. Forbes as Toomer, Mr. Clement Pink as Bodfish, and Mr. Sydney Sanderson as Poffley were all in the picture, and Mr. J. H. Fleetwood's Dawes was an extra-special piece of work. Candour compels me to state that it required more than a little effort to accept Mr. Harry Harrison (Strathpeffer) as a juvenile. He was very slow, but not very exhilarating. Of the ladies Miss Ellie Chester gave a capital study of Mrs. Tidmarsh and Miss

Gwennie Parke was particularly delightful as Marjorie Tidmarsh. As Marjorie Seaton Miss Ethel Harrison was too negative to make any definite impression.

The Southend O.S., in "The Duchess of Dantzic." Whatever or whoever else may fail, one is sure to see at this Society's productions chorus work of the very highest quality, and without suggesting that there was anything or anybody who fell into the former category there is no question that the members of the chorus excelled themselves. There was a slickness and a finish about their work that merited comparison with a professional crowd, and for this Mr. Charles Bonnett, who produced the opera as well as directing the musical portion, may be unreservedly congratulated. Much, of course, depends on the Sans-Gêne, and from an acting point of view Mrs. Gerald Wray could hardly have been improved upon. She was the good-hearted washerwoman to the life and one must note in particular her very effective comedy scenes with Napoleon's sisters, capitably played by Miss Ruby Jarvis and Miss Dorothy Haines, and again when she pleads with the Emperor in the last act. As Renée de Saint Mézard, Miss Lilian Best was excellent. True, she saw nothing in the part beyond the comedy point of view, but in this department she excelled herself and that absurd "Rabbits" duet with the Vicomte de Bethune (Mr. Reginald Sharland) went terrifically. This latter gentleman was not so consistently good as usual. In the first act he was hardly old enough and his voice was not quite of the quality to give proper effect to his fine number, but in the later acts he was charming. Mr. Douglas Duncan made such a fine, manly figure of Lefebvre that one easily forgave a few vocal deficiencies, and it was especially delightful to come across that very sound actor, Mr. Harry E. King, as Napoleon Bonaparte, and still more delightful to be able to congratulate him on one of the soundest and most outstanding performances in the play. It is a fine part, but it was very finely played. Miss Grace Allardyce lent distinction to the small part of the Empress Josephine, and Mr. Fred Whisstock as Papillon was as amusing as this mildly humorous part permitted.

Blackheath D.C., in "The Admirable Crichton." If anyone had suggested a year ago that Barrie's play would shortly be in a fair way to become an amateurs' classic he would have been promptly dubbed a—well, a false prophet. However, the fact remains that it is so. Thanks to the great

advance made in stage lighting, and also to the enterprise of Messrs. C. and H. Fox, who can now supply the whole of the numerous properties for the show, this whimsical fantasy is now in the repertory of quite a large number of clubs. To this number the latest addition is the Blackheath D.C., and, as usual, the venture proved a winner all the way and the proper credit must be given to Mr. Alan Prentice, who played Crichton with a quiet strength that proved most effective. He may be highly complimented on his impersonation. Miss Noel Mackern as Lady Mary was hardly dignified enough in the first act, but in the island scenes and on her return home she played most charmingly, and her two sisters were adequately presented by Miss Elsie Collard and Miss Conyers Haycroft. Mr. Herbert Lyon was a fairly pompous Earl of Loam, and as Ernest Woolley Mr. Clive Kelsey was right in the picture and fired off his epigrams with considerable point and neatness. Miss Marion Benn seemed to be in two minds about Tweeny. At times she was too common, at others not common enough, but taken as a whole it was quite a clever piece of work.

The Twelfth Night Players, in "A Triple Bill." I confess that Clavier Hall as a place of dramatic entertainment worries me. It is too much like the old Theatre Royal Back Drawing-room. The hall is tiny, the stage still tinier, and it is more than a little difficult, even with a convincing play, to preserve the proper atmosphere of make-believe. A dramatist, then, who allows the place to be the medium through which he first introduces the products of his brain to a sceptical world is running a great risk, and it is a little sad to have to record the production of three one-act plays by Neilson Morris, none of which will appreciably add to the gaiety or wisdom of nations. Miss Morris, who proved at the finish to be a well-known amateur actress, has a lively imagination, which runs riot apparently through the Newgate calendar. Her thoughts—dramatically only, of course—turn lightly to murders and shooting and she has a copious vocabulary and a passion for writing long and undramatic speeches without the slightest provocation. Such infelicitous phrases as "trump treachery with treachery," put into the mouth of the heroine, abound, and I am afraid that, until she has learned the faculty of verbal restraint and the lesson that one situation doesn't make a play—even a short one—she will not progress very far in one of the most fascinating and most difficult of the creative arts. With such views it would serve little purpose to criticise the plays in detail. "A Daughter of Poland," "The Honour of the Braccios" and

"Trapped"—one and all belong to the "shocker" variety. Possibly of the three "Trapped," even though it introduces a murderer, a murderess and two congenital idiots (one is a doctor, the other a detective), shows the most promise. However, the authoress was very fortunate in her interpreters. Mr. A. K. Dyer, Mrs. Hancock Nunn, Miss Adrienessi Clarke, Miss Alice Skuse, Miss Ellie Chester, and Mr. A. J. Neill were all playing and formed a very strong company.

St. Nicholas O.S., in "Merrie England." Last season I remember I placed this society's production of "Tom Jones" as the best of the year, and again this year without the slightest hesitation I should rank the present performance in point of merit and finish as one of the very finest operatic performances I have ever witnessed. Given at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross, the company had all the advantage of a finely equipped stage, but they were thoroughly worthy of it, and Mr. Pierpoint Miles, who bore the whole production, including the musical direction, on his shoulders, must have been intensely gratified at the really superb performances. If I were to place any of the principals first it would be Miss Frances Glenister's magnificent performance of Queen Elizabeth. Vocally and histrionically it was unimpeachable, and the greater credit is due to her in that she was a stop-gap through the illness of the original artiste. Then Mr. Vernon Cartwright cut a splendid figure as Sir Walter Raleigh. To be critical, he was a little deficient in warmth, but he sang beautifully and moved like a courtier. Mr. Howard Burchett was manly and easy as Essex, and with a splendid chorus to back him up rooted all there was out of the "Yeoman of England" song; while Miss Mabel Hall King looked charming and sang with great sweetness and expression Bessie's beautiful music. Miss Ethel Goode was a real Jill run wild in the woods, and Miss Lily Mayes played the small part of the May Queen excellently. Mr. Will T. Burdett as Wilkins was very good, but not so good or so funny as I have seen him, and Mr. W. T. Cotter played Silas Simkins with tremendous energy on somewhat unconventional lines, which, while fairly effective, did not strike me as an improvement on traditional methods. Messrs. Arnold Clark, Robert Foster, Cameron Evans, and Ernest Mate made a merry quartette as the Four Men of Windsor, and Mr. Charles Pye was an excellent Fool. Mr. S. Gordon Smith and Mr. Alan Cooper were two upstanding foresters, and the chorus sang with strength and volume and were as alert a collection of individuals as could be desired.



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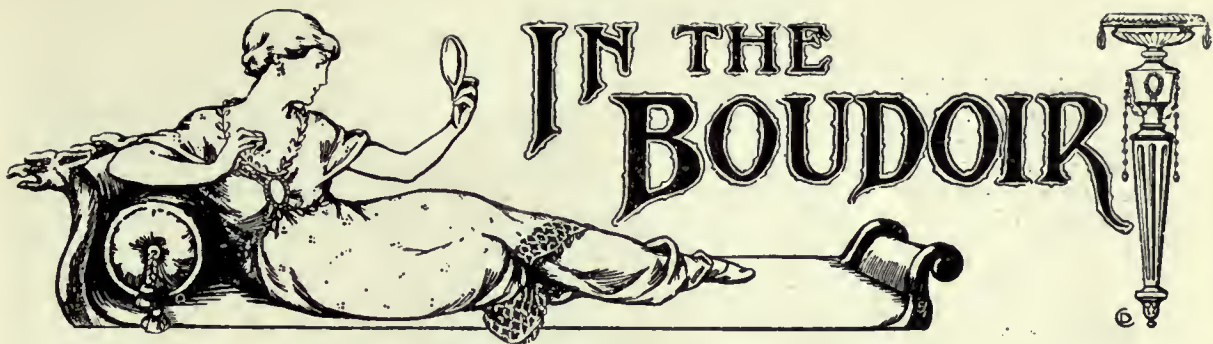
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By Mrs. HUMPHRY ("Madge")

THE AGE OF CRINOLINES.

IN "Bunty Pulls the Strings" the actresses wear their crinolines with such surpassing grace as to astonish the audience. We had always understood that the crinoline was hopelessly ungraceful, and even at times immodest. This idea is completely routed on seeing Miss Moffat in "Bunty" walk across the stage, pass through a door, sit down, run across the room, with a swaying, undulating charm of movement which is in direct contrast with the ungraceful, tight modes of to-day. It is amusing to notice how changed Bunty's appearance is on her washing morning, when she has discarded crinolines and wears skirts in simply falling folds. When the reaction comes—the inevitable reaction against the hobbling styles of to-day—we may, without hoping for the return of the crinoline, with its inconvenience and its dangers, at least anticipate a subdued fulness in gowns which, while showing to advantage a well-made figure, will not restrict the movements of the limbs.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

In Paris very high heels are being worn, and

the fashionable boot and shoe are extravagantly in evidence, both in colour and material. The Parisienne likes black and white striped spats or uppers, and is not averse from bright colours in this capacity. Her English sisters are not so flamboyant in taste, though they too have an inclination to white or tinted uppers or spats. We do not see such high heels here, and, thanks to the introduction of the Cuban heel, the foot is not distorted. Many shoes are in shades of grey or tan, carried out in suede and velvet calf. Colours are introduced in the uppers of patent shoes; the new fastening of bows and buckles makes them very convenient. Very large buckles are sometimes seen, but fashion decrees that they shall be small and unimposing. Shot silk stockings are worn with dresses of harmonious colours, such as shot taffetas. The coloured uppers of black patent shoes are often chosen to match the tint of the gown. The great novelty in stockings is black net with a very wide mesh. Some of these have small diamanté set on each crossing of the meshes, but

these will not be approved by the more refined members of Society. With gold shoes for evening



Black Crinoline Straw with white tulle ruche and pink satin roses

White Tagal with black velvet brim, jet butterfly and black feathers

In the Boudoir (*continued*)

wear stockings of gold tissue are worn, and with silver shoes they are in silver tissue.

THE SEASON'S SUNSHADES.

The new season's sunshades have more than a slight flavour of the Victorian. Decorated with

embroidered garlands and semi-garlands of flowers, many of them are dome-shaped, with a much rounder circle than has been seen of late. On the other hand, a few are made with very narrow breadths, the points being carried down much longer than in the ordinary sunshade, and the silk between much more cut away. Beetles and other insects appear to have gone out of fashion as ornaments for the handles, and flowers carefully modelled and sometimes in natural colours are preferred. Last year's fashion of having the sunshade made of the same material as the dress is no longer in vogue. It was thought to be overdoing the effect of the gown. A very pretty notion adopted recently was to have sunshade, shoes, and gloves to match. For instance, with a tussore tailor-made the colour of the etceteras was dull grey-blue silk striped with white. Apart from the shoes, this stripe was carried out in gloves and sunshade and even in the ruff closely fitting to the neck and ending in flat folds of ribbon with a tassel also in ribbon at the end. This idea could be copied in almost any other colour. Many of the new sunshades are lined with rose-pink, which always casts a most becoming faint glow upon the face. Red is sometimes supposed to have this effect, but it is much too strong, and gives a line of red to the nose which is far from attractive. The early season brought out a rush of sunshades upon the scene. Many of these were pure white, but when the sun is very hot these afford but little protection to the face, unless they are lined with, as described, pale pink or with silk in some other colour.

THE TOUS-CAS.

The long-handled *tous-cas* holds popular favour as one of the most sensible sunshades ever carried. The recent change of weather justifies it, for can there be anything more acceptable in a summer shower than one of these ample sunshades? The most convenient form of handle is that with a crook wide enough to hang on the arm. In fact, one wonders at anyone choosing the less convenient knobs, though more than two-thirds of the sunshades offered to the public are of the latter description.

THE SMART COIFFURE.

The fashionable coiffure grows smaller and smaller, and it seems impossible to arrange the hair too closely to the head. Viscountess Castlereagh is one of the leaders of fashion in this respect. Her hair is pushed up from the neck and carried round the head in a broad, flat band,



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"LET HER NOT WALK IN THE SUN"

LET her not walk in the sun" was Hamlet's advice to Ophelia. This shows that Hamlet knew what had the power to mar the beauty of woman. But in these enlightened days woman can afford to laugh at the wisdom of the Prince of Denmark. With impunity she may golf and motor, hunt and yacht, and frolic in the surf, knowing full well that Valaze, Dr. Lykuski's Skin-food and Beautifier, will put to rout every freckle, will dispel tan and sallowness, restore clearness and whiteness of skin, and will, within from a fortnight to a month of the first application, re-create a complexion that has lost every claim to the name.

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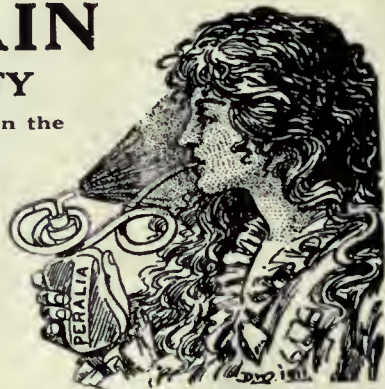
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In the Boudoir (continued)

from which a few curls emerge about the temples. One or two curls pinned closely down on the crown are the only additions. The Paris belle has her hair *crepé* and then caught down to cover much of her forehead and entirely conceal her ears. Even at the back, whether she has abundant hair or not, it is all compressed into flat curls closely pinned down. This is an extraordinary era of dress. Not only is our hair hidden away as much as possible, but the exiguity of gowns and coats seems to increase with every month.

A FRENCHWOMAN'S OPINION.

A well-known Parisienne artist gives her opinion of the fashion. She says that it is certainly better than crinolines, but that it leaves much to be desired. "These flat and boyish silhouettes take away the whole charm of women's appearance. We should follow the fashion at a distance, and the charming lines of women's shape more closely. Why should any graceful woman try to look like the handle of a saucepan? Even the waist is not left in its own position, and one sees prospectuses of this kind: No more bust, no more hips, no more curves, nothing but *du chic*." This artistic lady adds, "The boasted silhouette imitates with exactitude the shape of a fish." This is an excellent comparison. Hold a trout upright, and its tail imitates the short train of the fashionable gown, while its flatness and smoothness everywhere recall the shape of the hobbled wearers of up-to-date frocks. Put an enormous hat on its head, and the likeness is complete.

SUÈDE MILLINERY.

The new leather headgear is carried out in suède much stitched, and is particularly useful for motoring. A perfect leather outfit consists of motor bonnet, bag slung from the shoulder, gloves, shoes, and short cape which can be donned in a moment when a shower comes and

easily doffed. These suède caps are absolutely waterproof, and are as a rule trimmed only with a little punched-out border. When all these articles are of the same colour it gives a look of completeness and finish, in which the toilettes of to-day are sadly lacking. One of the little

bonnets is in white suède lined with eau-de-nil silk, and with an immense suède rose over each ear, apparently holding on the strings of eau-de-nil wide soft ribbon. There seems no end to the variety and fascination of the little motor bonnets and hats; so much so that many of the owners yield to the temptation of wearing them when walking or driving, and not reserving them for motoring. The trimmings of these suède hats, whether feathers, flowers, or bands of contrasting colour, even buttons, are all in suède, and a very pretty toque has the brim turned up all round and trimmed with a band of suède in a deeper tone, run through with a very narrow suède ribbon in the same colour as the hat. A long "feather" crosses the top of the crown and has very full fronds, also in suède. Another hat has a pretty trimming of fringe round the crown, the fringe being in suède. Many of the bags are finished with fringe, and the draw-strings are completed with suède tassels. Very dainty little bows and ties are made of soft light suède in all the fashionable colours, such as palest heliotrope, green, navy blue, the fashionable cerise, and white, cream, and black. Leather hat-pins are another item appertaining to suède headgear.

THE BATHING GOWN.

Of this and its accompaniments we shall have a talk in the next number, for the "smart" seaside season does not begin until well on in July in England, mid-June in France.

C. S. Humphrey



White broderie Anglaise over pink satin tunic, caught with pink satin roses

Society Notes

THE KING will be the guest of the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood next month for the races, after which he proceeds to Cowes, joining there, it is expected, the Queen. Her Majesty may accompany the King to Goodwood, but, as a matter of fact, she does not care for racing, disliking the Turf and all its associations. Great satisfaction is felt on the river at Their Majesties' promise to attend Henley, and their patronage will do much to make the regatta the great social function it once was. For some years Royal Henley has waned in importance, from the Society point of view, and it is with the kindly intention of giving the most important of all the Thames regattas a fillip that the King and Queen decided to be present this year, not at the instigation of Princess Mary, as a contemporary which should know better gravely asserts.

The Duke and Duchess of Portland are spending more time than usual this season in Grosvenor Square, where they have one of the finest town houses, though of late years it has been closed for the greater part of the year. The truth is neither the Duke nor the Duchess care at all for the Season, much preferring Welbeck; and but for the sake of their only daughter, Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck, who is now two-and-twenty, would content themselves with flying visits to London. Their elder son, Lord Titchfield, is now in the Blues, and this is another reason for their being more in town.

A notable event this month in Perthshire is the training of the Scottish Horse, which begins on the 15th at Dunkeld, and for which the Colonel Commandant and Lady Tullibardine will entertain at Dunkeld House. To Lord Tullibardine is due the raising of this splendid double battalion corps, which rendered good service in the Boer War, and would again if occasion arose. The future Duke of Atholl is a tried soldier, who has earned the D.S.O., and wears eight or nine medals for active service; but he considers that so far the chief event in his military career has been the raising of the Scottish Horse, which, like Lovat's Scouts, is mainly recruited from Highlanders, and officered by members of noble Scots families.

Lieut. - Colonel Scrymgeour-Steuart-Fotheringham commands one battalion of the Scottish Horse, the other being commanded by Lieut. - Colonel J. R. Beech, an officer of ability who filled with credit various posts and married the mother of Mr. Ian Bullough, of Meggernie

Castle, Perthshire, whose wife, Miss Lily Elsie, is returning to the stage. Colonel Scrymgeour-Steuart-Fotheringham was in the Scots Guards, and owns large estates in Perthshire—Grantully and Murthly Castle on the Tay—also Fotheringham, Forfarshire. At Fotheringham, a comfortable, modern house, is, or was, a portrait of the "Flower of Yarrow," the wife of "Auld Watt" Scott of Harden, the great hero of Border warfare, whose spurs, sold the other day by his descendant, Lord Polwarth, for 465 guineas, were presented by the purchaser to the Master of Elibank. There is a weird tradition that a glen near Fotheringham was years ago the abode of a band of robbers with cannibalistic tastes, though we do not know how far the legend is based on truth. Any way, the story is that people were constantly disappearing, until at length the band was rooted out by a strong force and all the members killed with the exception of a little girl.

Sir George Power had the other afternoon a delightful "At Home," at which some charming music was heard. Mme. Kirkby Lunn and Mlle. Zélie de Lussan sang, while among the numerous distinguished people present were Lady Haliburton and Lord and Lady Arthur Hill. Sir George, well known in musical circles and an authority on voice production, used to sing in Gilbert and Sullivan opera, and was Alexis in "The Sorcerer," Ralph Rackstraw in "H.M.S. Pinafore," and an immense success as the original Frederick in "The Pirates of Penzance." A member of the old Irish family of Kilfane, Kilkenny, the baronetcy came to him rather unexpectedly. The third baronet died twenty years ago, and since the title has been held by four Powers in turn, Sir George succeeding his brother as seventh baronet in 1903. One of the Powers of Kilfane owned the best strain of Irish wolfhounds.

Colonel Munro-Spencer's only son, Mr. Almeric Munro-Spencer, is being married on July 17th, at Holy Trinity, Brompton, to Miss Phyllis Rivers, only child of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Rivers, of Hove. Mr. Munro-Spencer is heir to Teaninich, in Ross-shire, which his father inherited suddenly a year ago on the death of a maternal uncle. Colonel Munro-Spencer, who served with distinction in the Artillery and now enjoys a well-earned retirement at Teaninich, where is excellent shooting and several miles of fishing, is a kinsman of Lord Churchill, being a grandson of the first peer.



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SIXPENCE MONTHLY



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VOL. VI. (New Series). No. 34

Published on 15th of each month

"FIND THE WOMAN"

By CHARLES KLEIN

Produced at the Garrick Theatre, London, on June 17th, 1912



Photo]

[Ellis & Walery

MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH
as Mrs. Jeffries, Junior.

MISS LYDIA BILBROOKE
as Mrs. Jeffries, Senior

The Story of "Find The Woman"



Mr. Arthur Bourchier

ROBERT UNDERWOOD decided to shoot himself. He had sold valuable articles belonging to a firm of art dealers, gambled with the money—their money—and lost it. A representative of the firm had called and demanded payment or return of the goods. Underwood could neither pay for, nor return them.

He had written to Alicia Jeffries asking her to call that night. In the letter he threatened to take his life unless she stood by him. They had once been lovers, but she had broken the engagement on discovering him to be a scoundrel.

Alicia had come for the last time to tell him that he was despicable, contemptible, and she did not know that in the next room young Howard Jeffries, her own stepson, lay in a drunken sleep on Underwood's bed!

She had defied him, not believing he would carry out his threat. With the letter in her hand she had left his rooms, and then Robert Underwood decided.

He raised the pistol to his head and pulled the trigger. He was dead! . . .

Captain Clinton tortured his victim, Howard Jeffries, with the ordeal of the "third degree." Hour after hour he bullied, stormed, and accused, until from sheer exhaustion and under temporary hypnotism the victim confessed to a murder he never committed.

Howard Jeffries had married beneath him. For that his father could never forgive him. Jeffries senior refused his assistance, but the despised Annie determined to fight. Her persistence secured her an interview with the great Richard Dexter, and he promised to defend the boy, although it meant the loss of Jeffries, senior, as a client.

The confession had been wrung from Howard unfairly and brutally, but the circumstances were against him. A woman had been known to call at Underwood's rooms on the night of the tragedy. It was left to Annie to find the woman. And she did.

Alicia gave Underwood's letter, threatening suicide, to Annie, and Annie, producing the letter, declared herself to be the woman who went to Underwood's rooms that night. The life of young Jeffries was saved and Alicia spared the ignominy of a public scandal.

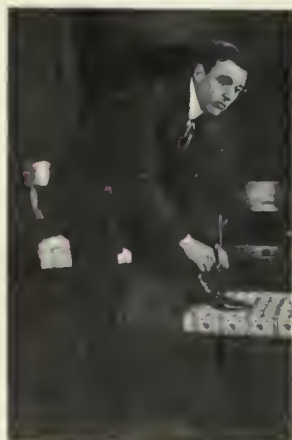
Jeffries, senior, then decided to get his son away from Annie and arranged for him to go abroad; but the plot was discovered by Richard Dexter, and Jeffries, senior, was told the truth.

So out of the death of Robert Underwood came understanding and reconciliation between father and son.

H. V. M.



Miss Violet Vanbrugh



Mr. A. E. Matthews



Mr. James Carew



Mr. Herbert Bunston



Miss Lydia Bilbrooke

Howard Jeffries calls on Robert Underwood



*Underwood (Mr. JULIAN ROYCE): "I'm glad to see you."
Howard Jeffries, Junior (Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS): "You don't look it!"
Bennington (Mr. CYRIL H. SWORDER): "Good-night."*



[Photos]

[Ellis & Walery

Howard: "I am derelict on the ocean of life."

Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Senior, secretly calls on Underwood --



Photos
Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Senior (Miss LYDIA BILBROOKE) : "What do you expect to gain by threatening to take your life?"



Ellis & Walery
Underwood : "My love for you is my excuse."

Suicide



Photo

[Ellis & Walery

Underwood carries out his threat

The "Third Degree"



Photo]

[Ellis & Walery

Captain Clinton (Mr. JAMES CAREW): "You shot Robert Underwood!"

After the Confession



Capt. Clinton: "Well, doctor, he's confessed."

Dr. Bernstein (Mr. KENYON MUSGRAVE): "My examination would lead me to believe it was suicide."



Photos]

Clinton: "Did you ever hear your husband threaten Robert Underwood?"



[Ellis & Walter]

Clinton: "Take off your hat!"

Howard Jeffries, Senior, refuses to help his son



Photos

Howard Jeffries, Senior (Mr. HERBERT BUNSTON): "I hear my son has confessed."



[Ellis & Watery]
Annie Jeffries: "He's such a good boy, sir, don't refuse to help him."

Richard Dexter promises to take up the Case

Annie: "If I don't laugh I'll cry!"



Annie: "I didn't force my way in, sir. Mr. Jones said you wanted to see me."



Photos

[Ellis & Watery

Richard Dexter refuses to go back on his promise



Dexter (Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER): "Mrs. Jeffries, may I present Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Junior?"



Annie: "When I called to see you the door was slammed in my face."



[Photos]

[Ellis & Walery

Dexter: "I want you to release me from my promise."
Howard Jeffries: "How can I?"

Gathering the threads of evidence



Dexter: "Well, Dr. Bernstein, I'm most grateful for the help you've given me."

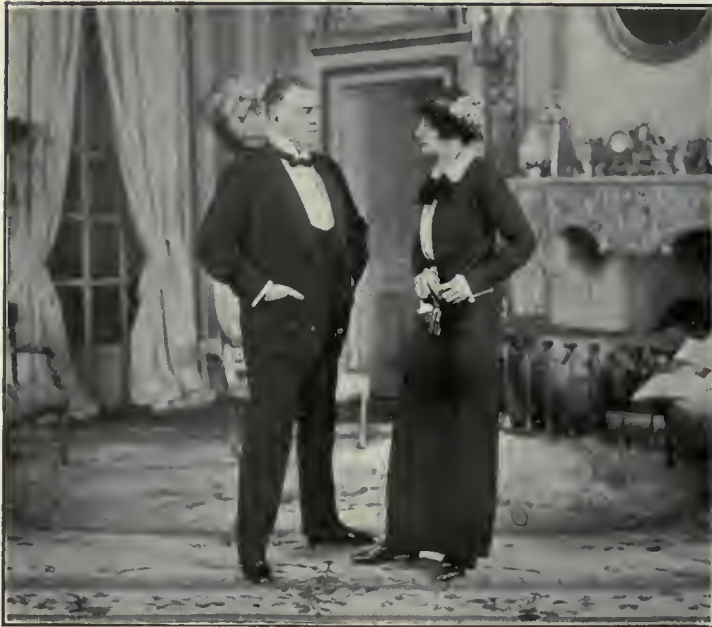


Photos]

[Ellis & Walery

Clinton: "Why, I haven't said a word about her."
Dexter: "No, but these sensation-mongers have."

The Mystery of "The Other Woman"



Dexter (referring to the other woman whom Annie has promised to produce): "Are you sure?"

Annie: "Yes, I'm sure; Oh! Mr. Dexter, don't let them arrest her."



Photos]

[Ellis & Walery

Dexter: "Mrs. Jeffries, this is a pleasant surprise."

Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Junior, takes the responsibility



Annie: "Will you let me see that letter, Mrs. Jeffries?"



[Photos]

[Ellis & Walery

Clinton: "Well, is this your mysterious witness?"
Annie: "This is my husband's stepmother."

Richard Dexter prevents the letter from getting into Captain Clinton's hands



[Photo]

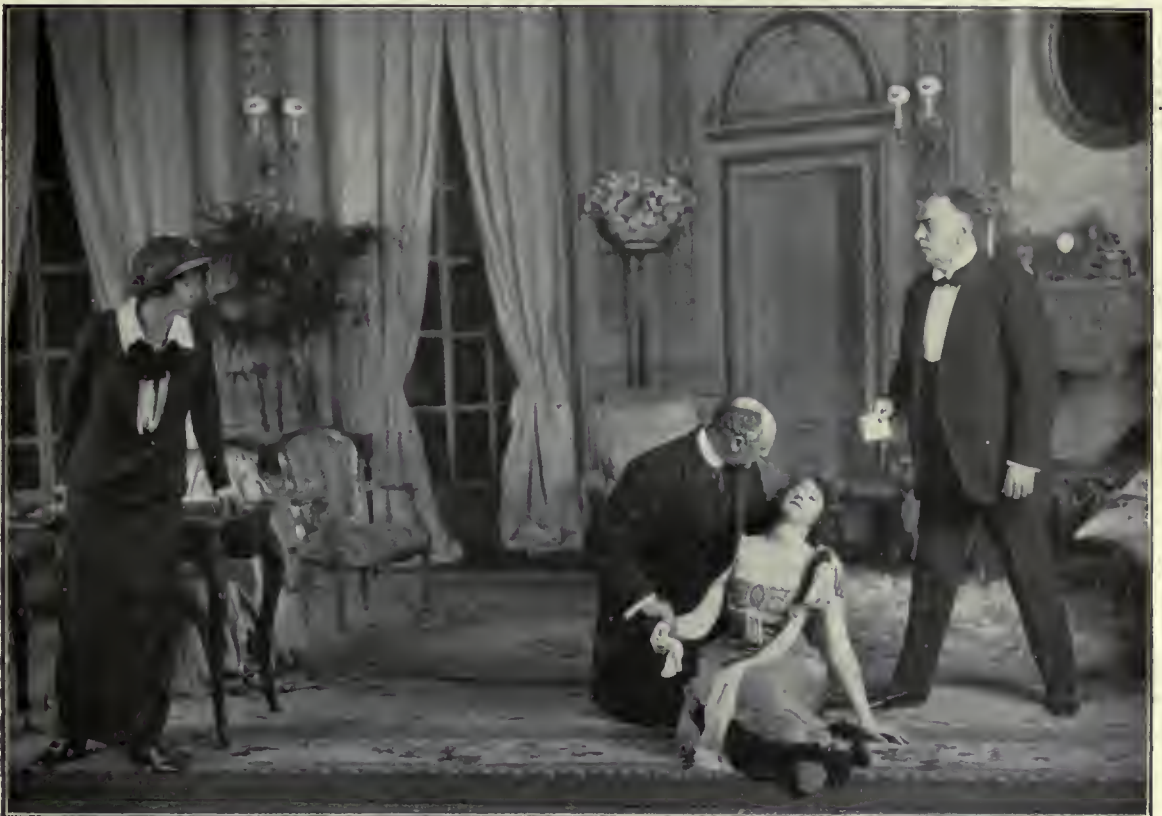
Dexter: "Excuse me, she is my client."

[Ellis & Walery

The Strain is too much for Mrs. Jeffries



Annie: "Oh! Mr. Dexter, who's afraid now?"



[Photos]

Dr. Bernstein takes charge of Mrs. Jeffries

[Ellis & Walery]

The Doctor calls on Howard



Dr. Bernstein: "Mrs. Jeffries, your husband has been under a great mental strain His father knows he did the boy a very great injustice and wants to make up for it."



Photos]

[Ellis & Walery

Dr. Bernstein: "Are you taking your tonic regularly?"
Howard: "Ugh! Beastly stuff."

Breakfast in Howard's Flat



Photo]

[Ellis & Walery

Howard: "Annie, nobody on God's green earth can tell me that you are not the squarest, straightest woman that ever lived."

Richard Dexter Discovers the Plot to separate Howard and Annie



Annie: "Whatever happiness I've had in life I owe to you."



Annie: "What's the matter?"

Dexter: "Carrying sixteen stone up eight flights of very steep stairs is the matter."



Photos]

Dexter: "The woman who was at Robert Underwood's that night was not Howard's wife, but your own."

[Ellis & Walery

The Truth at last!



Photo.

Howard: "Father, you see how you've misjudged her, don't you?"

Jeffries: "Yes; I'll make every reparation."

[Ellis & Walery

Mr. Charles Klein, The Author

By *John Wightman*

ALTHOUGH Charles Klein has never hesitated to show up the weaknesses of his adopted country, no American dramatist has a stronger following. Like all students of the drama, I knew his work and had many a time wondered what kind of man this was who so often made his plays the medium of some message to the general public.

Lately Mr. Klein has been spending a few weeks in London in connection with his play, "Find the Woman," which Mr. Arthur Bouchier produced at the Garrick, and when he invited me to pass an hour with him at his hotel I gladly accepted.

Two things greatly impressed me about Mr. Klein: one was his large fund of sympathetic humour, and the other the detached way he looks on life.

Over a couple of iced drinks—I refuse to name them—and a big cigar the popular dramatist "reminisced."

"I'm not American," he said, "although most people think so, for I was born at Bentinck Street, Cavendish Square, London, in 1867. My father was a professor of languages, and many of my early recollections are associated with Garcia, the famous musician, who resided with us for fifteen years and was then over seventy years of age.

"When quite young I determined to carve out my own career, so departed for America.

"There I resolved to become a dramatist. I had always been fond of writing, so came to the conclusion I must learn 'stage technique.' With this object I went in strong for amateur theatricals, and soon drifted on to the legitimate stage.

"Altogether I have written forty plays and had thirty produced. My most successful has been 'The Lion and the Mouse,' which made £250,000 for the managers and, incidentally, £50,000 for myself.

"No, I'm not complaining. Still, I think the £20 I received for my first play gave me a bigger thrill.

"Talking of fees reminds me of a funny little experience I had when but a budding author. A certain manager gave me a contract to write a play at £5 an act on the strength of an idea I had submitted. I calculated the chances of production were small, as I had a shrewd idea he simply wanted the plot; so made up my mind to make as much money as possible. After sending

him four acts I was asked to call. 'Look here,' he said angrily, 'I've read the four acts, and now you've got to tell me right here when that plot commences.' This took the wind clean out of my sails, and when I confessed there were sixteen acts he threw my play out of the window and your humble servant downstairs. No, I didn't sue him. I like my plays to have a text as well as a plot. For instance, 'The District Attorney' was an exposure of municipal corruption; 'The Lion and the Mouse' an exposure of national corruption; while 'Find the Woman' is an indictment of the awful American police system, known as the Third Degree, under which title it is played in the States. It was written after the scandalous Ivens murder case, which caused such excitement in America some time ago. In this case a mere boy was arrested for the murder of a girl, and under a terrific private cross-examination by callous detective officers he was practically hypnotised into confessing a crime he never committed, and then electrocuted.

"I say never committed, for afterwards Professor Munsterberg proved his innocence and showed that the confession must have been the result of suggestion—a strong will acting on a weak one."

Before parting I asked Mr. Klein when we were to have the privilege of seeing his famous play, "The Music Master," in which Dave Warfield scored such a triumph.

"It all depends on Warfield," he replied. "However, that is rather a serious topic, so perhaps we'd better finish our chat in a lighter vein.

"You want to know how the drama in this country compares with America? Well, far more people are theatre-goers there. You see, there's more money floating around. People quickly become rich, and are frightfully eager to put on airs. It is they who help the theatre. They must be in everything. Why, even in a restaurant they not only try to impress the waiter by the power of the almighty dollar, but everybody sitting at adjacent tables. Yes, there is no doubt the impertinence of the financially fortunate helps American drama—financially. Still a thoughtful young school of writers is steadily growing up, and intellectually American drama is distinctly progressive."

At this moment we both happened to glance at the lounge clock; the hour had become a couple, so, regretfully, we had to bring our chat to a finish.



Ann

DRAMA of the MONTH

By *Red Hed*

"Ann"

By Lechmere Worrall

Produced at the Criterion Theatre—June 18th, 1912

EDWARD HARGRAVES was a particularly fortunate young man. He wrote a novel which immediately "caught on." Edward was a successful novelist, and wheresoever the successful novelist is, there shall the interviewers be gathered together!

He had managed to put off the less persistent interviewers, but one, a certain lady journalist with American methods, proved too much for him. She wanted an interview, and got it. She simply came in, uninvited, and before Hargraves knew exactly where he was she had told him frankly what she thought of him. He was just a baby—a dear, lovable baby.

Mrs. Hargraves, Edward's mother, was the wife of the Very Rev. Samuel Hargraves, and while both parents were proud of their son, Mrs. Hargraves would have liked him to have been more a man of the world than he was. At her suggestion young Edward proposed to Evangeline Lipscombe over the telephone, and was accepted.

Ann Anning, the lady journalist, having wormed that information out of Edward, devised a plot to shock Evangeline. This was quite successful, and Ann made all the running with Edward. It was a foregone conclusion that Ann would marry Edward. She told him she intended to do so, and she did it, and everybody was pleased!

A simple little play with no particular pretensions, but capably handled. Miss Renée Kelly triumphed throughout as Ann, and Miss Fay Davis played Mrs. Hargraves, and Mr. E. Holman Clark the Rev. Samuel Hargraves. Both were excellent. Mr. Basil Hallam might have got a good deal more out of his part, but his rendering was not a bad one.

"Ann" was preceded by a Persian fantasy in

one act, by Clifford Bax, entitled "The Poetasters of Ispahan."

"The Amazons"

By Sir Arthur Pinero

Revived at the Duke of York's Theatre on June 14th, 1912

IT is nearly twenty years since "The Amazons" made its bow to the public. It was produced at the Court Theatre on March 7th, 1893, to be exact. Those who saw that production will remember the plot, and a mere outline will doubtless be sufficient for those who did not.

The Marchioness of Castlejordan had no male heir to her estates, and she resolved to bring up her three daughters as boys. On certain occasions they were allowed to dress as girls. When two of them were in Scotland dressed in skirts the third became embroiled in a street fight in London while dressed as a boy. She was rescued by her cousin, who discovered her identity. The two girls in Scotland had proposals of marriage from men of their own social standing. The three lovers pursued the girls to their mother's home, and, after many complications had arisen, paired off satisfactorily.

To the play was due a certain amount of the applause, but there can be little doubt that the lion's share of the success of the production fell to the three charming actresses whom Mr. Charles Frohman selected to play the daughters of Lady Castlejordan.

London has not seen such a powerful cast for some time! Miss Pauline Chase, Miss Neilson-Terry, Miss Marie Löhr, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. Godfrey Tearle, and Mr. Dion Boucicault! Surely such an "all-star" cast will draw London for a time. Even the less important parts were in capable hands—Mr. Berte Thomas, Mr. Duncan McRae, Mr. Lichfield Owen, Mr. J. Woodall-Birde, and last of all, but by no means least, Miss Ruth Mackay.

"The Women of France"

By Arthur Shirley and Ben Landeck

Produced at the Lyceum Theatre on 12th June, 1912

ANOTHER stirring, romantic drama, that should fill this huge house for months to come! The women of France did wonderful things in those days of revolution and bloodshed. Their defence of the Great Kitchen of the Chateau De La Torgue must be seen to be appreciated.

The story revolves around a simple incident. Marie Antoinette implored the Chevalier De Villeroy to rescue the Dauphin of France from Paris. De Villeroy did so, but his various disguises and schemes were misunderstood by his *fiancé*, Valerie de Brissac. It was not until after several perilous adventures had taken place that Valerie learned the truth and the lovers were re-united.

As Valerie de Brissac Miss Nora Kerin was delightful, and Mr. Henry Lonsdale made a gallant lover. Miss Mary Glynné played the Dauphin, and Miss Ethel Bracewell was quite successful as Marie Antoinette. Among the other names on the programme appear Mr. Herbert Williams, Mr. Edmund Kennedy, and Miss Eva Dare, all highly popular at the Lyceum.

A word or two must be written in praise of the mounting. The play is produced in four acts, with ten scenes. There were two tableaux, one showing the attack on the Chateau and the other the defence of the women of France. Both these were thrilling in the extreme, and all those who are looking for a thoroughly exciting evening, with drama, hot and strong, should pay a visit to the Lyceum.

The Variety Theatres The Coliseum

THE principal item on the Coliseum programme for some weeks has been the new miniature ballet, "La Camargo," written expressly for Mdlle. Genée by C. Wilhelm, with music by Dora Bright.

The ballet illustrates an incident in the career of La Camargo, the celebrated dancer of Louis XV.'s reign. A note is brought in couched in such terms of arrogant gallantry that La Camargo feels that the writer has insulted her and determines to show the note to the King. Just then she is told that an old woman wishes to see her. This is Madame Van Staaden, who had been a great friend of La Camargo in the old Brussels days before she became famous. The

visitor is in deep distress and successfully enlists the great dancer's sympathy on behalf of her son, Gerard, a private in the King's Guards, who has incurred the death penalty for striking his superior officer. This officer happens to be the Comte d'Aurillac, the writer of the insulting note, who had in the hearing of Gerard, made a scandalous boast about La Camargo which so enraged the young soldier that he struck the officer, and was thereupon arrested. La Camargo appeals to the King on the boy's behalf, and so enraptured is he with her dancing, and so incensed at the officer's presumption, that he seizes a pen and signs the pardon. La Camargo hands the pardon to the parents. Overcome with gratitude they pour blessings on her ere she dismisses them. Left alone, she recalls the old happy days with Gerard, the playmate of her youth, and would call him back to her, but feels that chapter in her life is closed, and with a deep sense of depression realises she is a lonely woman amid the glittering splendour of a Court.

The Palladium

"STRIKING HOME," by Jose G. Levy, is a simple story, produced by Mr. Arthur Bourchier at the Palladium, with the fullest dramatic effect. Jim Mason, an agitator and a foreman in the electric light works, is dissatisfied with everything in general, except his baby girl; she he idolises. The mite is ill, and the doctor expected any moment. Meanwhile Jim goes out to address a meeting of his fellow-workmen. As he leaves his tenement dwelling cheers and shouts of welcome are heard. The doctor enters the room and examines the child, and decides an immediate operation is necessary. He unpacks his bag, takes out his various instruments, calling for water, towels, etc. Jim's wife is persuaded to leave the room, her friend, Mrs. Finch, assisting the doctor. She takes the light and holds it over the child, an incision is made—when every light goes out. A light is called for, and a candle brought into the room; but the life of the child has ebbed. In the distance can be heard the bravos and shouting of the mob, cheering their leader, Jim Mason, and singing "Rule Britannia." The door opens and Jim enters. The scene that follows is indescribable.

The playlet is one of the most powerful I have seen on the music-hall stage for some time. The cast comprised Mr. Edmund Gurney, Miss Margaret Scudamore, Mr. Oscar Adye, and Miss Beatrice May.



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Wyndham D.C. in "The Little Damsel" and "Feet the Brute." The front piece proved quite a surprise. One doesn't expect the Wyndhamites to descend to the lower depths with so much facility, and although the whole art of cockney characterisation requires rather more than the pronouncing of "say" as "sigh," yet Mr. W. Harold Squire as the ferocious Pottle and Mrs. W. R. McConnell as his spouse excelled themselves in their respective parts, and Mrs. Edward Whinney exactly hit the mark as Mrs. Wilks. "The Little Damsel" hardly stands the amateur touch, and, though Miss Kate Harris played Julia with charm and vivacity and rose to the Second Act scene with remarkable force, and all the clever people engaged proved themselves more than competent, the smell of the footlights seemed to pervade the production. Partly this may have been due to Mr. W. Harold Squire being temperamentally unfitted to Recklaw Poole, more probably to the fact that the piece is frankly theatrical. Mr. Godfrey Washington was an amusing Fitzroy Locke and Mr. Robert Baines a rock of steadiness as Walter Angel. Frankly, however, apart from Julia, I found chief pleasure in Mr. Lawford Davidson's Franz Pepo and Mr. R. J. Hambly's Abraham; and not far behind, but lacking in absolute sureness, was Mr. J. K. Boddy as the delightful Papa Bartholdy. Both plays were admirably produced by Mr. Reginald Rivington.

Croydon Stagers O.S. in "The Yeoman of the Guard." A performance thoroughly up to this society's standard—that is to say, the singing and chorus work was as good as could be wished, and the humorists just a trifle deficient in the comic spirit. Mr. Harold Brogden was as easy and natural as usual in the part of Colonel Fairfax, and sang very melodiously, and Miss Elsie Short as Elsie Maynard was just as charming and sang as sweetly as ever. Miss Winifred Godbold has a fine voice and an intelligent appreciation of how to use it; and if Dame Carruthers does not

give her quite the same opportunities as some of the other Rosina Brandram parts, she was none the less thoroughly effective. Miss Muriel Réade was a bright Phœbe, and Mr. W. J. Halliwell as Shadbolt may well be excused for not being so gruff as custom beseems with so dainty a creature. Mr. G. Howard Cundell thoroughly pleased his audience as Jack Point, but critically there was a good deal in his impersonation to find fault with. The play was produced under the direction of Mr. William Blake, the musical director being Mr. H. Leslie Smith.

Croydon Histrionic Society in "What Would a Gentleman Do?" The plays selected by this society do not, I think, do the members justice. A little more enterprise in the matter of choice, and the cast would not have the double burden of making the play as well as themselves interesting. On the whole, the present was quite a good performance, thanks very largely to Mr. S. B. Davies, who gave an excellent account of Dickie Hook, played with restraint and an excellent appreciation of the character. Miss Rene Maude was exceedingly good as Dolly; and, without being unduly prominent, adequate work was put in by Miss Hebe Bedmead, Miss Alice Rhodes, Mrs. Henry Skeen, and Messrs. H. S. Symons, A. Hutchison, Francis Kelly, Henry Skeen, and R. G. Greenwood. The play was produced under the direction of Mr. W. C. McCabe, who might well have exhorted his players to speak up and play briskly. In addition he played the part of Geoffrey Seaton very well.

Hampstead O.S. in "Tom Jones." It is not very easy to get over the inadequateness of the stage of Wellington Hall for operatic performances, and it would accordingly be unfair to blame the chorus for its defects of stiffness with so little room to move in. The volume of sound produced was rather small for the numbers engaged, but it was of good quality and showed

the usual careful preparation under Miss Gertrude Tait's direction. Miss Alice Lilley is hardly suited to Sophia, but she sang really superbly; and Mr. Arthur Perceval as the rakish hero was in good voice, but he lacked the swagger that the part demands. Mr. Curson Spencer was a tempestuous Squire Weston and Miss Beatrice James an exaggerated Miss Western. Mr. Fred Isitt danced capitally and showed the possession of a fund of low-comedy humour in the part of Partridge, and Miss Margot Ashton was a delightfully pert Honor. Other parts were satisfactorily played by Mr. Brereton Roberts (Allworthy), Mr. George Mulroy (Gregory), Mr. Edward Kitchen (Blifil), and Miss Gladys Pearce (Lady Bellaston). The opera was produced under the stage direction of Mr. Rupert M. Heath.

Anomalies D.C. in "Rosemary." A very delightful performance of a delightful play, and chief credit must go to Mr. J. Curling Bates for his excellent rendering of the part of Sir Jasper Thorndyke. Mr. Bates knows his Wyndham, but he has in addition a very telling personality, and his work in the last act was especially noteworthy. Mr. R. Daw was capital as old Professor Jogram, and Mr. Alan Crawford very funny as Captain Cruikshank. Miss Violet Leith Tompkins managed to efface herself in the part of his gentle partner, and Miss Clare Harris was exceedingly fascinating as his daughter. The other parts were all capably filled.

Bancroft D.C. in "Captain Drew on Leave." A performance chiefly notable for Mrs. Bruce Smith's charming impersonation of the part of Mrs. Moxon, as gracious and sweet and sympathy-compelling a piece of work as one could desire. In addition the club had provided a very strong cast. Mr. Herbert Swears was very safe as Captain Drew, R.N. He knew his lines, spoke them with great intelligence and evenness, and was everything except a breezy naval officer. This apart, he was thoroughly satisfactory. Mr. Arnold Dawson was top-hole as the black sheep Hassell, and Mr. Frank Hole presented with great sincerity a very objectionable portrait of that very objectionable person, Mr. Moxon. Miss K. Reid-Neill scored very heavily as Miss Mills. As a piece of acting it was lacking in subtlety. She knew there were laughs in her lines and she meant to get them. That she succeeded is proof of her success, and what more need be asked? Mr. Alcx. J. Neill played Mr. White in quite the Sam Sothern style, and was almost as equally effective as Miss Mills in convulsing his audience. The play was capitally produced by Mr. Sidnev Wallace, but little attempt had been made to hide the bareness of the Third Act set.

Apollo O.S. in "The Belle of Brittany." A society such as this, which disdains to produce anything except up-to-date musical plays, is bound to strike a wrong-un now and then. In its West-end dress the "Belle of Brittany" was hardly an exhilarating show; but interpreted by amateurs—gifted though many of the society's members are—with the added disadvantage of a tiny stage, the result is something perilously near the border-line of boredom. It may be I was suffering from a surfeit of amateur productions, and it will be fairest to omit all criticism and only place on record that Mr. Edmund Gilding was exceedingly funny as the Marquis de St. Gautier, and that three of the ladies were exceptionally charming—viz., Miss Florence Brewer (M^{de}me. Poquelin), Miss Mabel Henn (M^{lle}. Denise de la Vire), and Miss Frances Moorc (Toinette). The play was produced by Mr. Willie Hartill, who knew all about it there was to know, and the musical direction was in the capable hands of Mr. Waugh Owens.

The Stage Club in "The School for Scandal." A very disappointing show after the hopes raised by the previous production of "Priscilla Runs Away." The players were such hopeless moderns, with the honourable exception of Sir Oliver Surface. Some of the gentlemen did, it is true, take snuff, but 'twas evident they regarded it as a dirty habit; others flaunted their kerchiefs in the approved fashion with the effect as of a signal of distress; and, alas! one even heard the distressing cockney inflection of the twentieth century. However, while one cannot unreservedly praise the production, there were some individual conceptions of great merit. First Mr. Yeend King as Sir Oliver, a very excellent piece of acting, smacking of the period and thoroughly convincing. Then Mr. Ellis Reynolds, hardly irascible enough for Sir Peter perhaps, but looking a fine enough figure of a man to warrant Lady Teazle making it up with him; and, as this latter, Miss Winifred Kemp, looking very charming and playing her comedy scenes in the spirit of artifice that they demand. Mr. Lionel Cornish as Charles Surface was a great disappointment. He tried to be easy and breezy and debonair, but succeeded in merely being unconvincing, while Mr. Kendal Luxton was obviously too inexperienced to hit the right note for Brother Joseph. Mr. T. R. Seddon amusingly burlesqued Moses, Miss Dorothy Sturgess looked very sweet as Maria, and the ladies and gentlemen who danced the minuet at the end of Act II. received a well-deserved encore. Mr. Sydney Ewart produced, but it cannot be regarded as one of his successes.

Romany A.D.C. in "The Merchant of Venice." As was fitting for a performance in aid of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, this club turned to the immortal Bard for a wind-up to the present season. And a very good performance it was. Mr. H. Urwick's Shylock was a very sound piece of elocution. He didn't bother much about the subtleties of the character, but played it broadly and firmly and convincingly. As Portia Miss Hilda Honiss proved very charming and won all hearts in the Court scene. Mr. W. Harold Squire's Prince of Morocco stood out very prominently and well deserved the applause it gained, and Mr. H. Passmore made as manly a Bassanio as Mr. E. L. Patterson's Antonio was dignified. Mr. W. Harold Tingey gave an excellent study of Old Gobbo, while Mr. A. Miller was too slow and not quite funny enough for Master Launcelot. The other two ladies in the cast, Miss Grace Darby as Nerissa and Miss Claire Harris as Jessica, were both charmingly competent. Others who did their share in a very even performance were Messrs. J. K. Boddy (Duke of Venice), A. H. Fleuret (Salarino), F. Dare Clapham (Salanio), W. L. Hallward (Gratiano), and P. S. Streatfeild (Lorenzo). The scenery was capital, and Mr. C. W. A. Trollope may be congratulated on the general production. One missed, however, the ending to Act II., introduced, I think, at His Majesty's Theatre, when Shylock, after frightening away the revellers, moves to his house, knocks, and stands waiting for the daughter who has flown.

Players' A.D.C. in "Dandy Dick." There is a strong family resemblance between this society and the Stage Club, the chief difference apparently being that the Players are far more modest in their choice of programme. They could with advantage be bolder. "Dandy Dick" at this time of day is a little antiquated, and some of the humours grow tiresome. Mr. J. W. Middlemas was urbane as becomes a Dean, and showed a nice appreciation of comic effect, and his daughters, in the persons of Mrs. Percy Botterell (Salome) and Miss Dorothy Sturgess (Sheba), were really a handful. Mrs. W. D. Biddle hardly let herself go quite enough as George Tidd, but taken altogether was very good. Mr. T. R. Seddon made Blorc quite impossible and rather funny, and Mr. Cameron King's red whiskers quite spoilt his chance of getting any character out of that really fine part, Noah Topping. Mr. Percy Botterell suggested the old sportsman, Tris Mardon, very well, and those egregious asses, Tarver and Darby, were adequately played by Messrs. W. H. and Wilfred Parry. Mr. Sydney Ewart produced.

Crystal Palace Athenæum in "Lady Frederick." Whatever defects there were in the performance as a whole it was quite memorable for two excellent performances in the chief characters and another capital piece of acting in the smaller parts. As Lady Frederick Miss Claire Harris was wholly delightful. Granted at once the fact that she was too young, criticism may then well pass by. She was alluringly provocative, with just a suggestion of a delicious brogue, and in the scene with Lady Mereston showed herself the possessor of dramatic force which stamps her as an exceptional actress. Then Mr. Davies as Paradine Fouldes was a perfect foil. I know no amateur who can fire off epigrams with such ease and naturalness as Mr. Davies. The part demands little more, but it was a sheer delight throughout to watch this presentation of an easy-going man of the world. Again, in the small part of Madame Claude, Mrs. Ernest Penton excelled herself. Mr. F. Norman Eastwood as Lord Merester was hardly interesting enough to give point to the scene of disillusionment, and Mrs. Scott Turner as Rose would remind us that she is a comic opera prima-donna. Mr. George Lemara was quite good as Admiral Carlisle, and Miss Florence Wells was very obviously much too young to have so grown-up a son. The play was produced under the direction of Mr. H. T. Wilshaw.

Plays by Schoolboys

Perse Playbooks: No. 1. Dramatic work by boys of the Perse School, Cambridge. (Heffer & Sons, Ltd. 1s. net.)

THIS little volume contains a prologue, two plays, a ballad, and an epilogue. They make quite good reading. "The Cottage on the Moor" was written by two Sixth Form boys, the secretary and the stage manager of the Perse Players, and dedicated by them to Mr. F. R. Benson after he had read the play and expressed his approval of it.

The ballad was written by a boy of twelve, who was inspired with the idea when an amateur carpenter was practising with his apparatus for breaking a window during an incident referred to in the above-mentioned play. The following verse is rich and would gladden the heart of any *real* boy:

"A pistol shot, and clash of steel,
As combatants drew nigh.
A blood-stained hand, a broken sword,
A coat of bloody dye."

Not bad for a boy of twelve!



By Mrs. HUMPHRY ("Madge")

THERE is not very much change in the style of bathing costumes. The only thing is that they become more and more elaborate, and many are made of materials that would at one time have been considered too costly for the purpose. For instance, a gown in green satin is trimmed with dull gold buttons and braid and is accompanied by high satin boots, also green, and a cap of striped black and white silk bordered with green satin and trimmed at one side with a *chou* of the same. This satin has a certain admixture of cotton in it in order to give the necessary stiffness. A princess bathing dress, with knickerbockers to match, is made of sapphire-blue poplinette and trimmed with black and white striped silk round the neck and sleeves, down the front, bordering the front panel, and also in the belt. On either side of the front panel is a row of black and white striped silk buttons. Another bathing dress is in emerald alpaca trimmed with narrow white braid, and finished with revers turned back with a couple of buttons. The girdle is wide white braid knotted at one side. Alpaca is a favourite material, and is often turned back with collar and revers all in one in some contrasting colour, such as blue, green or cerise. Almost all have a trimming of buttons. One of these has the collar and revers cut shawl-shape and crossing to the

left side, faced with mignonette-green. The princess is certainly the favourite style this year, and especially with the cross-over front. On a rather elaborate costume in blue poplinette the trimmings are buttons carried diagonally down the front, each framed in an embroidered design. The whole gown is outlined with thick white silk, the sleeves bordered with it, and the belt composed of it and fastening under a large *chou* at the left side.



Black Tagal Straw with brim covered with aigrette.

Leghorn River Hat, trimmed small pink silk roses.

The return of the cape is one of the features of this season. It cannot hope to displace the scarf, but there is abundant room for both. The cape may be made in almost any material—cloth, serge, silk, satin, chiffon, lace. The universal turndown bodice has made it almost a necessity to have some extra protection for the neck, and both tailors and milliners are producing the cape in every possible variety. One of the prettiest is in black chiffon lined with white, topped with a ruche in black and white, bordered with a black and white silk cord, and made with fronts long enough to fall in points below the waist. It is a very graceful little garment. The scarf of the moment is made chiefly of printed flowered chiffon, ninon, or muslin. It is long enough for the ends to fall to the hem of the gown. Some are made with a small burnous hood at the back, ending in a tassel, and in this case the fronts

How to guard the complexion against Sunburn, Tan and Freckles.



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Violet Verhaegh

And there is as much romance attached to the Blue and Violet Rays, the search for them, and the finding of them, as there ever was to the green rays of Jules Verne. To women, in particular, the tracking down of these phenomena should be of absorbing interest.

Dr. Finsen discovered that it was not the *heat* rays of the sun, red, orange, and yellow in colour, but the light rays—blue and violet—that cause discoloration, freckles, tan, and sunburn. The fact that severest sunburn occurs in mid-winter on the snow-clad slopes of the Alps, where the heat is naturally out of the question, was unanswerable evidence.

When these curious things had been proved half the battle was won, and it only remained to discover means of counteracting the influence of these blue and violet rays, and so not only banish, but prevent freckles, sunburns, tan, and sallowness.

Ceaseless laboratory work of Continental scientists has solved the problem, and Mdme. Helena Rubinstein, the noted Viennese authority on Beauty-Cult, has been given sole control of these astonishing "sun-expelling" discoveries.

We have had occasion once or twice to come across a woman who was quite proud of her freckles, and would not hear of their being taken away, as she liked them so much. If one were to ask her why she liked freckles on her face she would probably give some such absurd answer as Silas Wegg, who, when asked why he liked his wooden leg, replied that he liked it because he did not have to keep it warm in the winter. There is no accounting for likes and dislikes. Nevertheless, this article will prove useful, it is hoped, to the majority of sensible women, who know that freckles have no business on a woman's face any more than any other affection or disfigurement of skin.

And so we will take up first the wonderful preparation which *prevents* tan, freckles, and

THERE are very few of us indeed who have not read the charming romance, written by Jules Verne, describing the search for the Green Ray. A number of men heard that towards sunset the sun, glinting up from the horizon, strikes through the waves of the sea, and just before it sinks down below the waters shoots a pure green ray up into the air across the turquoise heavens.

sunburn, rendering the skin impervious to discoloration by the sun. This invention, the name of which is *Novena Sunproof Crème*, proved itself a godsend on the occasion of the last Durbar. Its use by those who went out to India has enabled them to retain their English colouring, while others, to whom it was not known, have suffered severely.

A timely use of it, coupled, where necessary, with the other preparation, Valaze Beautifying Skinfood, of which more anon, enables one to go out riding, motoring, yachting, golfing, or sea bathing, and to return home with the complexion unscathed. The price of the Novena Sunproof Crème is 3s. and 6s. a pot.

Having dealt with the preparation which *prevents*, we will now turn our attention to the preparation which *removes* freckles, tan and sallowness, when preventive measures have come too late. This is known by the name of Valaze Beautifying Skinfood. The skin-clearing properties of this speciality are miraculous. Valaze makes the skin pure and radiant within a fortnight to a month of its first application. With these virtues it combines skin-stimulating and skin-replenishing qualities, which moderate lines and refresh and beautify the tired and faded face. It should only be noted that to remove tan, freckles, and all discoloration consequent on exposure to the sun, Valaze should be applied oftener than when used simply as a preservative of the purity and clearness of the skin.

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Just one other preparation of Mdme. Rubinstein's should be mentioned in this connection, and that is *Baume Vert*, which, as its name indicates, is in the nature of a balsam, intended for use by sportswomen, motorists, and others whose skin is super-sensitive and becomes painfully tender when exposed to the wind or strong air. *Baume Vert* makes also a delightful foundation for powder. The price of this is 10s. 6d. and 21s.

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are caught together and finished with a tassel on either side. On a graceful woman the scarf may be a fascinating addition to a pretty toilette.

SOME TROUSSEAU GOWNS.

Some lovely evening gowns made for the trousseau of a recent bride have the pannier feature cleverly introduced. One has a skirt of

white chiffon embroidered in pale turquoise silk and silver beads, also fringed with silver. Over this are a corsage and pannier of white charmeuse. The sash is pale turquoise satin. Another dress is sprigged net over lemon-coloured taffetas, the lower part of the skirt consisting of alternate tucks of plain net edged with drops, and insertions of white embroidered net. One side of the bodice is draped with tucks and insertion over a gathered sleeve of white chiffon, and the other side and sleeve are in lemon-coloured taffetas. Yet another example is in pale pink chiffon draped over silk of a deeper shade. The folds are caught at the side with a *motif* of crystal embroidery, and the square-cut bodice is softly draped and swathed with a belt of geranium-pink velvet. In pale blue chiffon is a charming evening gown, the tunic embroidered and fringed with silver tubes and beads. This is made over pale blue Liberty, and a black tulle scarf hangs from the waist at each side. The low bodice is embroidered in silver, and the short sleeves are finished with deep point embroidery and fringed with silver. The draped sash is black satin finished at the left side with a large, black, jewelled poppy.

THE TELL-TALE SLEEVE.

There are usually many features by which the present season's dresses can be distinguished from those of the last. This year it is the sleeve, which is long and not ultra-tight. It may be tight from the shoulder to the elbow, but midway it has the fulness which gives perfect freedom to the movement of the elbow.

SOME ATTRACTIVE GOWNS.

A very pretty afternoon gown is in black and white striped silk, made all in one, and trimmed with cream-tinted lace. This forms a straight line across the shoulders and is supplemented by a guimpe in closely tucked cream-coloured net with a very light design embroidered in black silk. This touch of black is continued in the high collar, and there is a black silk cord girdle round the waist. Some of the new whipcord serges fasten up the front with large buttons, and at the back the skirt is finished with a wide stitched box pleat. Patent leather composes the belt. A charming every-day dress of striped navy blue and white taffetas opens in front for some twenty inches at the bottom of the skirt to show flat frills of *broderie anglaise*. The long collar passing round the shoulders and meeting at the waist is in similar *broderie anglaise*, and the sleeves are finished with cuffs to match.



Embroidered Lawn Gown with lace insertion and white satin Tunic.

Black Ninon Coat, trimmed gold buttons over flame coloured gown.

C. E. Humphrey

Society Notes

LORD and LADY ALGERNON GORDON-LENNOX are giving up Broughton Castle—Lord Saye and Sele's lovely place near Banbury—and have taken a house close to Kensington Palace. They will be greatly missed at Broughton, where Lady Algernon has been a real Lady Bountiful, and successfully fostered several industries for the benefit of the neighbours—wrought-iron work, wood-carving and jam-making among them. Broughton will also lose a good friend in Lord and Lady Algernon's only child, pretty Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, a charming girl with her mother's exquisite taste in dress, and one of Queen Alexandra's maids of honour. It has been stated that Lord and Lady Saye and Sele are taking up their residence at Broughton Castle, which is quite a small place, but unique in its way, a practically perfect Tudor building entirely surrounded by a moat and approached by a single bridge defended by a gate-house. On the lawn is a quaint sundial, and across the moat, bordering the water, are gardens which Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox designed herself.

* One of the hardest workers on Alexandra Day was Mrs. Myles Kennedy, of Stone Cross, Ulverston, who not only sold roses during the day in London, but also organised the selling of the flowers in the camps of several regiments on the Scottish border, also throughout Ulverston and district, whilst her boy, Hugh, sold them well to boys and masters at Harrow. Mrs. Myles Kennedy is spending the season in town, but she prefers life at Stone Cross, looking after her poorer neighbours, to whom she is a Lady Bountiful, doing a great deal for them, and also taking an active interest in most local societies and charitable organisations, being president of several. She and her husband are cousins, and their cousin is Mr. Myles Burton Kennedy, owner of the famous yacht, *White Heather*.

Mr. W. Amherst Cecil, of the 2nd Grenadiers, has just entered upon his twenty-seventh year. He is the eldest son and heir of Baroness Amherst of Hackney—who, however, prefers to still be known as Lady William Cecil, her former title—but he will not come into the splendid estate of Didlington, in Norfolk, in which his grandfather took such pride and expended so much money on,

for the property was sold six months ago to Mr. Herbert Francis Smith, of Chesham Place. Two years ago Mr. Amherst Cecil married Miss Gladys Baggallay, only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Baggallay, who used to live in London, but now reside at Blackdown, in Hampshire. She is tall and fair, and dances beautifully, and has occasionally performed in public in the cause of charity. Grace runs in her family, for her cousins, the Misses Dugdale, daughters of Captain E. S. Dugdale, of the Navy, are among the most accomplished skaters at Prince's. One of them is Miss Una Dugdale, who refused to be "given away" at her marriage last January to Mr. Victor Duval, for she is an ardent advocate of Woman's Suffrage.

There is to be a great gathering of the Maeleans on August 24th at Duart Castle, the ancestral stronghold in Mull of the hereditary chiefs of the Clan. In the seventeenth century Duart Castle passed to strangers, but last year the ruins were acquired by Sir Fitzroy Maelean, hailed by most Maeleans from Scotland to New Zealand as chief of Clan Gillean, and heir of Gillean with the Axe. His plaided ancestors have not seen their warlike traditions diminished by this descendant, who was with the Light Dragoons at the Alma; and though the worthy baronet has resided for many years in Kent, he has ever taken the utmost interest in all that concerns the race of the Maeleans.

Lady Catherine Ashburnham's intention to become a nun of the Convent of the Sacré Cœur at Roehampton recalls the renunciation of the world three years ago of Lord Cavan's sister, Lady Maud Barratt, who entered one of the strictest nunneries in Belgium. At the final ceremonies of taking the veil she lay before the high altar in the coffin which will serve for her last resting-place, and never again will she see any relatives, unless when dying she should express a desire to make the final earthly adieux; then her nearest relative would be sent for. In entering a convent Lady Catherine Ashburnham is making a great sacrifice, for as the prospective heiress of her wealthy father, Lord Ashburnham, she had within reach practically everything that position and money can demand.



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MISS NORA KERIN IN
"THE WOMEN OF FRANCE"

THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY *ILLUSTRATED*

Vol. VI. (New Series). No. 35

Published on 15th of each month

"THE WOMEN OF FRANCE"

By ARTHUR SHIRLEY and BEN LANDECK

Produced by Walter and Fredk. Melville at the Lyceum Theatre on June 12th, 1912



Photo]

[“Daily Mirror” Studios.

Marie Antoinette (MISS ETHEL BRACEWELL) : “You will try to save my son?”

De Villeroy (MR. HENRY LONSDALE) : “It is a sacred promise to a doomed woman. I will save the Dauphin or die with him.”

“The Women of France”

The Story of the Play

By H. V. M.

THE gallant Chevalier De Villeroy was a soldier and an aristocrat in Paris at the outbreak of the French Revolution. Secretly working in aid of the Royalists, he joined the revolutionaries, and became known as “Captain Victor.” His principal scheme was to save Marie Antoinette from the guillotine, but, his efforts proving futile, he plotted with that doomed woman to save the young Dauphin.

The mob were howling for the blood of the boy, and Marie Antoinette was more concerned for his safety than for her own. At her bidding De Villeroy arranged to take her a letter from her imprisoned son, on her way to the scaffold. To set suspicion aside, it was arranged that he should publicly insult his Queen, passing her a loaf of bread with the taunt, “You are going on a journey, and will want something to eat.” Inside the bread would be found the note from the Dauphin!

All went well, and the note was delivered. But the incident only brought misfortune to De Villeroy, for it cost him the love of the beautiful Valerie de Brissac. Valerie, not knowing the details of the plot, resented the insult thrown at the Queen. So emphatic was she in denouncing her lover that the mob grew suspicious, and began to cry out for her head. Here was another aristocrat!

There was only one chance for Valerie, and at the urgent request of De Villeroy she took it. De Villeroy declared her to be his wife, and she publicly acknowledged the statement to be true.

Saved from the mob, Valerie flew to Lady Atkyn's house, on the outskirts of Paris, where the Duc de Brissac lay in hiding.

Meanwhile, the young Dauphin was being brutally treated in the cobbler's apartment in the Prison of the Temple. Here the story ceases to remain historical. There is little doubt as to what the sad end of young Charles Capet, Louis XVII., really was. Our histories of the French Revolution give, with some authority, the details of his death, but the authors of “The Women of France” have saved him from such a fate.

They carry the lad to safety, and show how, disguised at a page, a young aristocrat, Philippe de Récour, was taken to the Prison, and quite willingly the lad consented to ex-

change places with the Dauphin. To give his life for his King was indeed an honour!

Then began that long series of hair-breadth escapes and adventures that fell to the lot of De Villeroy and Corporal Pache in their tramp across France with the Dauphin in their charge.

In hot pursuit, and leaving fire and destruction in their trail, followed the Republican army. Through the Forest of Fougere, on the borders of which the young King was saved only by hiding in the tattered clothes of a scarecrow, went pursued and pursuers.

Simon, the cobbler, made his appearance in the Forest, and, discovering De Villeroy, Pache, and the Dauphin, claimed them as his prisoners. But he was easily overpowered.

Bremont, too, arrived on the scene, and a fight between De Villeroy and him resulted in a victory for the Dauphin's protector, and once again the refugees started for the Château de la Torgue.

Valerie de Brissac had managed to reach the stronghold of the Duc de Brissac, the Château de la Torgue. Here De Villeroy found her, and she, discovering him through his disguise as an old soldier, mixed poison with his wine. She had not then learned the true facts.

Just as he drank, a shot was heard. The Republican army were storming the Château.

It was left for the Dauphin to surprise Valerie with the information that he was the King of France, and that the drugged De Villeroy was a true friend to him and to her.

The rebels burst into the Château, but Valerie, seizing a torch, threatened to put it to a barrel of gunpowder if they ventured closer. Then the women of France, a noble band of Royalist women who had been trained by Clementine, the wife of Corporal Pache, raised their rifles to their shoulders and fired gallantly at the invading troops. With smoke and fire and shots and cheers the place was defended right royally by the noble women of France!

Then the traitor Bremont, who had been the cause of so much trouble to De Villeroy, met the vengeance of justice. To him was destined the place on the scaffold he had allotted to De Villeroy, while De Villeroy found happiness in the love of his sweetheart, Valerie de Brissac. Misunderstandings brushed aside, regrets made sweet by their utterance, avowals of true and lasting love—these brought to a close the romantic story of “The Women of France.”

The Procession of the Goddess of Reason



Photo]

"Hail to the Goddess of Reason."

[*"Daily Mirror"* Studios.

Valerie's denouncement arouses suspicion



The Marriage by Public Declaration



Photo]

Valerie de Brissac (Miss NORA KERIN): "I am this man's wife."

["Daily Mirror" Studios.

In the Courtyard of Lady Atkyn's House



Madame Simon (Miss NELLIE KELSIE): "I want that boy page to bring my morning coffee."



Photo]

De Villeroy: "You are my wife and owe me obedience."

[*"Daily Mirror" Studios.*

In the Garden of Lady Atkyn's House



Corporal Pache (MR. HERBERT WILLIAMS): "Are you single or married?"
Clementine (MISS EVA DARE), *slapping his face*: "That is my answer."

Marquis de Récour (MISS ADA GLYNNE): "I am already doomed."
Lady Atkyn (MISS HETTA BARTLETT): "No, no, my child!"



Photos]

[“Daily Mirror” Studios.

De Villeroy: "Madame, we cannot permit this sacrifice."
Marquis: "Why not? I am a son of a nobleman of France!"

In the Cobbler's Apartments



Simon (MR. FRED POWELL): "We've abolished Kings! I'll teach you a useful trade instead; you shall be a cobbler."



Photos]

Madame Simon: "Oh! you lovely darling!"

["Daily Mirror" Studios.

The Dauphin's Farewell



The Dauphin kisses the hand of the young Marquis who has taken his place in prison

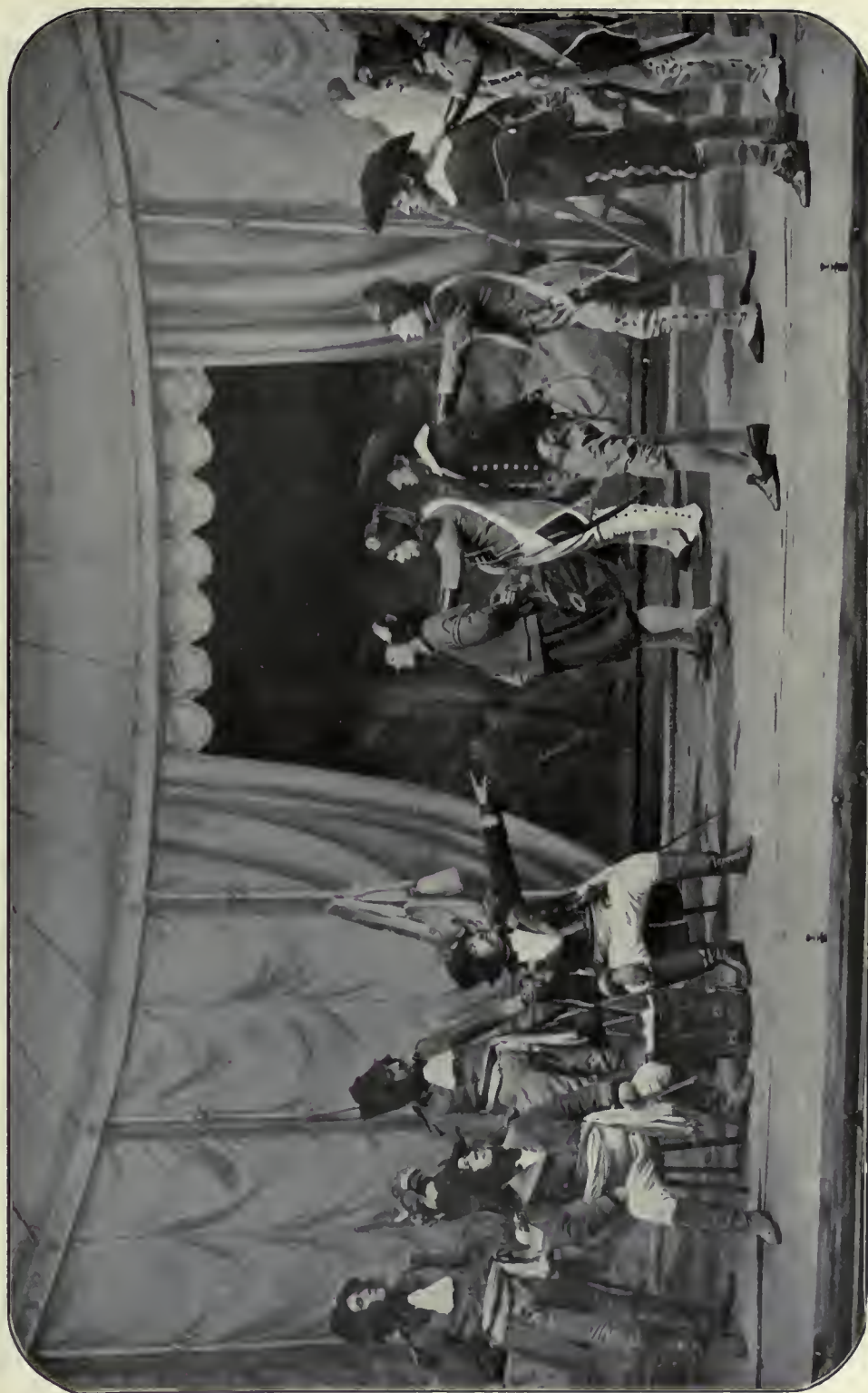


[Photos]

[“Daily Mirror” Studios.]

De Villeroy: “This lad shall never enter this prison again. I stake my life on that.”

In Bremont's Tent at La Vendee; Persecuting the Royalist Peasants



Photo]

Bremont (Mr. W. T. RILEY) : "Take them outside and have them shot."

["Daily Mirror" Studios.

Simon and his Captives



Simon : "I have got you all."

Dauphin (*Miss MARY GLYNNE*) : "And now you've got us, what are you going to do with us?"



Photos]

[*"Daily Mirror" Studios.*

The Fight in the Forest.

Outside the Chateau de la Torgue



Dauphin: "My dear mother is dead. I am an orphan."



Photos

[*"Daily Mirror"* Studios

Reconciliation.

In the Chateau de la Torgue



Valerie : "I have drugged your wine. In a few moments you will be asleep and helpless."



Photos]

[*"Daily Mirror" Studios.*

Valerie : "Who then are you?"
Dauphin : "Louis XVII., King of France."

The Women Defend Themselves



The secret entrance
to the kitchen



Valerie : " Drop your hands, or I will fire ! "



Photos]

Clementine : " I will protect him with my life. "

[" Daily Mirror " Studios.

Valerie threatens the Soldiers



Photo]

Valerie: "One step further and I will place this to the gunpowder! When I count three, we will all die together! One! Two!—,"

["Daily Mirror" Studios.

"The Women of France"



Photo]

The Defence of the Chateau

["Daily Mirror" Studios.

An Understanding at Last



Photo]

Valerie : "No woman ever yet found such joy in love as I, for it is the love of faith restored."
Victor : "And with that faith, sweetheart, have just a little hope."

[*"Daily Mirror"* Studios.

The Dauphin under the Shadow of the Guillotine.



Photo]

[“Daily Mirror” Studios.

“It has robbed me of my father, and my mother, but I am not afraid of it.”

The Capturer is made Captive



Bremont : " I have you all ! "



Photos]

Corporal Pache : " Oh, no ! I've got you ! "

[" Daily Mirror " Studios.]

The British Flag



Pache : " If you run that thing up on a pole, those rum-swilling British sailor-men will fight their way through hell itself to get to it."



Photos]

Dauphin : " Good-bye ! Good-bye, all ! "

[" *Daily Mirror* " Studios.

The Happy Ending



Photo]

[“Daily Mirror” Studios.

De Villeroy : “Listen and hear Marie Antoinette’s last message to her son. . . . ‘Be good, be kind, be brave, but before all, be forgotten.’”

About the Players

By John Wightman

MISS NORA KERIN

THE acting of Miss Nora Kerin possesses just that touch of charming winsomeness which made her Rosalind—I saw her play it in Manchester some years ago—so effective. Her performance as Valerie de Brissac is therefore all the more interesting, for she endows this young aristocrat with courage and pluck. Born in London less than thirty years ago, Miss Kerin was educated at Queen's College and in Paris. "How I commenced on the stage," she remarked, "was pure chance. When a girl of sixteen I walked down to the Court Theatre to see a friend of mine. Mr. Boucicault passed while I was waiting, and asked if I wanted an engagement. On the spur of the moment I said yes, which led to me making a start in 'A Royal Family.' During the next few years I toured in 'The Prisoner of Zenda' and 'Rupert of Hentzau,' subsequently playing Titania in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' at Manchester.

"I feel quite at home here, for it is five years ago since I first appeared on this stage as Princess Iris in 'Her Love Against the World,' afterwards playing Juliet to Mr. Matheson Lang's Romeo. During the last few years I have not done much acting, but one day I met Mr. Melville, who said he had a part in 'The Apple of Eden' which would just suit me. I accepted his offer, and that is how I am now playing Valerie de Brissac. Yes, I love being here, the audiences are so much alive, besides taking a real personal interest in the company. One working girl wrote to say she came every week to see me act—a very pleasant thing for any actress to hear. Although I am on the stage I never neglect my home or my family, and firmly believe in every actress marrying—the right man. Look how much easier it is to play a part like Mrs. Darling in 'Peter Pan' if you've got children of your own, and had to sympathise with them in all their little troubles." But would it be acting?

MR. HENRY LONSDALE

The Lyceum seems to have been particularly fortunate in securing virile, handsome heroes, and Mr. Henry Lonsdale is a worthy successor to Basil Gill and Matheson Lang. He is another example of the close tie which exists between the Church and the Stage. Born in the Midlands, after leaving school he studied for Holy Orders, but before matriculating determined to join the dramatic profession.

"My favourite part," he told me, "is Jack Frobisher in 'The Walls of Jericho,' but naturally I enjoyed appearing in my own drama, 'The Race for Wealth.'

"Yes, music is one of my hobbies, and some of my compositions, such as 'La Violette Waltz,' have had a fair sale. Of all instruments the church organ appeals to me most, and I still remember how I enjoyed my lessons from Dr. Naylor at York Minster. Another hobby is riding, and this led to a unique season with S. F. Cody, of flying fame, at the Alexandra Palace. There I lived under canvas and took part in those picturesque and realistic spectacles of Wild West life."

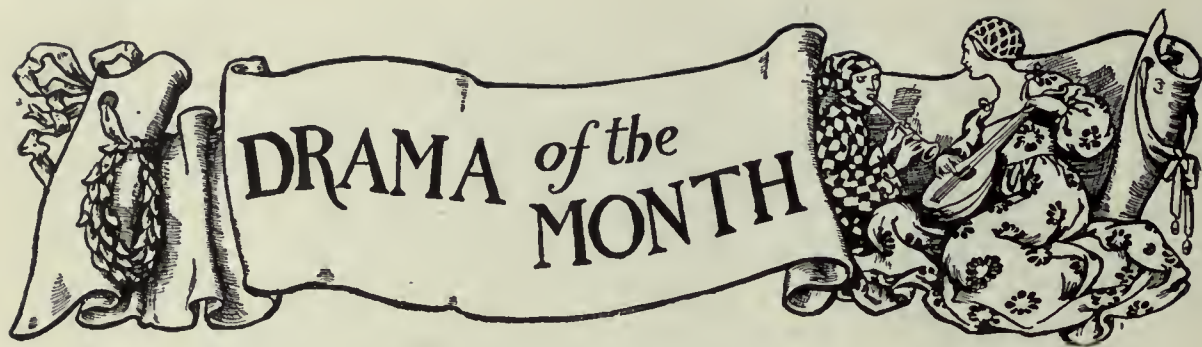
MISS EVA DARE

It is most refreshing in these days of self-advertisement to find the wife of a London theatrical manager who is quite content to remain "unstarred," and prefers to allow her acting to be judged by its merit alone. Thus, comparatively few theatre goers are aware that Miss Dare, who so admirably plays Clementine, is in private life Mrs. Walter Melville. When her husband arranged for his drama, "The Second Time on Earth," to be staged at the Adelphi, a young actress applied for a part and got it. She also appeared in "The Girl's Cross Roads," and during the run of that piece married the author. "I like Clementine," she said, "because it is the first character part I've played. Candidly I was desperately afraid of the shooting. To commence with I couldn't stand it at any price. Now I've become so accustomed to the noise I believe I'd actually miss it." Miss Dare is a keen motorist and a good musician.

MR. HERBERT WILLIAMS

The humour of Herbert Williams is full of ripe unctuousness, which proves irresistible and makes his Corporal Pache a perfect study in low comedy.

Born in Exeter, he was educated at All Saints, Clifton, where his great chum was Frank Dix, the popular pantomime author. He commenced with Roberts, Archer and Bartlett, and put in plenty of touring, taking parts like Tom Chuckle in "The Union Jack," etc. As a pantomime artist he has achieved a reputation for sound work, and is an established favourite in most of the large cities. At Liverpool he and George Graves played the Ugly Sisters in "Cinderella." Was nearly five years with the celebrated variety artists, the Bros. Luck, with whom he visited America. Two years ago he joined the Melvilles as principal comedian, appearing successfully in "The Sins of London" and "The Three Musketeers."



By *Ded Ned*

"Hindle Wakes"

By Stanley Houghton

Playhouse, July 16th, 1912

FANNY HAWTHORN was a typical Laneashire factory lass, and when she accepted Alan Jeffeote's invitation to spend a week-end with him at Llandudno, she was doing no worse than thousands of other young women of her class.

Fanny threw dust in the eyes of her parents by telling them that her absence from home during the time was due to a visit she was paying to a friend in Blackpool, but when the news of that friend's death on the Sunday reached the ears of her father and mother, Fanny's fibs were discovered.

Her parents were not so shocked on learning the truth as would have been the parents of a child of higher social position, and they faced the matter stoically. Mrs. Hawthorn was quite prepared to forget the incident in the hope that Alan would marry Fanny, for Alan was the son of the proprietor of the mill in which Fanny worked. Her father, expressing some surprise that what happened to many other lasses should have happened to his daughter, went off to Nathaniel Jeffeote with full details of the story.

Mr. Jeffeote promised that full reparation should be made, and the fact that the guilty young man was his own son did not shake him in his resolve. Alan must marry Fanny!

Now, Alan was about to marry a charming young person, Beatrice Farrar, and she, having learned the truth, insisted that Mr. Jeffeote, senior, was right. Alan must marry Fanny!

Alan had no alternative. He accepted the inevitable, and the story would have ended there, had not Fanny herself refused to marry him.

"No fear!" she told him; "you're not good enough for me. The chap Fanny Hawthorn

weds has got to be made of different stuff from you, my lad. My husband, if ever I have one, will be a man, not a fellow who'll throw over his girl at his father's bidding!"

So Fanny went away alone. She would not live at home, and, with complete confidence in her ability to fight her own battles, she started to make a way for herself in the world.

"Hindle Wakes" was one of the most interesting little plays I have seen for some time. Miss Horniman's company took their work seriously. There was a freshness over the whole performance that was delightful. It remains to be seen whether London audiences will sweeten up to the Laneashire dialect. Perhaps not, but that is their fault, rather than the fault of the play or the acting.

The cast included Miss Edyth Goodall, Miss Ada King, Mr. J. V. Bryant, Mr. Herbert Lomas, and Miss Sybil Thorndike, who took prominent parts in a performance remarkable for its excellence in every detail.

"The Ideal Wife"

By Marco Praga; translated by Mrs. T. C. Crawford
Vaudeville Theatre, July 15th, 1912.

JULIA CAMPIANI had the misfortune to be in love with two men at the same time. More unfortunate still, she was married to one of them. Her husband, Andrea, lived happily with her in sublime ignorance of her feelings towards the other man, a lawyer, named Gustavo Velati.

The fact that Julia and Andrea had a son, to whom they were devoted, did not act as a deterrent, and things might have gone on indefinitely as they were, or at least until Andrea discovered the truth.

But as time wore on Velati tired of her. He

wanted to settle down, marry, and live quietly. He had not the pluck to tell Julia that his love for her was, if not dead, much cooler, and Julia was not apparently aware of any slackening in the intensity of his passion. When at last the real state of Velati's mind became known to Julia, she begged him to let matters go on as they were, but he was tired of the affair, and she had to face the inevitable.

On one point Julia was most emphatic. Their relations must not be broken off suddenly; time was to be allowed for them to sinmer down. By this means her husband lived on in blissful ignorance of his wife's infidelity, and public scandal was avoided.

It wasn't altogether a "nice" sort of play. Elderly ladies might have had reason for slightly elevating their eyebrows, shrugging their shoulders, or whispering to one another, "Well, well!" or "Dear me! Dear me!" but it was conscientiously acted. Miss Ada Potter made no attempt to disguise the character. Julia knew exactly what she was and what she was doing.

Mr. C. M. Hallard as Velati gave a fine performance. It was one of the gems of the piece, and of the others Mr. Clarence Blakiston and Mr. Leslie Faber gave good accounts of themselves.

The Variety Theatres

The Alhambra

"The Guide to Paris" is still rippling along gaily at the Alhambra, the changes in the programme being confined to the first part. One of the most recent attractions was Chevalier Ernest Thorne, a clever illusionist, who kept the audience enthralled for nearly half an hour. A particularly attractive item in his programme was the filling of some fifty glasses from a jug of water, with any kind of beverage demanded by those in front. Whisky, beer, champagne, milk, and a dozen other drinks were called for and supplied immediately. Two trays loaded with filled glasses were handed round to those in the stalls, and all who tasted pronounced the respective flavours excellent. The only glass that went back with Chevalier Thorne, untouched, to the stage, was that filled with milk!

The original comedy acrobats, known as the Werds Brothers, did some marvellous things in an irresistibly funny way, the performance concluding by one of them falling into the orchestra and being helped up to the stage with his head through a drum. The Four Sensational Boises, who were described on the programme as "Human Aeroplanes," were aptly named. Swinging from trapeze to trapeze at a great

height, they flung themselves into one another's arms, caught each other by the heels, or hands, and risked their lives hundreds of times during a short ten-minute turn. Three men and a most charming girl composed the troupe.

The Palladium

Mr. Charles Gulliver has been fortunate in securing the particularly pretty sketch, "The Littlest Girl," in which Herbert Sleath played the part of the Hon. Jimmy Leyland; Frank Atherley, John Carruthers; A. E. Warren, the butler; and Miss Mattie Block, the Littlest Girl.

The playlet is adapted from Richard Harding Davis' story by Harry M. Vernon, and tells a story of heart interest, in which the mother of the Littlest Girl having left her husband, the child takes the part of a fairy at a theatre, is seen by a friend of her father, and taken home once more to share the parental roof.

Other turns at the Palladium during the month included Jean Aylwin, with songs from her repertoire; Louis Bradfield and company in a musical play, "The Gay Lady Doctor"—a rather simple little show, but pretty enough in parts—and that ever-popular favourite, Ruth Vincent. Arthur Playfair in "327 Finsbury" brought all his telling little mannerisms to the front, and the result was entirely successful. Then there was Robledillo, the "Cuban King of the slack and tight wire." He repeated the performance that brought him so much renown at the Alhambra. The Musical Gardiners, Phil Parsons, and Goodfellow and Gregson were other turns worth a word or two of special praise.

The Holborn Empire

A sketch from the pen of Sir Joseph Lyons was a feature on a recent bill at the Holborn Empire. Sir Joseph takes a good deal for granted, and the "long arm of coincidence" is stretched out a trifle longer than usual, in "Muvver, 'Liza, and the Moke."

A Mrs. Billings is awaiting the return of her son, who has been doing three weeks for assaulting a man who attempted to kiss his sweetheart. He arrives, as also does the owner of the tenement, who calls for his rent, and Josh discovers that he is the man he assaulted. The owner is about to remove the furniture, when he discovers a picture of his mother and himself on the wall. He learns that Mr. Billings rescued the woman and child from a fire, and in gratitude the landlord makes over the house and furniture as a wedding present to Josh and 'Liza.

The Drama in Paris.

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"La Foi"

Drama in 5 acts by M. Brieux. Music by M. Camille Saint-Saens.

Produced at the Theatre National d'Odeon.

THE play takes place in Egypt during the Middle Empire, several thousand years B.C. In the first act we are in the gorgeous palace of Rhéon, a rich Lord, and his blind wife, Mieris. The Pharaoh is harsh and cruel to him, and he rebels against the King and wishes to have his revenge. Like most of his class, he is a sceptic, although attending the services of the priests. Mieris, who has become blind, is a *dévoté*, and offers flowers to the goddess Isis that she may be able to see in the "dwelling of the Doubles" her little dead child, whom she has never seen.

The grand annual "feast of Designation" is near, when Ammon, the god of gods, by the intermediary of his priests, will designate the young Virgin, who will be thrown in the Nile to cause the overflow of the river, with all its attendant blessings.

Satni no longer believes in the gods. His friends hear him insult and mock at the gods, and yet not struck dead by lightning and thunder; he passes two dead beetles and does not die, and so they take him to be a god himself. Now the victim to be consecrated to the Nile is "designated," and she is no less a person than Yaoumi. Pharaoh's soldiers come to take her to be sacrificed, but a sudden storm arises and the rain and thunder disperse them, and she believes now that her lover, Satni, is a god. Rhéon sees in Satni the means of causing a rebellion against Pharaoh, and persuades and aids him to rouse the people by public meetings to overthrow the statues of the Egyptian gods. The revolt takes place. Rhéon has been exiled by Pharaoh, but before leaving he gives orders that his property should be given to the poor. The people will not take the property of such a good man, but go in a mob to rob and destroy the property of a neighbouring wicked lord. Satni is shocked at the crimes of the rebels. He tries to reason with them that they must not kill nor steal, but they will not listen to him. The revolt he has raised is too strong for him now. His

father, Pakh the Potter, is brought to him on a stretcher nearly dead. The old man begs his son to perform a miracle and heal him. Satni tells his father he is not able to work miracles, and Pakh, who has refused the last sacraments of his priests, dies in cursing his son. The blind Mieris, when she learns that Satni cannot restore her sight, having lost her faith in the old gods, goes and drowns herself. Yaoumi has ecstatic visions of Isis in heaven, and believes she is called to give herself up to the High Priest to be sacrificed. Now the High Priest is a wily politician, and agrees with Pharaoh to break the power of Satni. He says that religion is an instrument to keep the people in subjection. He sends for Satni and tells him the rebels must be brought back by gentle means, and that the people must have a religion, and although miracles are only "consoling illusions" and "religion only a comedy invented to keep the people quiet and orderly," yet it is really the least necessary evil. He persuades Satni that he can do much good by becoming a priest. Satni, in whom the religious teaching and practice of childhood is not quite lost, consents. The people come in crowds to the Temple of Isis to see the great marble head of Isis move as a sign that she has pardoned their sins. The head is moved by a hidden lever, and the priests show Satni how to work the miracle. He refuses at first, but when he sees the sick and lame, the blind and the poor imploring the aid of the goddess, and when the head does not move, cry out in despair, he is filled with pity and works the lever. The goddess moves her head and the miracle is performed, and the people's sorrow is changed to joy. Satni soon regrets his act of weakness. He shouts to the people that the miracle is a fraud, but they will not believe him now. His *fiancée*, Yaoumi, goes in an ecstasy to offer herself as a sacrifice, and the mob rush on him and beat him, and he is stabbed to death by one of his former disciples.

Charles Hart de Beaumont



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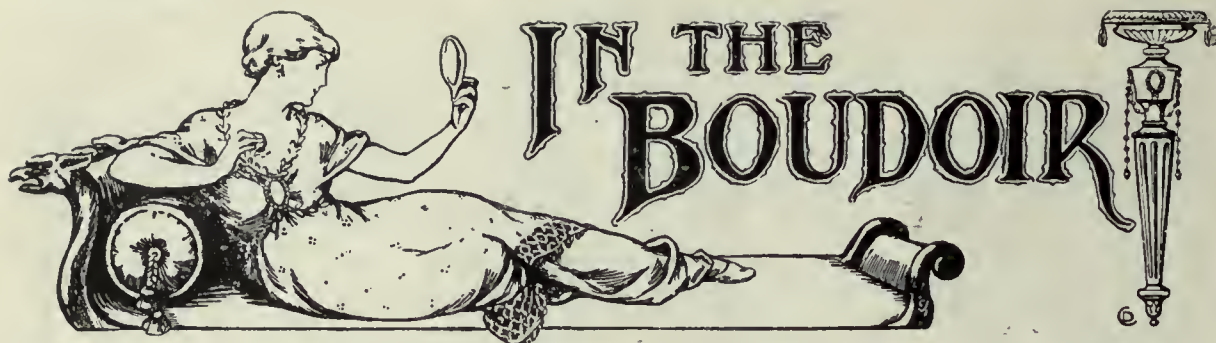
With faint rumours of forthcoming productions even now in the air, it is obviously too late, and quite indecent, to resurrect the happenings of last season. But bury them ever so gently, misdoings will out, and one may reasonably hark back to the past if it will in any way help us to appreciate what is looming ahead in the future. As a season it was undoubtedly more full of promise than performance. Out of all the many plays it was my duty to see, few are anything but blurred recollections, and even reading through my criticism of the moment—a hateful task—hardly sharpens the outlines. One sees that “Priscilla Runs Away” had no less than four productions, and one also recalls sadly that in no one of them was the Priscilla more than just adequate. More successful was the run on “The Admirable Crichton.” Four well-known clubs took this in hand, and in each case the result was highly satisfactory, the Bancroft representation, indeed, touching a very high level. “Idols” proved hardly worth doing, “Beauty and the Barge” is becoming almost as tiresome as “Mrs. Gorrings Necklace,” “Smith” has proved a boon to several pretty *ingénue* ladies who were beginning to give up the modern play as a bad job, and such exoties as “Don” and “Lady Patricia” have helped to redeem the season from monotony. For the rest, one looks over a long list of most familiar names and prays fervently that some time there may be a close season for some of the plays bountifully affected by the amateur.

The operatic societies—the advanced section, that is—have been quite up to date with “The Balkan Princess,” “King of Cadonia,” “Little Michus,” and “Belle of Brittany,” and they may be complimented on their enterprise, if not altogether on results. The more sedate have, as usual, repeated the Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire, of which, to be frank, I am getting more than a little tired. Perhaps the most suc-

cessful performances have been those of “Merric England,” by several societies, pride of place being given to the St. Nicholas representation for a week at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross.

To return to the dramatic section, the club that had the most successful season was, in our opinion, the Garrick, known familiarly to its supporters as the Gads. Its revival of “Oliver Twist” was excellent, and “If I were King” and “The Man from Blankney’s” completed a well-contrasted series. From a circular to hand, the executive intend being as energetic as ever, such “futures” as “The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,” “Old Heidelberg,” “A Woman of No Importance,” and “The Breed of the Treshams” being scheduled for production.

The Martin Harvey Club gave us a solitary performance of a new adaptation of “A Tale of Two Cities,” which proved to be quite enough. One looks forward to something better in the coming months. The Bancroft Club fully maintained its reputation with “Crichton,” as previously mentioned, “Priscilla Runs Away,” and “Captain Drew on Leave.” The Kit Marlowe Club, on the other hand, almost lost theirs with several indifferent representations of indifferent plays, and the Wyndham D.C., who might very easily do something very good, contented itself with modern society comedies, “Smith” and “Lady Frederick,” and an incursion into that very unconvincing “Little Damozel.” Lack of enterprise seems to permeate the executive, and now they have secured a really good juvenile lead, they might tackle almost anything. It would be unfair not to note that a strenuous effort was made to secure an original play for the last production, but the specimens of the “great unacted” submitted proved so terrifying that the attempt was incontinently abandoned. There are many others to comment upon, but art is long and space is short.



By Mrs. HUMPHRY ("Madge")

THE new material about which Paris has been raving is called *dentelle cheveu*, owing to the marvellous fineness of its texture. One would have thought that no fabric could possibly be more ethereal than silk muslin, chiffon, or ninon, but hair-lace is finer than all these, and consequently drapes in picturesque folds the softness of which is indescribable. Light and diaphanous as have been the gowns worn in England by the world that dresses, they are not to be compared in this respect with those seen at the Paris races and other resorts of the fashionable world. The adoption of the panier fashion was really led up to by the necessity of veiling in some degree these extremely thin gowns, and this has been encouraged by the wet and stormy weather, during which some of the best-dressed women, according to the canons of the hour, have presented the appearance of wearing trousers, at Goodwood. There is at the present time absolute liberty of choice between the tight skirt, hobbling the ankles, though wider above than it used to be, and the fuller skirt, with its soft falling folds.

AT TROUVILLE.

Paris is, of course, deserted now that August has arrived, but it was noticed that many of the smartest Parisiennes stayed on in Paris this year almost to the end of July, in imitation of our English fashion. Endless are the modes in which lace, *broderie anglaise*, chiffon, and the thinnest of silks have been made up into the smart frocks of the season. The waist is perceptibly longer in these, and the bodice arrangements vary from fichu folds to very wide turn-down collars, all, be it understood, with low necks. A lovely dress is in lemon-coloured voile with three deep flat frills arranged on the skirt, the uppermost headed with a wide insertion of Venetian point, and finishing a little above the knees. The upper part is finished with more lace, and the sleeves from the elbows to the wrists are filled in with gathered lace, ending in a frill falling over the hand. Pale colours are

in favour, as, for instance, a Bengal rose-coloured cotton voile made with the now fashionable pleated skirt. The tunic, vest, and sleeves are in *broderie anglaise*, and there is a belt of cherry-coloured satin. The tunic is very original, beginning in a point above the belt and slipped under it, falling to the knees in front, and making a train at the back, but not covering the back of the skirt above it. Originality shows in almost every frock one sees. Another has an underskirt of *broderie anglaise*, with tunic of cotton voile in aubergine-colour, buttoning straight down the front, but arranged in two long lines, front and back, caught together with porcelain buttons at the height of the knee, the *broderie anglaise* showing between. A turn-down pleated collar is in the cotton voile.

The French are past-masters—or past-mistresses—in the art of drapery, and they can manage the panier fashion much better than we do. But it must be remembered that they indulge in the eccentric to a much greater degree. As an instance, take a long overdress of *charmeuse* with straight sides from the shoulders to the foot of the skirt, and worn over a lace underdress. At a point just below the knees the *charmeuse* at the sides is drawn forwards to the front, and there fastened under a little ornament. This destroys the line of the whole garment, but yet it is a very favourite form of drapery just now. Much better is a silk overdress in which the fronts are turned back *à la laveuse*, one side caught down at the left of the waist and the other side cut to fit closely. Long sleeves, tight-fitting, complete the graceful overdress, which can be worn with any coloured skirt.

The development of the collar in Paris gowns goes on apace. One of these, in fine lawn with no trimming but a deep hem, not only covers the shoulders, but falls a third of the way down the arms, overpasses the waist in front, and makes a deep scoop at the back. One of the

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its use, commenced in good time, secures freedom from wrinkles, crows' feet, sallowness, and looseness of the skin, and so confers the enviable gift of a skin that pleases. Because I know that in Summer it frees the skin of freckles, tan, sunburn and soreness; in Winter it preserves its fabric's elasticity, smoothness, and natural humidity.

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Photo.]

[Munday.

Lyceum Theatre.

August 7th, 1912.

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In the Boudoir (*continued*)

newest forms of collar is that which consists of a broad shaped band which passes round the shoulders under a belt in front, and below it forms a point on either side. Edged with a little picot trimming, it makes a good supplement to the low-necked blouses of the moment, with its long sleeves, full at the elbows, tucked from thence to the wrist, and falling over the hand as far as the finger-joints. The belt is usually coloured, generally ecru, and finished with two large loops at the left of the waist.

Pretty Frock for a Garden Party.



White spotted net, with ruffles of pink silk at neck and sleeves. Pink satin at waist and knee. The net is mounted on silk, embroidered at hem and on bodice.

For the Trouville-Deauville races many wonderful toilettes have been prepared; one, for instance, entirely in white pleated mousseline-de-soie, the front panel embroidered in coloured wild flowers matching those with which the Tusean turn-down hat is trimmed, and supplemented by a knot of similar flowers at the waist. Black shadow lace trims the lower part of the front panel, and is carried round the skirt, completely encircling it. The wide turn-down collar is trimmed with similar lace, which also finishes the sleeves at the elbows. To add a further touch of completeness, the white silk sunshade has a border of the beautiful shadow lace.

The coat that made its appearance rather late in the season has achieved wide popularity. It is made with short basque and long sleeves in silk of soft texture and of various light tints. The latest edition of it has just come out in Paris, sleeveless, and buttoning down the left side, the buttons meeting a flat band of Oriental embroidery which, very originally, passes round the little coat in a diminishing curve, which ends in a band of the embroidery round the edge. It is extremely smart, and can be worn over white or any other summer gown.

A little invention which directly enhances the appearance of the figure is the Velvet Grip Stocking Supporter, which plays such an important part in our personal comfort. Its humble duties are the keeping in position of the stocking and holding the corset down on the hips. In the one ease stockings "gripped" by the "Velvet Grip" never slip on the leg, and the stockings are never torn by it; and on the other the patent attachment to the head of the supporter, which can be clipped to any pair of corsets, prevents the latter rising; thus, whilst allowing perfect freedom to the limbs, and being perfectly harmless to the garments, the Velvet Grip Stocking Supporter gives us what we search for in vain in other directions—*perfect freedom* and the *utmost comfort*—and last, but not least, a dignified bearing, resultant from and so necessary to the straight-fronted appearance; so inexpensively too!

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Society Notes

The Cowes Meeting

THAT great society gathering at Cowes this year for the Royal Yacht Squadron regatta will be long remembered as one of the most unpleasant within the experience of those whose names have been associated with the function for some length of time. It was anticipated that the presence of two monarchs—King George and King Alfonso—would have lent a brilliance to the meeting to which even the little town of Cowes, used to splendour as it is, was unaccustomed, but the terrible weather damped the spirits of the gayest. It is impossible to be merry at Cowes when the thermometer stands at a wintry level, when the white sails and yellow spars of the yachts are obliterated in the rain-mist, and when dense black clouds obscure the sun.

The Royal Yacht Squadron is considered to be the most exclusive club in the world. The Admiral is the King, and the Commodore is the Marquis of Ormonde. Many are the stories in circulation as to the difficulty prospective members have in getting elected. On one occasion a certain yachtsman was proposed for election by the late King Edward, but even such high influence failed to secure the coveted honour, and the gentleman had to face the disappointment of finding himself black-balled. To become a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron carries with it the privilege of flying the white ensign, and is a social distinction envied by many, but it is just one of those distinctions that money alone will not buy.

To Sir Maurice FitzGerald fell the honour of giving the Prince of Wales his first experience of yacht racing. The young Prince formed one of a party on Sir Maurice's beautiful yacht *Julnar*, other guests including Captain Philip Hunloke and Lady FitzGerald. Sir Maurice is very fond of yachting, having been owner of the famous *Satanita*, which took so many prizes in the Solent. He is also owner of several race-horses. Sir Maurice is the twentieth Knight of Kerry, a title which has been considered prescriptive from early times. John FitzThomas FitzGerald, Lord of Deeries and Desmond, was the founder of the family, who, on marrying a

second time, created three of his sons hereditary knights, known as the "White Knight," the "Knight of Glin," and the "Knight of Kerry."

James Edward William Theobald Butler is the third Marquess and twenty-first Earl of Ormonde. He joined the 1st Life Guards in 1863, retiring as captain in 1873, and commanded the Royal East Kent Yeomanry from 1883 till 1894. The Marquess owns about 25,000 acres in Ireland, but comparatively little land in England. The Earldom was created in 1328, but the title of Marquess of Ormonde was not created until 1825. The Marquess is passionately fond of yachting, and is regarded as one of the finest authorities on the sport. In spite of the inclement weather, he took considerable interest in the racing, and his familiar figure on the Squadron platform was constantly to be seen. The Marquess will be sixty-eight in October next, but he still looks a young man.

Another very well-known and popular member of the Royal Yacht Squadron is the Duke of Leeds. The Duke is Vice-Commodore of the Club, and owner of the *Corisande*, a fine vessel aboard which his Grace spends a considerable part of his time during the yachting season. Cowes week for the Duke of Leeds is not all pleasure; he is a working official of the R.Y.S., his duties as Vice-Commodore being many.

Although Cowes week is regarded as a social event, the majority of the men are keen sportsmen, and look forward to the regatta from the sporting point of view. One of the keenest men at Cowes is Lord Dunraven, whose yacht *Cariad* won the King's Cup. On two occasions his Lordship has endeavoured to wrest the America Cup from the Yankees, but his efforts proved unavailing. It is not likely that Lord Dunraven will try to secure the Cup again, for his opinion as to the "sporting" instincts of our friends across the water, and the opinions of many others who were over there on those memorable occasions, are very decided. All true yachtsmen agree that Lord Dunraven would have brought the Cup back with him had the game been played as openly and as fairly as it is in the Solent.



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"DRAKE"

By **LOUIS N. PARKER**

Produced at His Majesty's Theatre, London, September 3rd, 1912



[Photo]

[“Daily Mirror” Studios.]

Elizabeth (Miss Amy Brandon-Thomas): “Oh, shadow, go before for once.”

"Drake."

The Story of the Play.

By H.V.M.

DRAKE, the sailor, the pirate, the lover, the patriot, the knight, the idol of England and the champion of her freedom! That is the Drake we look upon and hear in Louis N. Parker's play.

"Who in the name of Heaven is Drake?" asked Queen Elizabeth. And before long the whole world had answered her question. He was a common marauding sailor, with a lust for fighting and justice, a man of indomitable will, a man with the heart of a child and the power of a king.

Next to his country, Drake loved Elizabeth Sydenham. For her sake and for her "thank you kindly," he singed the Spanish King's beard, captured his treasure, and destroyed for ever his great Invincible Armada that was to put a yoke on England.

Drake's career was traced from that chamber at Hampton Court where he first met and spoke to his Queen, threatening revenge against the Spaniards in spite of the protestations of the Queen's advisers.

He crossed the Isthmus of Darien, fell upon the Spaniards, and returned to hear the shouts of welcome on the quay at Plymouth; to learn that his love for Elizabeth Sydenham had not been in vain, and to marry her in secret.

Once more Drake started on his voyage of revenge, in the knowledge of his Queen. But there was treachery on board the "Golden Hind," and treachery must be punished. A traitor must die, even though he be the oldest and dearest friend of his judge. Thomas Doughty heard his sentence of doom pronounced by a man to whom justice was more than friendship.

After three long years the "Golden Hind" lay alongside the quay at Deptford. Drake had established the right of the English sailor to traverse the seas in safety. He had plundered the Spanish ships and driven them from the Southern seas.

Crowds lined the quayside to wait the arrival of the Queen, who was to honour the valiant commander of the "Golden Hind" with a visit. Drake appeared on the quay some time before his royal visitor, and the welcome given him by his countrymen was as genuine as it was loud.

The dainty Elizabeth rushed into the arms of her husband, and shortly after the Queen, with her ladies and court attendants, were seen wending their way towards the weather-worn, battered little vessel.

Queen Elizabeth was proud of her subject. She complimented him upon his success, and what he had done for his country. But the Spanish ambassador interfered, haughtily demanding the cessation of Drake's voyages.

In reply the Queen handed a sword to the emissary of the Duke of Alençon, and bade him confer the honour of knighthood upon the astonished Drake.

Phillip of Spain determined to crush the English. He prepared the Fortunate and Invincible Armada and sent it up the Channel to wreak bloodshed and slaughter on his foes. But he had reckoned without Drake.

Drake was playing bowls when the news of the approaching fleet arrived. "There is time," said he, "to finish the game and beat the Spaniards too!"

And Drake did both.

Led by Drake in the "Revenge," the undermanned little ships of England's first navy went out to meet their powerful enemy. With what result is known to every Englishman! Hampered and disheartened by the small English ships, one by one the great Spanish vessels struck and surrendered. Others sank or were burned to the water's edge. Others, again, turned and fled, some to the westward, some to the eastward, there to meet destruction on the rocks and to pound their huge timbers to fragments on the stormy shores of their enemy.

The great Armada was destroyed. The Spanish yoke was east off for ever, England was mistress of the seas, and she was proud of Sir Francis Drake.

There were, however, courtiers who still envied and hated him, and who conspired to kill him. A great thanksgiving service was being held at Old St. Paul's. There the Queen and her great ladies, the nobles and the people of her land, would offer thanks to God for mercies vouchsafed.

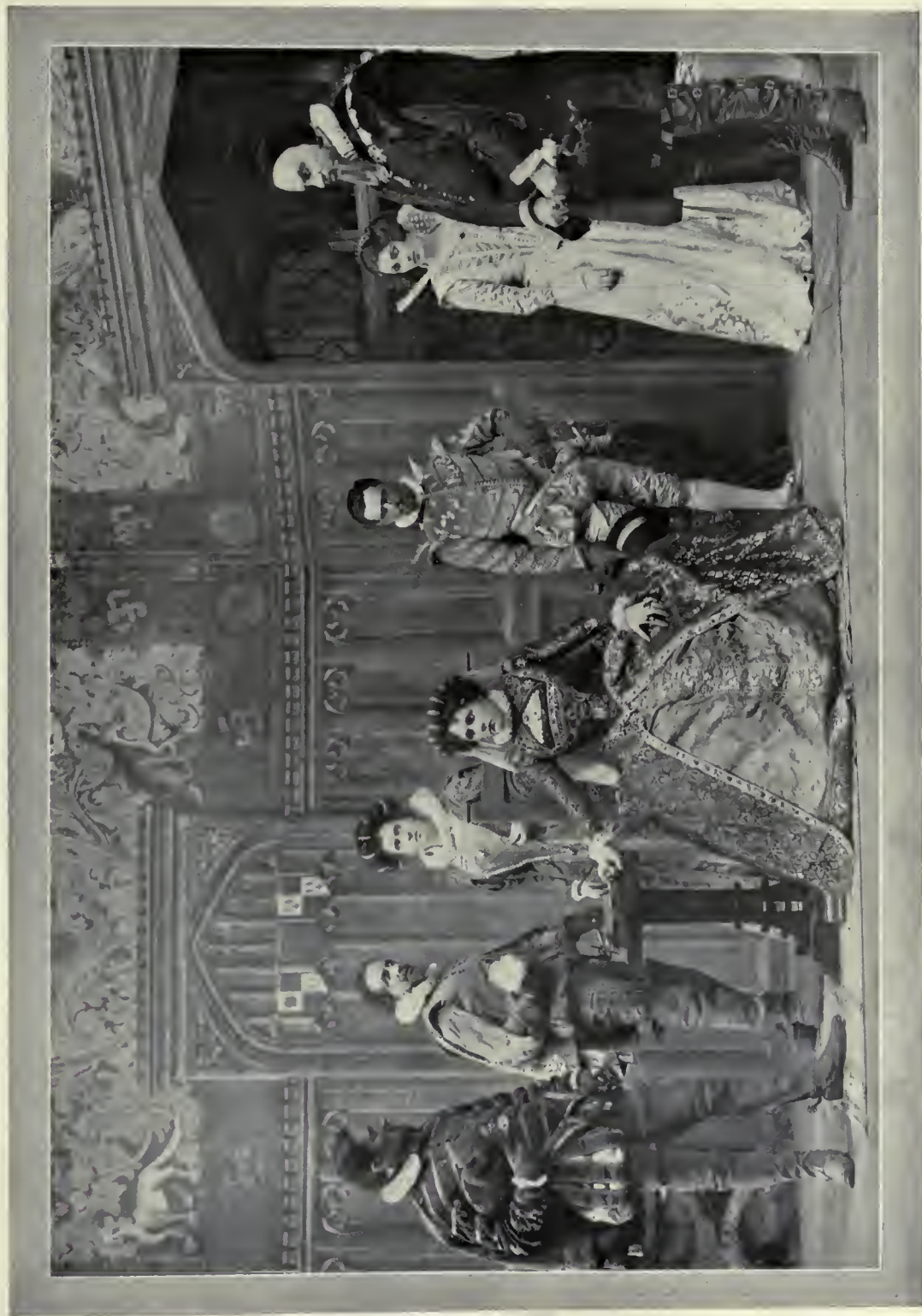
Just as Drake advanced towards the Queen an assassin struck him. But the blow miscarried, leaving only a rent in his coat. Calmly he walked up the steps of the Cathedral. Elizabeth knelt and prayed while all heads were bowed.

Then shouts for Drake grew loud and long.

Slowly he left his wife's side and faced the people.

"The little spot ye stand on," he said, "has become the centre of the earth. Men of England! Hitherto we have been too much afraid! Henceforth we will fear only God!"

The Queen hears of England's Defeat.



Photo]

Queen Elizabeth (Miss Phyllis Nelson-Terry) : "A lie—my sailors are all over the world."

["Daily Mirror" Studios.

Drake arrives at the Palace



Queen: "The treacherous villain! The malapert! Where is he?"



Photos]

Queen: "Now, Master Drake, what brought you to Hampton Court?"

["Daily Mirror" Studios.

Drake Speaks his Mind



Photo

"Daily Mirror" Studios.

Queen: "Here's plain speech. Vengeance upon whom?"

Drake (MR. LYN HARDING): "Upon a parcel of as treasonable damned rogues as crawl upon God's earth."

Burleigh's Interference



John Doughty (MR. HERBERT WARING): "Ah! Don Pedro, my brother, Thomas Doughty."



Photos

Lord Burleigh (MR. BASSETT ROE): "This is insufferable."
Queen: "Ay—for those who do not love fresh air."

["Daily Mirror" Studios.
Lynd Harding

Thomas Doughty warns Don Guerau D'Espes



Thomas Doughty (MR. PHILIP MERIVALE): "Don Guerau, I heard you were here, and I come with a friendly warning. Her Majesty is most amazingly angered."

Drake: "But what shall I bring you? A chain of pearls?"



[Photos]

["Daily Mirror" Studios.]

On the Isthmus of Darien



Photos Drake : "A stray shot!
They're upon us."



Drake : "Faith! He shall be my state drummer."

[*"Daily Mirror"* Studios.

The Sea of Gold



Drake: "Come, gladden your eyes. Look!"



Drake is attacked by a Spanish Officer.



Photos

Frobisher (Mr. WILLIAM HARBERD): "What ails the captain?"

["*Daily Mirror*" Studios.

The Quay at Plymouth



Drake : " Now, Diego, if you've mastered a roll, let 'em have it!"



Photos

Sir George Sydenham (MR. HENRY MORRELL) : " How dare you speak to my daughter!"

[" Daily Mirror " Studios.

Drake meets Elizabeth's Father



Drake: "Ah! Her father. Worthy knight, I rejoice to know you."



Photos]

The crowd cries, "Shoulder him! Up wi' him!"

["Daily Mirror" Studios.

In Drake's Garden at Plymouth



Rev. Francis Fletcher (MR. BEN FIELD): "Alas, madam, my poor wits ran but to three hundred and forty lines."



Photos]

["Daily Mirror" Studios.

Queen: "Mr. Drake has done well, Mr. Drake shall be General."

The Conspirators



Burleigh: "Mister Doughty, you must hinder it."

Thomas Doughty: "I tell you I will not sail with him."



Photos]

Queen: "Here we commit this sword into thy keeping, and we do account that he which striketh at thee, Drake, striketh at us."

"Daily Mirror" Studios.

R. H. Hardy

Drake's Cabin on the "Golden Hind"



Vicary (Mr. ANTHONY WARD): "I cannot drink with you, Mister Drake."



Photos]

Drake: "I lay my sword on the table."

["Daily Mirror" Studios.

The Trial of Thomas Doughty



Drake (holding sword) : "Here is my commission."



Photos]

Drake : "Here, under your own hand you plan to murder me."

["Daily Mirror" Studios.]

The "Golden Hind" at Deptford



Queen : "How came you all in such a plight?"

Drake : "Ah, madam, they that fare through Magellan's Straits pay a heavy toll."



Photo

Queen : "Drake, give me back the sword thou had'st of me in thy garden at Plymouth."

[*"Daily Mirror"* Studios.]

The Famous Game of Bowls



Dame Drake : "So then, towards Spain for luck."



Photos]

[*"Daily Mirror" Studios.*

Drake : "What, Nicholas Fleming, the outlaw!"
--*Fleming* (MR. HOWARD ROSE) : "The Spaniards are upon us!"

On the Steps of the Cathedral



[Photo]

["Daily Mirror" Studios.]

Sir Francis and Lady Drake.

The Great Thanksgiving



Photo

Drake : " Men of England ! Hitherto we have been too much afraid. Henceforth we will fear only God ! "

[" Daily Mirror " Studios.



Miss Amy
Brandon-Thomas
as
Elizabeth Sydenham

Five of
the Players in
"DRAKE."



Mr. Lyn Harding
as
Sir Francis Drake.



Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry
as Queen Elizabeth.



Mr.
Herbert
Waring
as
John
Doughty.

Mr.
Philip
Merivale
as
Thomas
Doughty.



Photos] ["Daily Mirror" Studios.

Two of the Principals.

By John Wightman

MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY

THERE is no young actress on the stage so richly endowed by nature as Miss Neilson-Terry. Rare charm, classic beauty, a rich sympathetic voice and an intellect beyond the average is surely a splendid equipment for the profession she now adorns. But when to all these gifts is added the dramatic genius she inherits from her parents, it is not surprising to find both Press and public unanimous in predicting for Miss Terry a brilliant future. Indeed, already her record is quite extraordinary.

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry (Miss Julia Neilson), she was born in London on October 15, 1892. She received her early education at Westgate-on-Sea, afterwards going to Paris. By this time, although but a girl, she showed great musical ability, and on returning from abroad, by her own desire commenced studying singing at the Royal Academy with a view to going in for grand opera.

But that spark of dramatic genius I have already referred to was not to be denied, and eventually at the Opera House, Blackpool, in October, 1909, she made her first professional appearance. The piece was "Henry of Navarre," and few of the audience guessed in the girl called Phillida Terson who played Marie de Bellefôret, the talented Terry family had given another valuable recruit to the British stage.

The origin of her theatrical *nom-de-plume* is rather interesting, the surname being composed of the first syllable of her father's name and last syllable of her mother's. Her London *début* soon followed, for in January, 1910, she appeared at the New Theatre in the same part, subsequently playing Marguerite de Valois during her mother's illness.

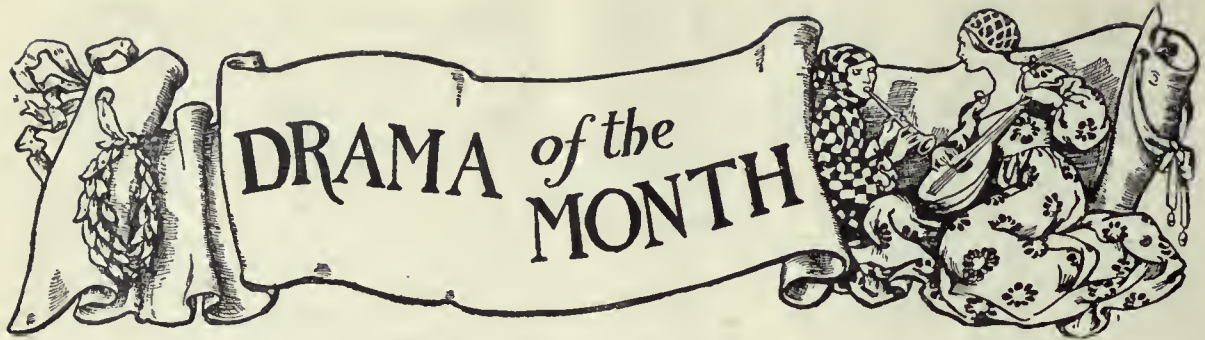
Triumph succeeded triumph, amongst them being her exquisite Viola in "Twelfth Night" at His Majesty's, to her father's Sebastian. As Princess Priscilla at the Haymarket, she captured all hearts, while later on her sweet Juliet and joyous Rosalind materially added to her growing reputation. Fresh, also, in the memory of playgoers, is her Portia and Trilby, the latter considered by many critics to be the best yet seen. And now, though hardly out of her teens, she is giving a wonderful acting impersonation of the middle-aged Queen Elizabeth.

"When cast for this character," she told me the other evening, "I determined not to attempt an elderly 'make-up.' Besides, good Queen Bess was remarkably well preserved, as you can see

from this portrait which I took for my guide," added Miss Terry, with a laugh. "She must have been a strong, healthy woman to wear such tremendously heavy dresses, for I find them most tiring. Yes, I like the part, and enjoyed studying it, although in comparison with most of my others, its seven pages seemed quite short. It is really more a thinking than a speaking part, which does not make it any easier." "And what about the future?" I asked, "I suppose you will be wanting to tackle Hermione, seeing you have pretty well exhausted Shakespeare's younger heroines?" "Good gracious, no," was the reply, "I infinitely prefer Isabella or Lady Macbeth, both of which appeal to me; but meanwhile I'm quite content."

MR. LYN HARDING

Mr. Lyn Harding, who plays the name-part in Mr. Louis N. Parker's pageant-drama at His Majesty's, is an actor who has come into his kingdom through the pathway of hard provincial experience. For over twelve years he not only toured the length and breadth of his own country, but in all sorts of places abroad, including India and Japan, where the native acting excited his lively admiration. Starting in 1890, it was not until 1902 that he made his first success in London, followed by another hit at the Royalty in a piece called "A Snug Little Kingdom." Then Sir Herbert Tree, ever on the look-out for promising actors, engaged him for His Majesty's, where for the next few years he earned golden opinions by his fine work in such widely divergent parts as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Bill Sikes, and an inimitable performance of F. B. in "Colonel Newcome." In the gorgeous revival of "Anthony and Cleopatra" he played Enobarbus, and when "The Red Lamp" was revived, scored heavily as General Morakoff. And now it seems most fitting that in the theatre where for many years his conscientious acting materially strengthened the various productions, he should occupy the proud position of playing lead in one of the most ambitious ventures. I remember Mr. Harding once telling me that the majority of his stage models were taken from life—for instance, Dr. Rylott, his weird study in "The Speckled Band," was a portrait of a man he once met in Scotland; while Bill Sikes was the result of numerous visits to criminal courts; but Drake, I believe, is based on the statue of the bold mariner which stands on Plymouth Hoe.



By *Ded Ned.*

"Ready Money."

By James Montgomery.

New Theatre, August 12th, 1912.

MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH made his bow to the playgoing public as a manager with "Ready Money" at the New Theatre. The title is a good one for the first play under a new manager, and he should make plenty out of it.

The author set himself out to prove his assertion, through one of his characters, that you must show money before you can get money. Young Stephen Baird was on the rocks. Everything he tried fizzled out. He had an option on a gold mine in Arizona, but it looked like falling through for want of capital to take it up. Then Jackson Ives put in an appearance. He lent Stephen several thousand dollar bills, and calmly told him they were counterfeit. Stephen would have returned them had not Ives explained that all he had to do was to show the money to his friends. Stephen determined to try the experiment, and the result astounded him. His friends literally fell over one another in their eagerness to buy stock. He got the capital subscribed several times over. Conscience pricked him, and he confessed that no gold had been found. But the sight of the bills was enough; his friends refused to take their money back.

In the general excitement of the rush, Ives quietly informed Stephen that detectives were on his track, and that as Stephen held the bills he was also liable to arrest. So they decided to post the notes. Before they could do so, the detectives arrived, and discovering a sealed envelope, opened it, only to find some literature concerning the mine, for the envelope had been deftly exchanged by Stephen.

A second time they were tracked, and this time the bills were discovered. But they were such clever forgeries that they were pronounced good!

Once more the counterfeiter and the almost too innocent Stephen were set free. Even Stephen was astonished and lost in admiration for Ives' work.

Gold was discovered on the mine, and Stephen had the capital to work it, so that he was after all able to marry the girl of his choice, with an unstained character and a clear conscience.

Criminal though he was, Jackson Ives had the soul of an artist, and, his finest work having been doubted, he tore the counterfeit money to shreds.

Mr. Allan Aynesworth played Jackson Ives. It was something quite new in stage villains. He wrapped the vice in a garment of fine rich texture, making it positively attractive. It was one of the finest pieces of acting Mr. Aynesworth has yet given us. And there is nothing but praise for Mr. Kenneth Douglas, who once more returned to his usual style (so different from the unnatural Kenneth Douglas as the Guide to Paris). The fact that Stephen Baird was too much of a fool ever to get himself into such a position was the fault of the author rather than the actor. Captain West, the American "'tee," was cleverly played by Mr. Franklyn Roberts. Here, too, was the touch of the genuine artist. Mr. Frank Denton, Mr. A. E. Benedict, Mr. Tom Shelford, Mr. Owen Roughwood, Mr. Harry Cane, Mr. Hubert Willis, Miss Hilda Antony, and the other members of the excellent company, played with distinction.

"Little Miss Llewelyn."

By Frantz Fonson and Fernand Wicheler.

Vaudeville Theatre, August 31st, 1912.

IT must be very gratifying to Miss Hilda Trevelyan and Mr. Edmund Gwenn to record the success of their first attempt at management. It is a triumph not vouchsafed to every partnership.

There is much to interest one in "Little Miss

Llewelyn," and a good deal to amuse. The play tells the story of a young man, Walter Barrington, who went down from London to serve an apprenticeship in the office of a flourishing local licensed victualler in Carmarthen. Enos Llewelyn was a thorough Welshman. He was ambitious, but for what we should consider small honours. To be elected the president of the local Licensed Victuallers' Association was the sum total of his desires, and his failure was the cause of a great deal of family unpleasantness. Mrs. Llewelyn constantly giped him, and the little man grew irritable and harsh. His daughter saved many a scene, acting as peace-maker between her father and mother.

Naturally enough, Walter Barrington fell in love with her. She was engaged to be married to young Thomas Griffiths, so his tongue was tied. He could not tell her of his love. Thomas had done a great deal for Enos Llewelyn in proposing him as a candidate for the presidency of the association, and Enos was therefore glad to have him for a son-in-law.

But things turned out otherwise. A secret leaked out: Thomas had a child! The mother was a working girl, and for that reason he could not marry her. When she heard of it, little Miss Llewelyn was quite sweet and charming to Thomas. She did not clasp her hands and wail. Oh, dear, no! There was nothing like that about Miss Llewelyn. She merely told him quietly that he must marry the mother of his child instead of her. Thomas was quite willing to do so if his father consented.

Now, it had happened that Thomas himself was born before his parents married, as Miss Llewelyn knew, and she used that knowledge to obtain Mr. Griffiths's consent.

Meanwhile, Mr. Barrington, senior, arrived from London, in time to hear his son's speech at the meeting in support of the election of Enos Llewelyn. It is hardly necessary to add that Enos was elected, and when he heard that his daughter and Walter were in love with one another, the little man was quite overcome. And there was joy that day in the house of Llewelyn.

Mr. Edmund Gwenn and Miss Hilda Trevelyan gave clever performances. Mr. Gwenn is a very versatile actor, and he seemed to live the part of the little shopkeeper, while Miss Trevelyan played the title rôle as though she had lived in the shop in Carmarthen all her life. There were honours, too, for Mr. R. A. Hopkins as Thomas, and Miss Hannah Jones as Mrs. Llewelyn. I did not care for Mr. Ronald Squires' conception of Walter Barrington. It should have been rather more robust and real.

The play was mounted with exceptional regard to detail, and the whole production provided a capital entertainment.

The Variety Theatres

The Tivoli

I found a packed house at the Tivoli when I went there a few days ago to hear Marie Lloyd in one or two of her latest songs. The audience gave her a welcome that seemed almost to surprise her, used as she is to thunders of applause. Among the other stars on the programme were the names of Violet Loraine, that consummate actress who can put such a world of meaning into a glance; Dan Crawley, a popular comedian of the red-nose variety; the Ten-Ka Troupe, Japanese jugglers, who did wonderful things with a stream of water; Jen Latona, who took the house into her confidence, and made them sing her choruses; and Charles Norton, a minnie to whom you have only to listen and close your eyes, to imagine you are listening to the originals. It was an excellent show.

The Hippodrome

Pipifax and Panlo, the quaint couple of eccentrics who made the King and Queen laugh, repeated their seemingly simple, yet clever and very funny, performance. When Walter Kelly stepped on the stage to give his inimitable sketch of a morning in a Virginian police-court, the house tittered. As he proceeded they laughed loudly, and before he concluded they were roaring! Miss Clarice Mayne and "That" were obviously big favourites, for they had to repeat several items, whilst the famous Czech Dancers from Prague received their full measure of applause. A capital programme—but then, it always is a capital programme at the Hippodrome.

The Palladium

One of the principal events during the month at this huge house was the turn of Lalla Selbini, the only successor to the Great Lafayette. In her programme was included the delusion, "The Lion's Bride." Mr. Arthur Bourehier's production, "Seven Blind Men," was a thrilling piece of work, and should be seen by every playgoer. T. E. Dunville, Ella Retford, and many others appeared at the Palladium with success.

Mr. Charles Gulliver was also able to secure the great Cavalieri for one week. This artist was passing through the country, spending his time, more or less, resting, when Mr. Gulliver secured him. He is a protean artist of exceptional skill, and he has appeared before the monarchs of Russia, France, and Italy, in each case playing in the tongue of their country.

The Drama in Paris.

By CHARLES HART DE BEAUMONT, D.C.L.

"Playgoer" Offices: 56, Rue de l'Université, Paris.

THIRTY-THREE theatres and music halls closed their doors for what Parisians call *la morte saison* during two months. A hundred years ago the fashion was for the "smart set" to go in *villigature* to escape the broiling sun of Paris, and although the climate has changed and the conditions of life are quite different, Parisians go away to Trouville, Dieppe, or up in the mountains, and Paris is invaded by armies of American, English, German and other tourists, besides immense crowds of provincials. The cafés, restaurants, and a few theatres that open with "scratch" troupes make their fortunes. The theatre managers know that this *morte saison* is really the most profitable of the year, yet as it is *l'habitude français* they keep toeing the line of absurd conventionalism.

The English and American artistes, such as Miss Compton, Meg Villars, Miss Howe, Gen. Williams, the Sisters Phillips, the Sydney Girls, and the troupes of English dancers, have scored success all round.

The old and popular Folies-Dramatiques have given us the first new play of the new season.

"La Ribaude."

Musical Comedy in three acts, by M. Albert Verse.
Music by M. A. Sablon.

Produced at the Theatre Folies-Dramatiques.

The Comte de Sorbière was impecunious, and everybody in the castle was hard up. The only way out of the difficulty was for the Vicomte Urbain to make a rich marriage.

It just happened that the rich Baron de Montcornet had a daughter Blanche, whom he wanted to get off his hands. Blanche, although she had never seen Urbain, was quite willing to give her heart and fortune to him, for she had been sighing for several years: "Oh, if I only had someone to love me." The Baron and Blanche arrived on a visit to the Count, and all was going well. But in the neighbouring city there was a troop of strolling players (*Ribaudes*), who had adopted and brought up a little child they had found abandoned on a door-step. The infant had grown up into a beautiful young woman known as Apolline. Amongst the many who loved her were Urbain and Tristan. The latter, the Steward's son, was a fine, handsome young fellow, and the young Vicomte was not. Both confided to the Steward that they were dying for love of Apolline. The Vicomte told

the Steward that he must find some means to prevent him marrying Blanche, so that he can be near Apolline. He pretends to be mad, and when the notary and the company arrive to witness the signing of the marriage contract, they see the mad antics of Urbain. The marriage does not take place.

The second act opens with a good view of the strolling players and gipsy life. Cadouche brings a letter and a large bouquet of flowers to Apolline on behalf of Urbain. He is not received well by her, and we have some good comic business and pretty singing. Tristan arrives with his offering of flowers, and, as he is a nice young man, Apolline receives him kindly—oh, so kindly! However, to obtain her hand in marriage *à la Ribaude* he must enrol himself as one of the *truanderie*, band of "rogues and vagabonds," as strolling players were then called, and rob the first passer-by. Cadouche, his father, turns up in time to be robbed, and, after some good stage business, Tristan proves himself a good member of the band. Urbain now thinks he will have a try himself, as his ambassador, Cadouche, has not succeeded. Apolline sends him away because he is known to be a fool. Urbain says he has only been pretending to be a fool, but Apolline says: "The more a fool pretends not to be a fool, the greater is his folly." The Baron de Montcornet recognises Apolline as his long-lost daughter; Apolline takes pity of her newly found sister, Blanche, and says marriage will cure Urbain of his madness, and there are two marriages.

The play is well mounted, and the music reminds one of certain airs in "Rigoletto," "Faust," "Mignon," and other popular operas. Some of it is excellent, especially a catchy valse tune danced by Apolline. Mlle. Melodia, as Blanche, sings well; Mlle. Tauriol-Bauge is full of life and go as Apolline, and reminds one of Marie Tempest in days of old. M. Launy, as Cadouche, did remarkably well. I should like to see Huntley Wright in the rôle; it would suit him down to the ground. M. Casa, as Urbain, in fine baritone voice, and M. de Pommarayrac, in a sweet tenor voice, did the lovers' business as well as could be expected of them.

Charles Hart de Beaumont



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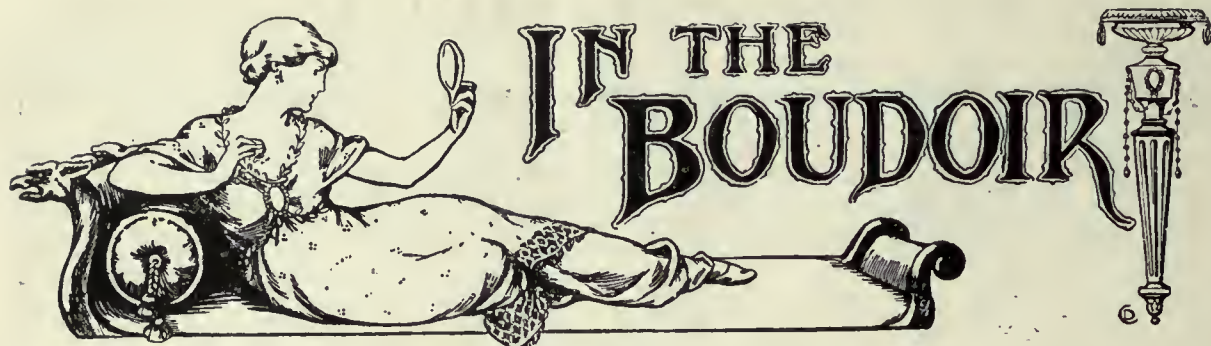


What, I wonder, are to be the plays for the coming season? The agents' lists contain nothing very new, and most of the clubs have either not notified their intentions or not made up their programme. What there is to hand promises well on paper, but I shall be glad if secretaries will communicate with me as soon as possible, so that the usual complete list can be prepared for next month's issue.

I referred last month to the Garriek Club's intentions. Out of the five provisional plays, it is odds-on, I should say, that "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" will be one of the definite selections. It would presumably be the first amateur production of the play, for until quite recently it was not available for amateurs, a refusal which always seemed a little unfair, seeing that it is mainly due to them that the early Pinero farces are still theatrically alive. Apparently, also, there is to be a vogue for the "new" dramatic author, Mr. B. Macdonald Hastings. Himself a well-known amateur actor until actor-managers persuaded him he could write better than he could act, his "Love—and What Then?" is already scheduled by two societies. I suggest humbly that the Vaudeville Dramatic Club might very well mark his connection with them by producing "The New Sin," with the last act as duly paraphrased. One of these days, by the way, I hope to see that Mr. Hastings has attributed part at least of his knowledge of stage technique to his experience in the art of amateur "mumming."

The Edward Terry Dramatic Club—of which Sir John Hare is the new president, in succession to the late Mr. Edward Terry—announce amongst others, John Galsworthy's "Joy." One is too keen on clubs attempting these novelties to wish in any way to throw cold water on such honourable projects, but at first thought the same author's "Silver Box" would seem a much easier and infinitely more effective play to do. I see, too, that "The Admirable Crichton" is again to be heard of, that "At the Barn" is

to receive its early baptism, and that "The Witness for the Defence" is down for immediate production. Well, here are a few novelties, you will say. Agreed! And many thanks for them. But what of the plays that either are not played, or if at all, very seldom? As one keenly interested in the latter-day developments in play-writing, I confess nothing would please me better, if only the better-known clubs would take them up, than a series of representations of such shows as "The Voysey Inheritance," "The Return of the Prodigal," "Strife," "The Silver Box," "The Cassilis Engagement," "Chains," "Don," and such-like trifles, including, of course, the ubiquitous Shaw, and I positively yearn for a London society such as exists at Stockport, where the play of ideas forms the staple fare of the season. However, I recognise that the average club-follower would be paralysed at such a programme, and I only ask the selection committees to be a *leettle* more enterprising. For instance, I would say to the Wyndham people, "Keep your society comedies, in the representation of which you excel, but give us at least one drama." I would suggest a play such as "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" to them. They have an admirable Lady Cicely, and two men who could play respectively Brassbound and Sir Howard Hallam better than any two other amateurs playing to-day. I would say to the Martin Harvey Club: "Here's the 'Devil's Disciple' to your hand; try and forget that your President even exists." And I would say to all clubs: "Don't be afraid to try experiments. The old hands aren't getting younger, and the young ones are bursting for opportunities." And if you are looking for plays that, if not new, are not worn out by constant repetition, what is the matter with "What Every Woman Knows," "Mrs. Dot," "The Ambassador," "Just to Get Married," "What the Public Wants," "The Wilderness," "The Education of Elizabeth," "Diana of Dobson's," or "Pilkerton's Peerage"?



By Mrs. HUMPHRY ("Madge")

THE NEW EMBROIDERED NINONS.

THERE was never anything more dazzling in the way of dress than the new embroidered ninons, many of them in brilliant colours, and often these tints are intermingled with a curiously subtle effect. For instance, the shade of majenta pink known as Bordeaux, and called after the delicious plum of that title, is embroidered in lustre diamanté, and is lined throughout with lemon colour. Again, a very brilliant tint of cherry is lined with deep indigo blue. These contrasts sound startling, but as a matter of fact they produce a modified effect which could not be expected of hues so brilliant. Perhaps the white and the black ninons are the more refined, but these again are embroidered with extraordinarily lavish effect in diamanté, which, by the way, is more used than ever. A simple dress for a young girl is in white crêpe-de-chine, and has a band of the jewelled embroidery running round the base of the skirt, and carried up in two tall sprays of lilies in the front. The bodice is embroidered in the now prevailing berthe shape, with kimono sleeves ending midway between the shoulder and elbow with a band of embroidery.

MORE EXAMPLES.

One of these garments is in dahlia pink ninon, the tunic opening in front, the sides bordered with lustre crystals and diamanté; the garment is edged with a band of similar embroidery, and is mounted over deep purple ninon. A curious feature of this dress is that the fastenings up the back of the bodice and for a short way down the back of the skirt are simulated in these crystals. It has a new sleeve; the ordinary short one, and over it a double Russian sleeve edged with lustre crystals. A very lovely skirt, wider than most, is in white net, with deep pearl and silver border round the edge. It, too, opens up the front. The bodice is the usual berthe shape, embroidered

and the sleeves are edged to match. In addition to this abundant trimming, four strips of embroidery are carried down the gown from waist to hem, each finished with an elaborate little fringed tassel. Another is in palest blue, a lovely shade, trimmed with long lines of silver and pearl embroidery over which a panier of the net is draped. With this pale blue gown is one of the new satin collars, which resemble an Elizabethan collar turned upside down and worn flat in the front. In this case it is in pink—rather a bright rose tone—and is lightly embroidered in the same design as the dress itself. The fourth example is in yellow, a colour which has been steadily coming to the front for the last few months. The diamanté trimming is in fringes arranged in a design which suggests the architectural idea. Very sweet is a white net embroidered with pearls and silver and satin bugles. Here and there are dotted very tiny pink chiffon roses, making small dots of colour on the otherwise pure white. The sleeves are embroidered in a rising point which reaches the shoulder, and on each sleeve is one small chiffon rose.

DRESS AT THE PLAY.

There are some fascinating frocks to be seen at the London theatres at the present moment. Miss Hilda Trevelyan in her successful Welsh play at the Vaudeville has a particularly charming gown in soft white chiffon. A perpendicular flat panel runs the whole way down the front from the neck to a point below the knees, where it disappears under a ruche of lace which heads the rather deep flounce. The neat little turn-down collar is also edged with lace, and there is a folded sash of pale blue silk with ends finished with fringe. A gown in the new musical comedy at the Lyric Theatre, "The Girl in the Taxi," has some rather venturesome colour schemes. The manner in which a gown of all one colour

A CLEAR COMPLEXION.

A WOMAN'S complexion is only as beautiful and attractive as she wills it to be. And you may take it for granted that a healthy, glowing, clear complexion is a habit—acquired, as all habits are. Yet how few women appreciate the fact that while there are moral habits, physical habits, intellectual habits to be acquired, there is still this habit of improving one's appearance to be acquired also.

There are just as many ways of losing the complexion, as many risks to run, as there are minutes to the day. Late hours, stress and strain and worry of life, all tend towards the natural exhaustion of recuperative effort, which acts and reacts on the body, and, alas! leaves its traces in the face and complexion, at once the most delicate and exposed part of the body, and which consequently grows slowly more sallow and dull day by day.

Then, again, apart from this and the ravages upon the complexion of exterior sources—the rain, sun, biting winds, cold, heat, &c.—there is the natural deterioration arising from the fact that none of us stand still for one moment, but day by day are growing older. And growing older means that the body has less power of restoration.

Therefore it would appear that with these enemies to fight one must intelligently and conscientiously acquire the habit of the care of that part of our body which nature intended should be very pleasant and sweet to look upon, but at the same time it is most essential that the skin should be given exactly the correct treatment suitable for its particular condition, and under expert advice. Such advice may be obtained from Madame Helena Rubinstein, the noted Viennese Complexion Specialiste.

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shows individually from the other combinations of bright tint is shown in a pale yellow satin charmeuse draped over a gold net skirt edged with gold fringe. The Magyar bodice is trimmed with gold embroidery. In extraordinary contrast is a black chiffon bordered with yellow chené, and with a band of mauve pink satin at the waist. Black and mauve are united in a white satin with chiffon and lace tunic edged with pink satin ribbon. With this is worn a long blue silk taffetas coat cut away in front. The high waist is defined by a mauve silk band, from which hangs a mauve tassel in the front. There is a charming silver grey crêpe-de-chine in this play worn with a soft pink silk collar like that described above. The same actress wears a striking dress in the second act; a gown of palest pink crêpe-de-chine draped in front over a petticoat of net and lace embroidered with diamanté, and trimmed with small blue ribbon bows, and similarly mounted pink roses at the hem. The tunic is bordered with a pink diamanté fringe, and is a blaze of colour. A pink velvet waist-band and touches of similar pink in the facings of the tunic finish this decidedly attractive gown.

DRESS OF TO-MORROW.

Artemus Ward advises us all not to prophesy unless we know; but in spite of this good counsel we all of us try our wits at prophecy now and then. Here is a venture. During the autumn and winter long coats will continue to be worn. Hats will be of a medium size, though there will be many women and girls who prefer the extra large. The toque, again in favour, will be chosen by the middle-aged. The new rain-proof plush hats will certainly have much following, especially as they can be trimmed with rain-proof velvet flowers, and even feathers equally resistant to the weather. These feathers resemble those of the ostrich, without their tendency to limpness under the influence of a few drops of rain. The coat and skirt have not departed much from the fashion of a year ago, but in the immediate future we shall find them finished with the most vivid and brilliant colours at the neck, navy blue serges and ratines together with frog green and tawny brown will have this becoming trimming; sometimes orange or red or Bordeaux, or even bright pink. Perhaps a vivid tan colour is the most universally becoming.

A SECRET.

From Eve downwards in the world's history all women have loved above everything to "be told a secret," and if that secret is to benefit them by enhancing their charms, how doubly valuable it is! So, to-day, I hasten to tell my readers of a wonderful toilet adjunct, hitherto the sole property of a few of the highest ladies

in the land—*several* lands—and a famous actress. This "Lotion de la Reine," for that is its fascinating name, must—people have thought—have been originally prepared from the water flowing from the "Fontaine de la Jouvence," so marvellous are its properties; even now it is no use trying to possess ourselves of the prescription, for it belongs to a chosen few, known as the "Compagnie de la Reine." But what does it matter when all may have it and be made young and pretty by it without the trouble of having any tiresome prescription made up? It is only necessary to write for the miraculous lotion to Maison de la Reine, Ltd., 534, Oxford Street, Marble Arch, W., when a bottle of the size and price preferred will be forwarded by return of post.

POETRY OF FORM.

An ideally beautiful figure is not promoted merely by the wearing of beautiful garments, which may or may not assist—and often are the reverse of helpful; the true grace which lends such a charm to the figure is something more subtle than its mere draping, and is to be found in poise and carriage. A little invention which directly enhances the appearance of the figure is the velvet grip stocking supporter, which plays such an important part in our personal comfort. Its humble duties are the keeping in position of the stocking and holding the corset down on the hips. In the one case, stockings "gripped" by the velvet grip never slip on the leg, and the stockings are never torn by it, and on the other the patent attachment to the head of the supporter, which can be clipped to any pair of corsets, prevents the latter rising; thus, whilst allowing perfect freedom to the limbs and being perfectly harmless to the garments, the velvet grip stocking supporter gives us what we search for in vain in other directions—*perfect freedom, the utmost comfort,* and last, but not least, a dignified bearing resultant from, and so necessary to, the straight-fronted appearance.

All the leading drapers stock the Velvet Grip stocking supporter, having learnt by experience how very great the demand is, but should any difficulty be experienced, application can be made to the Factory, Hackney Road, London, N.E., and a postcard will be promptly sent giving the requisite information as to where they can be purchased.



C. S. Humphrey

Society Notes

THE King and Queen, with the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert, Princess Mary, Prince Henry and Prince George, have derived much benefit from their stay at Balmoral. The King has had opportunities for indulging in his favourite sport of shooting, and large bags resulted. The guests at the Castle were many. The Earl of Rosebery, always popular with the Royal Family, spent some time on the moors and in the forest with the King. Lord Rosebery is one of the most charming men in society. He is a sportsman to the backbone, a brilliant and entertaining conversationalist, and a gentleman in the truest meaning of the word.

Lord Rosebery is sixty-five years of age. He married the daughter and heiress of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, and has devoted his life to literature, politics, and sport. When he was at the head of a Liberal Government, it was commonly said that his ambition was to marry a Royal Princess, to become Prime Minister, and to win the Derby in one year. He certainly won the Derby when he was Prime Minister, but he did not marry a Royal Princess. In some circles Lord Rosebery is known as "the ubiquitous Earl," for he appears every now and then at the most unlikely places, and takes an interest in questions and topics of widely divergent characters.

The Duke of Westminster's yacht, *Grianaig*, has been chartered by Lord Strathcona, and the vessel put in an appearance in the harbour of Trouville during the races, polo matches and tennis tournaments at Deauville. Donald Alexander Smith, first Baron Strathcona, is one of the most picturesque peers of our time. He was born in 1820, and was the son of Alexander Smith of Archibston, and his wife Barbara, daughter of Donald Stuart, Leanehoil. He married the daughter of the late Richard Hardisty, in Canada, of which country he has been High Commissioner since 1896. After a short education in Scotland, he entered the Hudson Bay Company's service, where his natural tact and ability stood him in good service. Canada in those early days was a very different place to the Canada of 1912, and only a man of exceptional grit and determination could have overcome the difficulties that stood in the way of his ambition. Lord Strathcona was the last Resident-Governor of the Hudson Bay Company as a governing body. His brilliant work during the first Riel

rebellion in the Red river settlements, while special commissioner, received the public thanks of the Governor-General.

His work is world known in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway, that wonderful undertaking which elicited the prophecy at the time it was started, that "in ten years all that would be seen of the Canadian Pacific Railway would be two thin long lines of rust on the distant horizon." Canada knows how much she owes to Lord Strathcona, not for "two thin lines of rust," but for many thousand miles of shining steel lines which have done so much to make her what she is to-day! In spite of his great age Lord Strathcona still takes a keen delight in yachting, and is much interested in rifle-shooting, rowing, and most forms of outdoor sport.

An interesting wedding took place early this month at Oxford. It was the first to be held in New College Chapel, the bride being the daughter of the Warden, and Mrs. Spooner. The bridegroom was Lieutenant Arthur Murray, R.N., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Hallam Murray, of Sandling, Hythe. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Archdeacon of Maidstone, uncle of the bride. On this occasion the pastoral staff of William of Wykeham, the founder of New College, was carried before the Archbishop. The register was signed in the cloisters of the chapel. After the reception in the Warden's Lodgings, the bride and bridegroom left for Italy.

The Earl and Countess of Lonsdale are entertaining largely at their beautiful residence, Lowther Castle. The Earl has some of the finest shooting in the country, on his wide estates at Lowther, and his guests may be sure of plenty of good sport. There is much to interest visitors in the Castle itself, as the historic mansion is literally stuffed with works of art, valuable pictures, and priceless furniture. The stables are very attractive to many of the Earl's guests. Lord Lonsdale is one of the best judges of a horse in the world, while not a few regard him as the highest authority living. The animals at Lowther are treated right royally. They are cared for like young children, and housed in beautifully equipped handsome stables. The house party at Lowther takes an active interest in local events, a large number of the guests being present at the Ullswater sports at Pooley Bridge quite recently.



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